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LAND DISCOVERED.

Engraved by Mr. Sartain, from a Painting by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

* * * * *
"WERE there no graves, none in our land?" they cry,
"That thou hast brought us on the deep to die?"
Silent with sorrow, long within his cloak
His face he muffled—then the hero spoke.
"Generous and brave! when God himself is here,
Why shake at shadows in your mid career?
He can suspend the laws himself designed,
He walks the waters and the winged wind;
Himself your guide! and yours the high behest
To lift your voice, and bid a world be blest!
And can you shrink? to you, to you consigned
The glorious privilege to serve mankind!
Oh! had I perished, when my failing frame
Clung to the shattered oar mid wrecks of flame!
—Was it for this I lingered life away,
The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey?
Bowed down my mind, the gift His bounty gave,
At courts a suitor, and to slaves a slave?
—Yet in His name, whom only we should fear,
(’Tis all, all I shall ask, or you shall hear,)
Grant but three days."—He spoke not uninspired;
And each in silence to his watch retired.
* * * * *

Twice in the zenith blazed the orb of light;
No shade, all sun, insufferably bright!
Then the long line found rest—in coral groves,
Silent and dark, where the sea-lion roves:—
And all on deck, kindling to life again,
Sent forth their anxious spirits o’er the main.
"Oh whence, as wafted from Elysium, whence
These perfumes, strangers to the raptured sense?
These boughs of gold, and fruits of heavenly hue,
Tinging with vermil light the billows blue?
And (thrice, thrice blessed is the eye that spied,
The hand that snatched it sparkling in the tide!)
Whose cunning carved this vegetable bowl,
Symbol of social rites, and intercourse of soul?"
* * * * *

The sails were furled: with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening-anthem rose,
Rose to the Virgin. ’Twas the hour of day,
When setting suns o’er summer-seas display
A path of glory, opening in the West,
To golden climes, and islands of the blest;
And human voices on the silent air,
Went o’er the waves in songs of gladness there!

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Chosen of men! ’twas thine at noon of night
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light;
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul, and makes the darkness day!)
"Pedro! Rodrigo! there, methought, it shone!
There—in the west! And now, alas, ’tis gone!—
’Twas all a dream! We gaze, and gaze in vain!
—But mark, and speak not. There it comes again!
It moves! What form unseen, what being there
With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?
His instincts, passions—say, how like our own?
Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?"

Long on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods.
* * * * *

Slowly, bareheaded, through the surf we bore
The sacred Cross, and, kneeling, kissed the shore.

ROGERS.

"As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o’clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king’s bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hands of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

"They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land, now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

"The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself."

IRVING.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURTS OF ENGLAND.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.
2. *Memoirs of the Court of England, from the Revolution in 1688 to the Death of George the Second.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

SEVEN volumes *in toto*, in addition to recent works of a similar kind, and to fresh editions of older ones! Truly there is no end to the pleasure of reading about Courts. In vain the utilitarian asks the use of it, and the moralist questions the good, and the republican sneers at what he secretly admires. In vain an occasional Madame d'Arblay escapes from under a load of duties, to inform the world that it is possible for Courts to be tiresome and unhappy; nay, that it may even be difficult to get a cup of tea there when you want it. In vain a reader may know the whole real state of the case, agreeable and otherwise, or all that ever was written upon the subject from the time of Henry VIII. down to that of the estimable Court now flourishing. Every body waives his particular knowledge in favor of the general impression. It is true, the imaginations of the youngest modern readers cannot be quite of the opinion of the little boys in the country a hundred years ago, that a King and Queen were a couple of superhuman people, sitting all day on thrones, with crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands; eating, at the very least, (when they did eat,) bread and honey; and counting out gold as the smallest of their diversions. But nevertheless, to the great bulk of readers, there is always something splendid, and gay, and full-dressed and holiday-like, in the idea of a Court; something processional and gorgeous, graceful and powerful—always in selectest condition, waited upon by the noble, and living in an atmosphere of romance. Pains, and tediums, and defects of whatever sort, appear to be only exceptions to the general delightful fact. Henry VIII. himself does not make the peruser throw away the book in disgust, nor Charles II. with a sense of degradation, nor James II. with his very dulness, nor William III. with his dryness. He reads, for the hundredth time, of glorious Queen Bess with her juvenile airs at sixty, and her bright eyes and skinny lips, and knows not

which to do most—laugh at or respect her. He is told eternally, and is still willing to be told, of the ungainliness of James I., of the gravity of Charles, of the levities and grim looks of his successor, and the naughtiness of the “beauties,” and the squabbles of Anne with the vixen Marlborough; nay, of the suit of snuff-color in which George I. was beheld with awe by the staring infant eyes of Horace Walpole. And why? How is it that readers can turn and return to these everlasting histories of people generally no better than themselves, and sometimes worse? It is because a prince is one of themselves, in a state of splendor and importance. It is because, inasmuch as the readers merge themselves into his being, the readers are *himself*; gazed upon by the same multitudes, glittering and mighty with the same power and rank. It is because, though they are not immodest enough to equal their merits with those of the greatest princes, they feel a superiority to the worst, and a right of participation with the most prosperous. Thus the very vices as well as merits they read of, flatter their self-love; and this, for example, is one of the reasons why all of us, more or less, are so indulgent to the character of Charles II., positively base as he was in some respects, and admirable in none. Gayety on his part, and superiority on ours, make a combination that is irresistible.

Mr. Jesse, therefore, having industriously produced seven volumes on these all popular subjects, and being modest enough withal to claim no higher merit than that of a compiler, we feel bound to say, upon the whole, that his industry is creditable to him and amusing to the reader. He is as impartial as can well be expected of a gentleman with a special liking to such topics; and his feelings are quick and generous, and for the most part correct. The weakest things are what he says about Cromwell and Charles II., and the “undeviating rectitude” of Lord Strafford. What we chiefly miss is novelty of remark; though, as he professes himself to be only a compiler, we have no right perhaps to expect it. He is at all events not a man of “scissors and paste.” He has honestly rewritten his work; searched the originals themselves, without taking the copies for granted; and even added an occasional document found out by himself, though of little importance. A great failure of the work is in arrangement and some determinate plan. The first volume, we observe, is entitled

on the fly-leaf, "Reign of the Stuarts." The title "Courts" was perhaps an after-thought, in consequence of the biographical or personal nature of the chief part of the matter, in distinction from public and political. And in fact, the compilation, properly speaking, is neither a history of Courts, nor of Reigns, nor of any one thing more than another, except as far as regards a predominance of the courtly and biographical. Sometimes, for want of a Court, there is a Reign, as in the instance of William III.; and sometimes, accounts of people are given who had little or nothing to do either with Courts or Reigns—as Beau Fielding and Beau Wilson. On the other hand, he has left out the Court Poets in the time of James and Charles, the members of the Cabal in those of Charles II., Prior and Gay afterwards, Hanbury Williams, and many others. What Mr. Jesse ought to have done, in accordance with the title of his work, and in addition to the histories of the individuals composing or connected with the Courts, was to give us, not merely a heap of materials out of which to gather the particulars here and there for ourselves, (and he does not, as we see, completely do this,) but distinct and characteristic pictures of each Court in its aggregate or popular sense, after the manner of what the painters call a conversation-piece. We should thus have had a set of paintings or *Tableaux* before us, giving us impressions of the general differences of the Courts one from another; and these would have advantageously introduced, or concluded, the histories or enlarged characters of the chief persons composing them. It will not be expected of us to supply Mr. Jesse's deficiencies; and we undertake no such task. It would be attempting to crowd a picture-gallery into a closet. Still, we shall make such remarks as we can, after the fashion we think best; beginning with the Court of James, and regretting that Mr. Jesse has not preceded it with that of Elizabeth. To commence with James, is like entering London by the Isle of Dogs and Shore-ditch, instead of Windsor and Piccadilly.

If the morning is fine, his Majesty King James is, to a certainty, going out hunting; and a singular spectacle he is. Who would take him to be the son of the elegant Mary, Queen of Scots? He is a red-faced man, corpulent, and ill-set on his limbs, with a thin beard, large wandering eyes, and a tongue too big for his mouth: and he is trussed up in a huge bundle of clothes, the doublet stiletto-proof, and the pockets

as big as Hudibras's. Round his neck is a ruff. His hat is stuck on his head, with a feather in it; and he himself is, in a manner, stuck into the saddle, upon a beautiful horse trained not to stumble. Some lords are about him, chiefly of his own country; and, among the closest of his attendants, is a page with a basketful of wines and liqueurs. He takes a cupful of one of these, to keep the cold out of his stomach; the huntsman winds his horn; the hounds are in full cry; and away goes King James to his victory over the stag. His want of courage being a balk to his will, he is very fierce when the stag is taken; and bustles down from his horse, with a vindictive and hysterical delight, to cut him up; though, should a strange face happen to look on, his Majesty starts, and sidles back, and does not at all understand how his attendants could have allowed the approach of so trying a phenomenon.

On the other hand, if the weather is bad, King James is as surely in-doors—studying, say his friends; drinking and playing the fool, say his enemies. His Majesty, doubtless, has his books about him, including his *Basilicon Doron*, and his treatise in proof of *Witchcraft*; but he has also his wines and liqueurs, with plenty of other good things;—and if he is not reading some new folio, or disputing with some Bishop, or hearing some not very delicate story from Sir Edward Zouch, or writing some not very delicate letter to a favorite; or, lastly, if he is not giving Buckingham some lesson in morals or politics, accompanied with a new jewel, why then most probably Sir John Finett, and Sir George Goring, and the Court-Fool, Archie Armstrong, are of the party, and all four are playing antics and practical jokes to amuse him. Lady Compton (Buckingham's mother) has lately been installed as a kind of house-keeper at Whitehall, and is almost the only female visible in that place; his Majesty having long lived apart from the Queen—not out of ill-will, but from a love of elbow-room, and a wish that each should live at their ease. All day long therefore his Majesty is either hunting, or reading, or giving lectures, or reading and drinking, and laughing at some new jest or masquerade, got up by these facetious gentlemen of his chamber, generally in ridicule of some actual occurrence; and the more forbidden the joke the keener is the royal relish. But besides feastings and masques of a nobler sort, which we shall notice presently, and to which he invites his friends in general, the King is sometimes entertained in

like manner by the Queen; and in either of these cases, but especially the latter, a full and proper Court is beheld, consisting of ladies as well as gentlemen, and containing the flower of the beauty and genius of the nation. Thither comes, and there let us now behold, the beautiful Duchess as well as good Duke of Richmond; and Lady Suffolk, (wife to the Lord Treasurer,) with large emerald bribes in her ears; and the Countess of Rivers, contemplating the scene with her arms akimbo; and the Countess of Dorset, (Anne Clifford), with her large indignant eyes, bidding Daniel the poet take notice of her; and Lucy Harrington by her side, (the Countess of Bedford,) darling of all the poets; and Donne with his profound face, and Drayton smiling, and Ben Jonson pledging my Lord Pembroke in a cup of canary; and old Sir Fulke Greville, "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney," looking older than he is with a weight of retrospection; and the gallant Lord Sawley, (Carlisle,) with a flower in his ear, vying with Buckingham in splendor of apparel; and Buckingham himself, looking like a sort of angel of fashion, all over jewels; and Buckingham's mother, the Lady Compton aforesaid, who, being a Beaumont, is talking with the great Fletcher about his deceased friend, and, as she cares for nothing but ambition, is astonished to see the tears in his eyes; and there also is the chivalrous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, bowing to the Queen, whom he fancies in love with him; and on a dais a little elevated sits the Queen herself, plump and jovial, with a good skin and little beauty besides, proud, however, to see so glorious an evening at her house, and pledging the King a little too often in his beloved sweet wines. Lastly, the King himself sits next her, and is getting heartily tired, and longing to tear off his coat and shoes, and lie down. He is returning his wife's compliments, and swearing aside all the while to Sir John Finett, who will make him laugh in a minute with catching the eye of Lord Herbert, and returning him a burlesque of his pompous bow.

A palace nevertheless may be a painted sepulchre, thinks Dr. Donne. Underneath all this splendor there is a grossness of talk, and, in some respects, of manners. The hands of Majesty itself are not clean; and Sir Fulke Greville contrasts the noise and indecorum with the grace of the Court of Elizabeth, and doubts whether even the beauty of the masque has made up for it.

Assuredly the first thing that strikes one in the Court of James, is its excessive gross-

ness. It has been attempted to show that this was merely the reflection of similar want of refinement on the part of the English gentry; but that such was not the case, is manifest both from the pictures of the "fine old Queen Elizabeth's gentleman," given by the writers of the day as a model of grace and sentiment; and from the contrast undoubtedly furnished by James's Court to that of his predecessor. "The tastes and habits," observes the present writer, "which were introduced by James into the English Court, differed widely from the stately pastimes and chivalrous amusements of the past reign. There was no want of what may perhaps be called magnificence; indeed, the expense of supporting the royal pleasures occasionally amounted to extravagance; but at this period of his reign there was not only little elegance, but the taste of the Court, and especially of the King himself, appears constantly tinctured with grossness and vulgarity. * * * The Scotch who accompanied James to his new dominions, are said to have brought with them their filth as well as their poverty. The Countess of Dorset informs us, that when she paid her visit of congratulation to the royal family at Theobald's, she was surprised at the great change which had taken place in regard to the want of cleanliness since the preceding reign. Soon after quitting the palace, she found herself infested with those insects, the name of which it is scarcely considered delicate to mention." (Vol. I. p. 47.)

It is not to be implied that there was nothing objectionable to be found in the Court of Elizabeth. Refinement itself is one of the sources of temptation; and most places in which leisure and luxury meet, undergo the hazard of standing in need of a generous allowance. But Elizabeth was not only a woman of taste, but of a judicious and masculine understanding. She had been surrounded by the Burleighs, the Raleighs, and the Sydneys. Shakspeare's refined plays had been her pastime; and, if gallantry gave itself more sentimental airs in her Court than are supposed to have been warranted, Comus and his drunkards never presided there as they did in that of her successor. Nor is the charge against the Scotch an illiberal one. The in-door habits of the English had been equally filthy in the time of Henry VIII., as is well known from a celebrated passage in Erasmus; but commerce, and poetry, and the intercourse with the countrymen of Raphael and Castiglione, had greatly refined them. Rizzio

and the good taste of Mary would perhaps have tended to do something of the same kind for the Scotch; but a fierce nobility and fiercer bigots interfered; and the young king, taught to despise the body for the good of his soul, and therefore tempted to degrade it, was but the more driven in secret upon the accumulation of those gross propensities which he afterwards exhibited in the golden sunshine of the English Court, to the astonishment of the friends of Elizabeth. Hence, both as a consequence and a reaction, a deterioration of the manners of the gentry, and a corruption of poetry itself in the hands of Beaumont and Fletcher; who, noble poets as they were, condescended to be the echoes of the new men of the day; and whose muse thus became the monstrous anomaly we see it—a being half angel, half *drab*. We really can find no fitter word to express the lamentable truth.

We shall not extract from Mr. Jesse's pages the very worst evidences of the degradation of the Court under James. They are bad enough in the context in which they are bound to appear, and far worse when dragged out of it. They are also very well known. The frightful case of Car, Earl of Somerset, and his wife, may be said to contain an epitome of it all. It must be allowed at the same time, that the case is unique as regards murder, and not unaccompanied with doubts as to the rest; and it is judicious, perhaps, in an historian, to avail himself as much as possible of doubts in all such cases. James is a very disagreeable character in his sottishness, and his vulgar jesting, and his disregard of appearances; but he was not a hard-hearted man; and he has a right to have as many of his actions as possible attributed to his love of peace and quietness. His notions of his prerogative were not greater than those of his predecessor; and Granger has well observed, that "if all restraints on it had been taken off, and he could have been in reality the abstracted king he had formed in his imagination, he possessed too much good-nature to have been a tyrant." To sum up the character of James in the most charitable manner, he was really after all, and notwithstanding a good deal of positive acuteness and scholarship, nothing but a "great lubberly boy" from first to last; and it should be added, that no human being, from his infancy, appears to have been more the creature of circumstances. In the murder of Rizzio before his mother's face, his constitution probably received a shock before he was born; his mother was of the same self-indulgent temperament, notwithstand-

ing her attainments; his father, Lord Darnley, was a foolish, dissolute lad; and the very wet-nurse of the future maudlin Solomon was a drunkard. Buchanan then took the child and flogged him into a pedant; the religious Reformers perplexed him with alternate homage and insult; and when Elizabeth died, this victim of birth, parentage, and education, with rickety limbs, a sensual temperament, and just talents enough to make him vain and self-satisfied, walked out of a poor kingdom into a rich one, half mad with his joy, and flattered into the most ridiculous notions on all points, by some of the greatest wits in Europe. Mr. Jesse considers it very singular that James should entertain, to the last, the most extravagant notions of his prerogative, "since his tutor, the illustrious Buchanan, endeavored by every means in his power to instil very different ideas into the mind of his sovereign pupil." But that was, perhaps, one of the reasons. The "sovereign pupil" did not choose to be flogged into a love for such unkingly notions. The more he feared and hated his tutor, the more he would fear and hate his republican doctrines. He had no such objections to the learning that enabled him to dogmatize, or to the more luxurious parts of Buchanan's poems—the *risus, et pocula, et illecebræ*—though he did not retain much love for *Næra*. Even points which are difficult to allude to in the history of this preposterous monarch, were not unprepared for him by perplexities in classical education, which exist at the present moment, but which were then far more perilous, owing to the recent diffusion of a taste for the ancient writers, and its identification with wisdom and refinement.

Of Anne of Denmark, the Queen of James, our opinion has perhaps been sufficiently intimated. She was a commonplace woman, who began with interference, and compounded for being let alone with insignificance. She was as fond of pleasure as the King, or more so; and led such a gay life at Somerset house and other places, as to bring her ladies into disrepute.

Prince Henry, the heir-apparent, who died at eighteen, is loaded by Mr. Jesse with the customary panegyrics for his grave tastes, and his martial aspirations. His Royal Highness, it seems, could not endure an oath; and presented in almost every respect, (or is said to have done so,) an excessive contrast to the idleness, levity, and pacific tendencies of his father. It is well known that every reigning prince is the "best of princes;" and that every prince

who is expected to reign, but does not, would have made a still better. We have no more faith, for our parts, in the perfections of Prince Henry, than in those of any other deified youth whose merits have had the luck to be untried. We grant, willingly, that he may have had talents and good qualities, and that his love of martial exercises may not have been entirely owing to a youth's natural fondness for playing at soldiers, and an heir-apparent's propensity to differ with his father. The best thing we know of him is the homage which he rendered to the great capacity and attainments of Sir Walter Raleigh, and his wonder at his father's keeping "such a bird in a cage;" the worst (which Mr. Jesse leaves to transpire in a subsequent article) is his taunting his brother Charles with his scholarship and his "bad legs." This was no evidence of a generous nature; and it increases our suspicion that the country was lucky in his not reigning.

James's daughter Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, though heaped also with extravagant eulogies, we take to have been really a reasonable and gentle person, endeared not undeservedly to the nation by her misfortunes. The "Queen of Bohemia" is still the mystical sign of many a country ale-house, people wondering who she was.

The man of the best dispositions after all, about the Court of James, till injured by flattery and power, we suspect to have been Buckingham himself. His virtues were sincerity and zeal; sincerity in all things, and zeal to serve his master—a rare mixture anywhere—much more in a court. He openly professed to be a friend or enemy, as the case might happen; and he made good what he professed. His decision saved trouble to the indolence of James, and to the hesitation of Charles; and address and superiority of nature, rather than of talents, (especially in the article of truth, in which both were deficient,) combined to give him the mastery over both. We believe that what Charles said of him was true, with regard to his not being the dictator he was supposed to be; and that his greatest merit with them, was his making their convenience the rule of his actions. He might also have been in possession of important secrets, both of State and Household; yet nothing, in our opinion, could have given him the unshaken ascendancy which he obtained over two Kings in succession, and those father and son, except some quality of a superior description. Bassompierre, the French ambassador, was astonished (and truly he well might have

been) when Buckingham rushed one day between him and King Charles, crying out, "I am come to keep the peace between you two;" but no man could have dared to commit himself in that manner with a Prince so jealous of his power, had not the habit of ascendancy been kindly attuned. Ingenuousness was probably the crowning charm, even of Buckingham's countenance.

Bacon was one of the great glories of the time of James, but hardly belongs to his Court, though he flattered him like a courtier, and once assisted in getting up a masque. Mr. Jesse says he was a "poet." A poet he may be called, in as far as he was master of a great style of prose, largely impregnated with imaginative beauty; but in the sense in which Mr. Jesse uses the term, let the reader judge of his laurels by the following couplet:

With wine, man's spirit for to recreate;
And oil, man's face for to exhilarate.

The masques of Ben Jonson are the chief ornaments and recommendations of the Court of King James, and should have made a greater figure in the work before us. Mr. Jesse ought to have gone to themselves for an account of them, and not been contented with repeating a few brief and incidental notices from others. He might easily have "compiled," in this instance, from the best originals. We will give a specimen or two of the machinery, as well as other features, of these enchanting entertainments, to show in what respect James's Court may boast of a true refinement. Inigo Jones was the worker-out of the poet's fancies; and the chief nobility of the Court, male and female, were his performers. They appeared in the most characteristic and most beautiful dresses, glittering with gold and jewels, with feathers and wings, and cloths of white and crimson. They paraded and danced to music, were drawn in chariots, descended and rose in clouds, and dawned over mountain-tops in likenesses of Phæbus and Aurora. It was an anticipation of all which machinery has since done on the stage, but with greater cost and elegance. What could be more poetically picturesque than the following opening scene of the masque called *Oberon, the Fairy Prince*?

"The first face of the scene appeared (says the poet) all obscure, and nothing but a dark rock with trees beyond it, and all wildness that could be presented; till at one corner of the cliff, above the horizon, the moon began to show; and, rising, a satyr was seen by her light to put forth his head, and call."

In the *Masque of Hymen*, the upper part of a scene "which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell and ride like the rack, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno sitting in a throne, supported by two beautiful peacocks. Round about her sat the spirits of the air in several colors, making music. Above her, the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly; and Jupiter standing in the top, brandishing his thunder. Beneath her, the rainbow, Iris; and on the two sides, eight ladies, attired richly and alike in the most celestial colors, who represented her powers." In another scene of the same masque, these eight ladies descend in the clouds to a song, and then dance forth in pairs, "with a varied and noble grace, to a rare and full music of twelve lutes." In the *Vision of Delight*, Fancy, with purple wings, breaks out of a cloud; an "Hour" descends "with golden hair," and the scene changes to the "bower of Zephyrus," a place full of flowers, and hung with convolvulus, honeysuckle, and jessamine: the bower then opens, and discovers the masquers as the "glories of the spring," in a landscape full of fields and woods, with rivers running, herds and flocks feeding, and larks singing in the air. When he published the *Masque of Hymen*, Ben Jonson could not conceal his transports at the recollection of the performance; but must needs run into a rapturous strain of prose at the end of it, from which we extract the following passages.

"Hitherto extended," says he, "the first night's solemnity, whose grace in the execution left not where to add unto it with wishing; I mean (nor do I court them) in those that sustained the nobler parts. Such was the exquisite performance, as, besides the pomp, splendor, or what may be called the apparelling of such presentiments, that alone, had all else been absent, was of power to surprise with delight, and to steal the spectators away from themselves. Nor was there wanting whatsoever might give to the furniture its complement, either in richness or strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of music. Only the envy was, that it lasted not still; or, now that it is past, there cannot, by imagination, much less description, be recovered to us part of that spirit it had in the gliding by."

After describing the dresses of the men, he says, "the ladies' attire was wholly new for the invention, and full of glory; as having in it the most true impression of a celestial figure. The upper part, of white

cloth of silver, wrought with Juno's birds and fruits: a loose under-garment, full gathered, of carnation, striped with silver, and parted with a golden zone; beneath, another flowing garment, of watchet (bluish) cloth of silver, laced with gold; through all which, though they were round and swelling, there yet appeared some truth of their delicate lineaments, preserving the sweetness of proportion, and expressing itself beyond expression. The attire of their heads did answer, if not exceed; their hair being carelessly (but with more art than if more affected) bound under the circle of a rare and rich-set coronet, adorned with all variety and choice of jewels; from the top of which flowed a transparent veil down to the ground, whose verge, returning up, was fastened to either side in most sprightly manner. Their shoes were azure and gold, set with rubies and diamonds; so were all their garments; and every part abounding in ornament." "No less to be admired, for the grace and greatness, was the machine or the spectacle from whence they came; the first part of which was a *microcosmos* or globe, filled with countries and then gilded; where the sea was expressed, heightened with silver waves. This stood, or rather hung, for no axle was seen to support it; and turning softly, discovered the first masque, which was of the men, sitting in fair composition within a mine of several metals; to which the lights were so placed [we do not exactly understand this] as no one was seen, but seemed as if only Reason, with the splendor of her crown, illumined the whole grot. On the sides of this (which began the other part) were placed two great statues, feigned of gold, one of Atlas the other of Hercules, in varied postures, bearing up the clouds, which were of relievo, embossed, and translucent as natural. To these a curtain of painted clouds joined, which reached to the utmost roof of the hall, and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air, in the highest of which sat Juno in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the lowest, where there was a rainbow," &c. The rest of the scene has been given already; but there is a concluding passage describing the action of it, which deserves quotation. "The midst," says the poet, "was all of dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made; out of which two concave clouds from the rest thrust forth themselves, in nature of those *nimbi*, wherein, by Homer, Virgil, &c., the gods are feigned to descend;

and these carried the eight ladies over the heads of the two terms, (Atlas and Hercules,) who, as the engine moved, seemed also to bow themselves, and discharge their shoulders of their glorious burden; when, having set them on the earth, both they and the clouds gathered themselves up again, with some rapture of the beholders." He then described the motion of the sphere of fire, with Jupiter above it; which, he says, was the thing that delighted the spectators most of all.

It need not be added, that the poetry of these masques was worthy of the machinery and embellishments. Mr. Jesse should have given us some specimens of it as a part of the Court elegance. A scene of a banquet in *Love's Welcome*, opens with the following beautiful mixture of sense and sentiment, in which the reader will admire the repetition of the word Love. It was sung by "two tenors and a bass."

"*Full Chorus.* If Love be call'd a lifting of the sense
To knowledge of that pure intelligence
Wherein the soul hath rest and residence—

First Tenor. When were the senses in such order
placed?

Second Tenor. The Sight, the Hearing, Smelling,
Touching, Taste,
All at one banquet?

Bass. Would it ever last!

First Tenor. We wish the same. Who set it forth
thus?

Bass. Love!

Second Tenor. But to what end, or to what object?

Bass. Love!

First Tenor. Doth Love then feast itself?

Bass. Love will feast Love.

Second Tenor. You make of Love a riddle or a chain,
A circle, a mere knot. Untie't again.

Bass. Love is a circle; both the first and last
Of all our actions; and his knot's too fast.

First Tenor. A true-love knot will hardly be untied;
And, if it could, who would this pair divide?

Bass. God make them such, and Love."

In the *Masque of Queens* are the celebrated songs of the witches; part of which was afterwards so finely set to music by Purcell:—

"The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain," &c.

The lovers of vocal music will recognize another in the masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*:—

"To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face
With eternal grace;
And the foul, to be loved at leisure.

"To the witty, all clear mirrors;
To the foolish, their dark errors;
To the loving sprite
A secure delight;
To the jealous, their own false terrors."

There is plenty of flattery to the King;
and alas! an occasional excess of coarse-

ness, astonishing to be met with amidst so many graces, and not to be conceived by the delicacy of the present day. The coarseness is assuredly to be laid to the account of the King and his circle; and yet they could as certainly enjoy the graces too: such anomalies are there in times and manners! The flattery was often made to contain some admirable lesson. A vindication, for instance, of the King's passion for the chase, ends with a very exalted moral. We shall repeat the whole chorus for the benefit of our modern Nimrods:—

"Hunting! it is the noblest exercise,
Makes man laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight;
It helps the hearing, and the sight;
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory, good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage and defence,
And chaseth all ill-habits thence.

"Turn hunters then again,
But not of men.

Follow his ample
And just example,

That hates all chase of malice and of blood,
And studies only ways of good,
To keep soft peace in breath.

Men should not hunt mankind to death,
But strike the enemies of man.

Kill vices if you can;

They are your wildest beasts,
And, when they thickest fall, you make the gods
true feasts."

The worst of these splendid entertainments was, that they were very expensive. "By a letter," says Mr. Jesse, "among the *Talbot Papers*, it is proved that one masque alone cost the Exchequer three thousand pounds. This taste (he adds) for lavishing immense sums on magnificent spectacles and social diversions, was not confined to the Court. To provide for a masque at Lord Haddington's marriage, twelve of the principal courtiers subscribed three thousand pounds a-piece. The King, however, was the principal sufferer; and so reduced were his finances about the fourth year of his reign, and so clamorous were the officers of his household for the payments of their salaries, that they actually stopped the coach of the Lord Treasurer, and prevented his proceeding further till he had given a solemn promise that their demands should be satisfied." It does not follow that the expenses of the masques themselves were always paid. In fact, Inigo Jones at one time performed the duties of surveyor of the works gratuitously, on purpose to clear off the debts of his predecessor; and there are some pleasant verses of Ben Jonson's, when he was laureate, in which he raises a

woful cry
To Sir Robert Pye

for the arrears of his salary—which Sir Robert Pye, by the way, was ancestor of one of the poets-laureate of King George the Third. Nor is the bard of the loves and graces of the masque, with all his loyalty, understood to have invariably waived the rougher part of his character in favor of the acknowledgments doled out on him. He is said to have exclaimed on one occasion, when the King made him some small payment or present—"He sends me this, because I live in an alley. Tell him, his soul lives in an alley!"

The Court of Charles I was decorum and virtue itself in comparison with that of James. Drunkenness disappeared; there were no scandalous favorites; Buckingham alone retained his ascendancy as the friend and assistant; and the King manifested his notions of the royal dignity by a stately reserve. Little remained externally of the old Court but its splendor; and to this a new lustre was given by a taste for painting, and the patronage of Rubens and Vandyke. Charles was a great collector of pictures. He was still fonder of poetry than his father, retained Ben Jonson as his Laureate, encouraged Sandys, and May, and Carew, and was a fond reader of Spenser and Shakspeare; the last of whom is styled by Milton (not in reproach, as Warton strangely supposed; for how could a poet reproach a King for loving a poet?) the "closet companion" of the royal "solitudes." Walpole, as Mr. Jesse observes, was of opinion that "the celebrated festivals of Louis XIV. were copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall, in its time the most polite court in Europe." Bassompierre, in mentioning his state introduction to Charles and Henrietta, says—"I found the King on a stage raised two steps, the Queen and he on two chairs, who rose on the first bow I made them on coming in. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite." "I never knew a duller Christmas than we have had this year," writes Mr. Gerrard to the Earl of Strafford: but one play all the time at Whitehall, and no dancing at all. The Queen had some little infirmity, the bile or some such thing, which made her keep in; only on Twelfth Night she feasted the King at Somerset House, and presented him with a play newly studied, the *Faithful Shepherdess*, (Fletcher's,) which the King's players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their pastoral in last year. I had almost forgot to tell your lordship, that the dicing night, the King carried away in James Palmer's hat £1850. The Queen was his help, and

brought him that luck; she shared presently £900. There are two masques in hand; first, the Inns of Court, which is to be presented on Candlemas day; the other, the King presents the Queen with on Shrove Tuesday, at night: high expenses; they speak of £20,000 that it will cost the men of the law."—(Jesse, Vol. II. p. 91.)

"Charles was not only well informed," says Mr. Jesse, "in all matters of court etiquette, and in the particular duties of each individual of his household, but enjoined their performance with remarkable strictness. Ferdinand Masham, one of the esquires of his body, has recorded a curious anecdote relative to the king's nice exaction of such observances. 'I remember,' he says, 'that coming to the king's bed-chamber door, which was bolted in the inside, the Earl of Bristol, then being in waiting and lying there, he unbolted the door upon my knocking, and asked me 'What news?'—I told him I had a letter for the king. The earl then demanded the letter of me, which I told him I could deliver to none but to the king himself; upon which the king said, 'The esquire is in the right: for he ought not to deliver any letter or message to any but myself, he being at this time the chief officer of my house; and if he had delivered the letter to any other, I should not have thought him fit for his place.' It seems, that after a certain hour, when the guard was set, and the 'all right' served up, the royal household was considered under the sole command of the esquire in waiting. 'The king,' says Lord Clarendon, 'kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen where he had no pretence to be.'"—(Jesse, II. 94.)

The truth is that both from greater virtue and a less jovial temperament, Charles carried his improvement upon the levity of his father's Court too far. Public opinion had long been quitting the old track of an undiscerning submission; and, though it was the King's interest to avoid scandal, it was not so to provoke dislike. It was on the side of manner in which he failed. His reformations, the more scandalous ones excepted, appear to have been rather external than otherwise. Mrs. Hutchison, while she speaks of them highly, intimates that there was still a good deal of private license; and, though it is asserted that Charles discountenanced swearing, perhaps even this was only by comparison. It is reported of Charles II., that in answer to a remonstrance made to him on the oaths in which he indulged, he exclaimed in a very irreverent

and unfilial manner, "Oaths! why, your Martyr was a greater swearer than I am." It has been questioned also, whether in other respects Charles's private conduct was so "immaculate," to use Mr. Jesse's phrase, as the solemnity of his latter years and his fate has led most people to conclude. Indeed, it is a little surprising how any body, partisans excepted, could have supposed, that a prince brought up as he was, and the friend of Buckingham, should be entirely free from the license of the time. His manners and speeches to women, though not gross for that age, (to say nothing of the letter, Vol. II. p. 88,) would be thought coarse now; and, at all events, were proofs of a habit of thinking quite in unison with custom. But the present age has been far stricter in its judgment on these points than any which preceded it—at least up to the time of George III. It was not the question of his gallantries, or of his freedom from them, that had any thing to do with Charles's unpopularity. The people will pardon a hundred gallantries sooner than one want of sympathy. Charles I. would not have been unpopular in the midst of Court elegancies, if he had not been stiff and repulsive in his manners. Unfortunately, he wanted address; he had a hesitation in his speech; and his consciousness of a delicate organization and of infirmity of purpose, with the addition of a good deal of the will common to most people, and particularly encouraged in Princes, made him afraid of being thought weak and easy. He therefore, in what he thought self-defence, took to an offensive coldness and dryness of behavior, and gradually became not unwilling even to wreak upon other people the irritability occasioned by it to himself. He got into unseemly passions with Ambassadors, and neither knew how to refuse a petition gracefully, nor to repel an undue assumption with real superiority. Even his troubles did not teach him wisdom in these respects till the very last. He was riding out one day during the wars, when a "Dr. Wykes, dean of Burian in Cornwall," says Mr. Jesse, "an inveterate punster, happened to be near him, extremely well mounted. 'Doctor,' said the King, 'you have a pretty nag under you; I pray, how old is he?' Wykes unable to repress, even in the presence of majesty, the indifferent conceit which presented itself, 'If it please your majesty,' he said, 'he is in the second year of his reign,' (rein.) Charles discovered some displeasure at this unlicensed ribaldry. 'Go,' he replied, 'you are a fool!' " Now that the Dean was a fool there

can be no doubt; but that this blunt, offensive, and never-to-be-forgotten word was the only one which a King in a state of war with his subjects could find, in order to discountenance his folly, shows a lamentable habit of subjecting the greater consideration to the less.

Unluckily for Charles's dignity in the eyes of his attendants, and for his ultimate welfare with the people, there was a contest of irritability too often going forward between him and his consort Henrietta; in which the latter, by dint perhaps of being really the weaker of the two, generally contrived to remain conqueror. Swift has recorded an extraordinary instance of her violence in his list of *Mean and Great Fortunes*. He says, that one day Charles made a present to his wife of a handsome brooch, and gallantly endeavoring to fix it in her bosom, happened unfortunately to wound the skin, upon which her Majesty in a fit of passion, and in the presence of the whole court, took the brooch out and dashed and trampled it on the floor. The trouble that Charles had to get rid of Henrietta's noisy and meddling French attendants, not long after his marriage, is well known; but not so, that, having contrived to turn the key upon her in order that she might not behold their departure, "she fell into a rage beyond all bounds, tore the hair from her head, and cut her hands severely by dashing them through the glass windows."—(Jesse, Vol. II. p. 79.)

When not offended, however, the Queen's manners were lively and agreeable. We are to imagine the time of the Court divided between her Majesty's coquetries and accomplishments, and Catholic confessors, and the King's books and huntings, and political anxieties; Buckingham, as long as he lived, being the foremost figure next to himself; and Laud and Strafford domineering after Buckingham. In the morning the ladies embroidered and read huge romances, or practised their music and dancing, (the latter sometimes with great noise in the Queen's apartments;) or they went forth to steal a visit to a fortune-teller, or to see a picture by Rubens, or to sit for a portrait to Vandyke, who married one of them. In the evening there was a masque, or a ball, or a concert, or gaming; the Sucklings, the Wallers, and Carews, repeated their soft things, or their verses; and "Sacharissa" (Lady Dorothy Sidney) doubted Mr. Waller's love, and glanced towards sincere-looking Henry Spencer; Lady Carlisle flirted with the Riches and Herberts; Lady Morton looked grave; the Queen threw round the circle bright glances and French

mots ; and the King criticised a picture with Vandyke or Lord Pembroke, or a poem with Mr. Sandys, (who, besides being a poet, was gentleman of his majesty's chamber ;) or perhaps he took Hamilton or Strafford into a corner, and talked, not so wisely, against the House of Commons. It was, upon the whole, a grave and a graceful Court, not without an under-current of intrigue.

It seems ridiculous to talk of the Court of Oliver Cromwell, who had so many severe matters to attend to in order to keep himself on his throne ; but he had a Court, nevertheless ; and, however jealously it was watched by the most influential of his adherents, it grew more courtly as his protectorate advanced ; and must always have been attended with a respect which Charles knew not sufficiently how to insure, and James not at all. Its dinners were not very luxurious, and the dishes appear to have been brought in by the heavy gentlemen of his guard. In April 1654, we read of the "grey coats" of these gentlemen, with "black velvet collars, and silver lace and trimmings ;"—a very sober effort at elegance. Here his daughters would pay him visits of a morning, fluttering betwixt pride and anxiety ; and his mother sit with greater feelings of both, starting whenever she heard a noise ; flocks of officers came to a daily table, at which he would cheerfully converse ; and now and then Ambassadors or the Parliament were feasted ; and in the evening, perhaps after a portion of a sermon from his Highness, there would be the consciousness of a princely presence, and something like a courtly joy. In the circle Waller himself was to be found. (making good the doubts of "Sacharissa ;") and Lord Broghill, the friend of Suckling, who refused to join him ; and Lady Carlisle, growing old, but still setting her beauty-spots at the saints ; and Richard Cromwell, heir-apparent, whom Dick Ingoldsby is forcing to die with laughter, though severe Fleetwood is looking that way ; and the future author of "Paradise Lost" talking Italian with the envoys from the Apennines ; and Marvel, his brother secretary, chuckling to hear from the Swedish Ambassador the proposal of a visit from Queen Christiana ; and young Dryden, bashfully venturing in under the wing of his uncle Sir Gilbert Pickering, the chamberlain. There was sometimes even a concert ; Cromwell's love of music prevailing against the un-angelical denunciations of it from the pulpit. The Protector would also talk of his morning's princely diversion of hunting ; or converse with his daughters and

the foreign Ambassadors, some of which latter had that day paid their respects to the former, as to royal personages, on their arrival in England ; or if the evening were that of a christening or a marriage, or other festive solemnity, his Highness, not choosing to forget the rough pleasures of his youth, and combining, perhaps, with the recollection something of an hysterical sense of his present wondrous condition, would think it not unbecoming his dignity to recall the days of King James, and bedaub the ladies with sweetmeats, or pelt the heads of his brother generals with the chair cushions. Nevertheless, he could resume his state with an air that inspired the pencil of Peter Lely beyond its fopperies ; and Mazarin at Paris trembled in his chair to think of it.

But how shall we speak of the Court of Charles II. ? of that unblushing seminary for the misdirection of young ladies, which, occupying the ground now inhabited by the correctest of men, rendered the mass of buildings by the water's side from Charing-Cross to the Parliament, one vast—what are we to call it ?—

" Chi mi darà le voci e le parole
Convenienti a sì nobil soggetto ?"

Let Mr. Pepys explain. Let Clarendon explain. Let all the world explain, who equally reprobate the place and its master, and yet somehow are so willing to hear it reprobated, that they read endless accounts of it, old and new, from the not very bashful *exposé* of the Count de Grammont, down to the blushing deprecations of Mrs. Jamieson. Mr. Jesse himself begins with emphatically observing, that "a professed apology, either for the character or conduct of Charles II., might almost be considered as an insult to public rectitude and female virtue ;" yet he proceeds to say, that there is a "charm" nevertheless in "all that concerns the 'merry monarch,' which has served to rescue him from entire reprobation ;" and accordingly he proceeds to devote to him the largest portion given to any of his princes, not omitting particulars of all his natural children ; and winding up with separate memoirs of the maids of honor, the mistresses, and those confidential gentlemen—Messrs. Chiffinch, Producers, and Brouncker.

" Now this is worshipful society."

Upon the reason of this apparent contradiction between the morals and toleration of the reading world, we have touched before ; and we think it will not be expected of us to enter further into its metaphysics.

The Court is before us, and we must paint it, whatever we may think of the matter. We shall only observe in the outset, that the "merry monarch," besides not being handsome, had the most serious face, perhaps, of any man in his dominions. It was as full of hard lines as it was swarthy. If the assembled world could have called out to have a specimen of a "man of pleasure" brought before it, and Charles could have been presented, we know not which would have been greater, the laughter or the groans. However, "merry monarch" he is called; and merry doubtless he was, as far as his numerous cares and headaches would let him be. Nor should it be forgotten, that cares, necessities, and bad example, conspired, from early youth, to make him the man he was. We know not which did him the more harm—the jovial despair of his fellow exiles, or the sour and repulsive reputation which morals and good conduct had acquired from the gloominess of the Puritans.

Charles was of good height as well as figure, and not ungraceful. Andrew Marvel has at once painted and intimated an excuse for him, in an exordium touching upon the associates of his banishment. His allusion to the filial occupation of Saul is very witty:—

"Of a tall stature and a sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew;
Ten years of need he suffer'd in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while."

He was a rapid and a constant walker, to settle his nerves; talked affably with his subjects; had a parcel of little dogs about him, which did not improve the apartments at Whitehall; hated business; delighted to saunter from one person's rooms at Court to another's, in order to pass the time; was fond of wit, and not without it himself; drank and gamed, and was in constant want of money for his mistresses, which ultimately rendered him a scandalous pensioner upon the King of France; in short, was a selfish man, partly by temperament, and partly from his early experience of others; but was not ill-natured; and like his grandfather James, would live and let live, provided his pleasures were untouched. His swarthinness he got from the Italian stock of the Medici, and his animal spirits from Italy or France, or both: they were certainly not inherited from his father.

The man thus constituted was suddenly transferred from an exile full of straits and mortifications, into the rich and glorious throne of England. The people, sick of

gloom and disappointment, were as mad to receive him as he was to come. It was May, and all England dressed itself in garlands and finery. Crowds shouted at him; music floated around his steps; young females strewed flowers at his feet; gold was poured into his pockets; and clergymen blessed him. He receives the homage of Church and State; and goes the same night to sup with Mrs. Barbara Palmer, at a house in Lambeth.

Such was the event which, by an epithet that has since acquired a twofold significance, has been called the "blessed Restoration." Orthodoxy and loyalty had obtained an awkward champion.

Mrs. Palmer soon restored the King to Whitehall by coming there herself, where she became in due time Countess of Castlemain, Duchess of Cleveland, and mother of three Dukes and as many daughters. This was for the benefit of the Peerage. But Charles, for the benefit of Royalty, was unfortunately compelled to have a wife; though, as an alleviation of the misfortune, his wife, he reflected, would have an establishment, with ladies of the bed-chamber; nay, with a pleasing addition of maids of honor. He therefore put what face he could on the matter, and wedded Catherine of Braganza: when Lady Castlemain was presented to her as one of the ladies, the poor Queen burst out a-bleeding at the nose. It took a good while to reconcile the royal lady to the "other lady," (Clarendon's constant term for her;) but it was done in time, to the astonishment of most and the disgust of some. Clarendon was one of the instruments that effected the good work. From thenceforth the Queen was contented to get what amusement she could, and was as merry as the rest. She was not an ill-looking woman; was as fond of dancing as her husband; and he used good-naturedly to try to make her talk improper broken English, and would not let her be persecuted.

In the course of the arrangement of this business, Charles wrote a letter to Clarendon, his Chancellor and keeper of his conscience, in which are the following devout passages; odd, in the conjunction with the matter in hand;—edifying, as coming from the head of Church and State: "I think it very necessary to give you a little good counsel, lest you may think that by making a further stir in the business you may drive me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do; and I wish I may be unhappy in this world, *and in the world to come*, if I fail in the least degree of what I resolv-

ed, which is of making my Lady Castlemain of my wife's bedchamber; and whosoever I find endeavoring to hinder this resolution of mine, except it be only to myself, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how much a friend I have been to you; if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of; for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come of it, which again *I solemnly swear before Almighty God*; therefore if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to beat down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure *my honor* is so much concerned in; and whomsoever I find to be Lady Castlemain's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may show this letter to my lord-lieutenant, and if you have both a mind to oblige me, carry yourselves like friends to me in this matter.

CHARLES R."

In consequence of this royal determination on the part of Charles, aided by a few tears, and perhaps oaths, on that of the lady, and by the more gentle philosophy of the Queen, Whitehall now adjusted itself to the system which prevailed through this reign, and which may be described as follows: We do not paint it at one point of time only, as in previous instances, but through the whole period.

Charles walked a good deal in the morning, perhaps played at ball or tennis, chatted with those he met, fed his dogs and his ducks, looked in at the cockpit, sometimes did a little business, then sauntered in doors about Whitehall; chatted in Miss Wells's room, in Miss Price's room, in Miss Stuart's room, or Miss Hamilton's; chatted in Mr. Chiffinch's room, or with Mr. Prodggers; then dined, and took enough of wine; had a ball or a concert, where he devoted himself to Lady Castlemain, the Duchess of Portsmouth, or whoever the reigning lady was, the Queen talking all the while as fast as she could to some other lady; then, perhaps, played at riddles, or joked with Buckingham and Killegrew, or talked of the intrigues of the Court—the great topic of the day. Sometimes the ladies rode out with him in the morning, perhaps in men's hats and feathers; sometimes they went to the play, where the favorite was jealous of the actresses; sometimes an actress is introduced at Court and becomes a "madam" herself—Madam Davis, or Madam Eleanor Gwyn. Sometimes the Queen treats them

with a cup of the precious and unpurchasable beverage called tea, or even ventures abroad with them in a frolicsome disguise. Sometimes the Courtiers are at Hampton, playing at hide-and-seek in a labyrinth; sometimes at Windsor, the ladies sitting half-dressed for Sir Peter Lely's voluptuous portraits. Lady Castlemain, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Nell Gwyn, all have their respective lodgings in Whitehall, looking out upon gardens, elegant with balconies and trellices. By degrees the little dukes grow bigger, and there is in particular a great romping boy, very handsome, called Master Crofts, afterwards Duke of Monmouth, who is the protégé of Lady Castlemain, though his mother was Mrs. Walters, and who takes the most unimaginable liberties in all quarters. He annoys exceedingly the solemn Duke of York, the King's brother, who heavily imitates the reigning gallantries, stupidly following some lady about without uttering a word, and who afterwards cut off the said young gentleman's head. The concerts are French, partly got up by St. Evremond and the Duchess of Mazarin, who come to hear them; and there, in addition to the ladies before mentioned, come also the Duchess of Buckingham, short and thick, (daughter of the old Parliamentary General, Fairfax,) and Lady Ossory, charming and modest, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, who was neither, and Lady Falmouth, with eyes at which Lord Dorset never ceased to look, and the Duchess of York, (Clarendon's daughter,) eating something, and divine old Lady Fanshawe, who crept out of the cabin in a sea-fight to stand by her husband's side. The Queen has brought her there, grateful for a new set of sarabands, at which Mr. Waller is expressing his rapture—Waller, the visitor of three courts, and admired and despised in them all. Behind him stands Dryden, with a quiet and somewhat down-looking face, finishing a couplet of satire. "Handsome Sidney" is among the ladies; and so is Ralph Montague, who loved ugly dogs because nobody else would; and Harry Jermyn, who got before all the gallants, because he was in earnest. Rochester, thin and flushed, is laughing in a corner at Charles's grim looks of fatigue and exhaustion. Clarendon is vainly flattering himself that he is diverting the King's ennui with a long story; Grammont is shrugging his shoulders at not being able to get in a word; and Buckingham is making Sedley and Etherege ready to die of laughter by his mimicry of the poor Chancellor. The reader will excuse our

not following up this picture with more details of such personages.

The Court of James II. is hardly worth mention. It lasted less than four years, and was as dull as himself. The most remarkable circumstance attending it was the sight of Friars and Confessors, and the brief restoration of Popery. Waller, too, was once seen there; the *fourth* court of his visiting. There was a poetess also, who appears to have been attached by regard as well as office to the court of James—Anne Kingsmill, better known by her subsequent title of Countess of Winchilsea. The attachment was most probably one of feeling only and good nature; for she had no bigotry of any sort. Dryden, furthermore, was laureate to King James; and in a fit of politic, perhaps real, regret, turned round upon the late court in his famous comparison of it with its predecessor:—

“Misses there were, but modestly conceal’d;
Whitelhall the naked Venus first revealed;
Where, standing as at Cyprus in her shrine,
The strumpet was adored with rights divine.”

The Court of King William III. was duller even than that of James. Queen Mary had her ladies with whom she used to read and work, but we learn nothing more of them. While she was Princess of Orange, she had a young lady among her attendants, with whom the Prince fell in love, and when he became King he afflicted his wife with his attentions to her; but Mary did not cease to love him. Perhaps a little difficulty and disinclination made her love him the more. All the house of Stuart had fond attachments of some kind or other, in which there appears to have been a strong zest of the wilful. As to King William, it was in vain his new courtiers implored him to try and make himself popular; habit and reserve prevailed; and he shut himself up with his Dutchmen to alleviate his cares with the bottle. The two sprightliest anecdotes of the Court, next to his Majesty’s single amour, are told by the Duchess of Marlborough, whose vindictive recitals, however, are always to be received with suspicion. One is, that when Queen Mary took possession of her father’s palace, she ran about the house with a face full of glee, turning over all the bed-clothes and cupboards to see what she had got. The other informs us, that when the Princess Anne was sitting one day at dinner with the King and Queen, his Majesty took the only plate of peas wholly to himself, though the Princess was in a very interesting situation, and could hardly keep her eyes off the dish. The Princess had a will of her own, not usually

in accordance with that of his Majesty; and a dish of new peas became part of his prerogative. William has been thought an unfeeling man, but such was not by any means the case. He lamented his wife with remorse, because he had not been a fond and faithful husband. His friendships were strong and lasting; and, if he was taciturn and cold in his manner, it was owing to his want of address and ready flow of ideas. He was sickly, and was kept in a constant state of irritation by party feuds. When he was in his saddle, even in his latter days, his eye is said to have lighted up as if with the memory of his campaigns. He was at that moment on a level with men who have some imagination. Mr. Jesse records an exclamation of this Prince, which he seems to admire. He was once in danger off the coast of Holland, and the boatmen showing symptoms of apprehension, the King exclaimed, “What! are you afraid to die in my company?” This, if true, was a blundering parody on the speech of Cæsar on a like occasion. But the *Cæsarem vehis* of the great Roman implied that the boat was safe. What! it said; can you be afraid when you “carry Cæsar” and his prosperity? We must add, that the lady for whose sake his Majesty followed the royal fashion of having a mistress, was a Villiers of the old favorite stock, to which belonged also the Duchess of Cleveland. William made her Countess of Orkney, with remainder to her husband’s heirs “whatsoever.” She wanted the beauty which had become an inheritance in the race of Villiers, but appears to have been sensible and kind. Swift calls her “the wisest woman he ever knew.” Having entertained George II. once at her house at Clifden, and the dinner not succeeding to her mind, she made the following rare and honest remark—“I thought I had turned my mind in a philosophical way of having done with the world; but I find I have deceived myself; for I am both vexed and pleased with the honor I have received.”—(*Suffolk Correspondence*, Vol. II. p. 352.)

The history of Anne’s Court is that of a closet containing the Queen and the Duchess of Marlborough—the latter being ultimately displaced by Lady Masham. At one time, the great Whig Duke makes a third in the closet; at another, the Tory Earl of Oxford; at another, his rival Bolingbroke; but all, more or less, by the grace of the reigning favorite. Anne was a quiet, good sort of woman, with the tendency of her race to romantic attachments; and the Duchess of Marlborough, with whom, in

childlike earnest, she may be said to have played at friends under the names of "Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman," might have kept her regard for life, had not an imperious temper rendered her insupportable. Masham was humble and more cunning; and contrived to assist at the squabbles of Oxford and Bolingbroke, till death relieved the poor Queen from the troubles of Toryism. The Duchess has left an account of the matter to posterity, which, like all such effusions of self-love, only defeated its object. The most painful part of the picture is the Duke her husband, lamenting his lost "stick" like a child. It has been made a question, whether great Captains would be thought as great as they are, if the sphere of their operations were not on so grand a scale. Great abilities of some sort, it is pretty clear, they must have; but some of the most renowned have certainly not shone much out of their profession.

In taking leave of Queen Anne, we may observe, that in the person of George of Denmark she possessed a husband duller than herself; that she was comely, if not handsome; and that she was the mother of nineteen children, not one of whom survived a dozen years, and all the rest died in their infancy. Of thirteen out of the nineteen, there is no mention made of the very names.

The Jameses and Charleses, to use Mr. Jesse's phrase, have so accustomed us to the "adventitious excitement" of improprieties, that after the good conduct of Mary and Anne, our eyes, we fear, brighten up at the prospect of a few more in the succession of the House of Hanover. We can really find no such pleasure, however, as our author does, nor do we think that he finds it either generously or justly after his toleration of the conduct of Charles II.; when he says that George I. had "the folly and wickedness to encumber himself with a seraglio of hideous German prostitutes." The Duchess of Kendal, though not well-favored, was not "hideous;" both she and the King were upwards of fifty; the attachment had lasted many years; and was understood to have been sanctioned, after a fashion not of the worst kind under such circumstances, by a private marriage. The Countess of Darlington, the other chief of this "repulsive seraglio," though she had grown large, was a woman of very agreeable manners and conversation, and had been handsome when young. The remaining "favorite" was Madame Kilmansegg. It is Walpole, in his wholesale way, who applies the term to the entire German importation.

George's only other mistress was an Englishwoman, Miss Brett, daughter of the Colonel Brett "who married Savage's mother, and bought Cibber's wig." There was a vulgar cant in that day against "foreigners." Germans were not to be considered ladies and gentlemen, because they were not English. But George's foreign mistresses were better gentlewomen than those of Charles and James, and certainly no such "prostitutes." The most vulgar was Miss Brett herself. And as to the King's own manners, we take them to have been as decent and well-bred, after the staidier fashion of his country, as the Frenchified style of the later Stuarts. Charles I. was a gentleman, but not a strictly well-bred one; for he had not the art of making people easy in his presence. His father made them easy by making himself contemptible. The aspect of George I., as it impressed itself on the boyish memory of Horace Walpole, was probably that under which he appeared to most people; and had a decorous simplicity about it, which would be favorably regarded at the present day. "I do remember," says Walpole, "something about George I. My father took me to St. James's while I was a very little boy; after waiting some time in an anteroom, a gentleman came in, all dressed in brown, even his stockings, and with a riband and a star. He took me up in his arms, kissed me, and chatted some time." And in another place he says, that the person of the King was that of an elderly man, "rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall;" and "of an aspect rather good than august."

George I. did not speak English; but he spoke Latin, which was no ungentlemanlike accomplishment. His minister, Sir Robert Walpole, could speak no German or French, so in Latin they conversed; probably not very like that of Cicero or Erasmus, but good enough to govern a great nation with; and the difficulty on the King's side must have been the greater, owing to the Latinized English words and allusions. He was a sociable good-humored man, very willing to be led by his great Minister in the establishment of liberal principles of government. The worst things to be said of him, (and very painful and perplexing they are,) was his long imprisonment of his wife, and his unfatherly dislike of his son. But we have seen, even in our own time, a wife persecuted by a libertine Prince. So hard it is for the overweening pretensions of the one sex to learn to do justice to the other—especially when mixed up with pretensions of state. The dislike of the son was probably

connected with the prejudice against the wife. As the King lived in one country and the Queen in another, there was no Court, properly so called, in the palace; though of course there were public days of reception. It is true the legitimate ladies in waiting were not all at the Court of the Prince and Princess; for when the latter went away from St. James's to live by themselves, the King retained their three eldest daughters, who remained with him till his death. But, for obvious reasons, there was no female parade; though Miss Brett would fain have made one. During the King's last visit abroad, she ordered a door to be broken out of her apartment into the royal garden. The eldest of the Princesses ordered it to be filled up. Miss Brett, says Walpole, "as imperiously reversed the command." But things were for the most part quiet. George, every evening, was in the apartments of the Duchess of Kendal, sometimes at cards, sometimes entertained by visitors; or perhaps he had a bowl of punch with Sir Robert. The best account of his Court, "if Court it could be called," is given by the interesting descendant of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who, still living at an advanced age, wrote the "Introductory Anecdotes" to Lord Wharnccliffe's late edition of the "Letters," with much of the grace and spirit of her ancestor; and, it hardly need be added, with none of her license. We repeat the well-told anecdote it contains, at the hazard of its not being new to the reader, in order that our pictures of the spirit of the several Courts may be as complete as we can, within our narrow limits, render them. "In one respect," says this lady, "the Court, if Court it could be called, bore some resemblance to the old establishment of Versailles. There was a Madame de Maintenon. Of the three favorite ladies that accompanied him from Hanover, viz., Mademoiselle de Schulenberg, the Countess Platen, and Madame Kilmansegg, the first alone, whom he created Duchess of Kendal, was lodged in St. James's Palace, and had such respect paid her as very much confirmed the rumor of a left-hand marriage. She presided at the King's evening parties, consisting of the Germans who formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer Englishmen; among them Mr. Craggs, the secretary of state, who had been in Hanover in the Queen's time, and by thus having the *entrée* in private, passed for a sort of favorite. Lady Mary's Journal related a ridiculous adventure of her own at one of these royal parties; which, by the by, stood in great need of some laughing matter to en-

liven them, for they seem to have been even more dull than it was reasonable to expect they should be. She had on one evening a particular engagement that made her wish to be dismissed unusually early; she explained her reasons to the Duchess of Kendal, and the Duchess informed the King, who, after a few complimentary remonstrances, appeared to acquiesce. But, when he saw her about to take leave, he began battling the point afresh, declaring it was unfair and perfidious to cheat him in such a manner, and saying many other fine things, in spite of which she at last contrived to escape. At the foot of the stairs she ran against Mr. Secretary Craggs just coming in, who stopped her to inquire what was the matter? Were the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the King had pressed her to stay longer; possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark; but when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms, as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her up stairs, deposited her within the antechamber, kissed both her hands respectfully, (still not saying a word,) and vanished. The pages seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner doors, and before she had recovered her breath, she found herself again in the King's presence. "*Ah, la revoilà!*" cried he and the Duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. The motto on all palace gates is 'Hush,' as Lady Mary very well knew. She had not to learn, that mystery and caution ever spread their awful wings over the precincts of a court; where nobody knows what dire mischief may ensue from one unlucky syllable about any thing, or about *nothing*, at a wrong time. But she was bewildered, fluttered, and entirely thrown off her guard; so, beginning giddily with 'Oh Lord, sir! I have been so frightened!' she told his Majesty the whole story exactly as she would have done it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived, it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, as if nothing had happened. '*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs,*' said the King going up to him, '*est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment?*' 'Is it the custom of this country to carry about fair ladies like a sack of wheat?' The Minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack,

stood a minute or two not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered, with a low bow. 'There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction.' This was coming off tolerably well; but he did not forgive the telltale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity when the King turned round from them, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it; 'which I durst not resent,' continued she, for I had drawn it upon myself; and indeed I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence."—(*Letters of Lady M. W. Montague*, Vol. I. p. 37.)

George I. was a man of a middle height, features somewhat round, and quiet, though pleasant manners; George II. was a little brisk man, with an aquiline nose, prominent eyes, and was restless, though precise. He was so regular in his habits, that Lord Hervey said he seemed to think "his having done a thing to-day an unanswerable reason for doing it to-morrow." He had no taste; was parsimonious, yet could be generous; was a truth-teller, yet destroyed his father's will; loved a joke, especially a practical one—on others; did not love his children till they were dead, (he hated, he said, to have them running into his room;) had mistresses, yet was fond of his wife; was a kind of Sir Anthony Absolute in all things; is supposed to have been the original of Fielding's King in "Tom Thumb;" and Lady Mary says, "looked upon all the men and women he saw, as creatures whom he might kick or kiss for his diversion."

This overpowering little gentleman had, however, a wife, taller and gentler, who ruled him by her very indulgence, and to whom he had heart enough to be grateful. His mistresses had so little influence, compared with hers, as to put the courtiers on a wrong scent; and many an astonishment and reproach were vented against them, which they were powerless either to prevent or explain. Sir Robert Walpole's own good nature helped him to discover this secret; for a less indulgent man than himself would hardly have been able to conceive it. It has been well said, that "every man's genius pays a tax to his vices." It may be added, that every man's virtues hold a light to his genius. Be this as it may, Sir Robert made the discovery; and in paying his court in the right place, governed King, mistresses, and all, to the astonishment of the nation. Queen Caroline was a comely, intelligent, liberal German woman, of the quiet order; such as Goethe, or Schiller, or Augustus la Fontaine would have liked.

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She would have made an admirable mother for the heroines of Augustus's novels. She carried herself to the King's mistresses as if they had no existence in that character, but were only well-behaved, prudent women; and it was lucky for all parties that such they really were. The amiableness of Mrs. Howard (Lady Suffolk) is well-known; and Madame de Walmoden (Lady Yarmouth) is seldom mentioned by her contemporaries, says Mr. Jesse, "without some tribute to her good-nature and obliging disposition." The Queen, therefore, ruled willing subjects on all sides; and her levee presented a curious miscellaneous spectacle. Caroline was a great lover of books; and though the reverse of ascetic or bigot, she did not omit in her studies either philosophy or controversial theology. She received company at her toilet, and among the courtiers and ladies were to be found metaphysicians and clergymen. Mrs. Howard dressed her hair; Dr. Clarke mooted a point about Spinoza; and Lord Hervey enlivened the discussion with a pleasantry: Sir Robert comes, on his way from the King, to bow and say a word, and catch some intimation from a glance;—all make way for him as he enters, and close in again when he goes;—and in the antechamber is heard some small talk with the lady in waiting, or a scornful laugh from Mrs. Campbell (Miss Bellenden.)

Mr. Jesse says, that "the Court of George II. was neither more brilliant nor more lively than that of his predecessors." This can hardly be possible, considering that it had more women, and that there was still a remnant of the maids of honor that flourished in his Court when he was Prince of Wales. And who has not read of the Bellendens and Lapells, of the Meadowses and the Diveses, the witty Miss Pitt, and Sophy Howe, who thought she could not be too giddy and too kind till a broken heart undeceived her? Do they not flourish for ever in the verses of Pope and Gay, and the witty recitals of Horace Walpole? Now Mary Bellenden still visited the Court as Mrs. Campbell; Mary Lepell was surely there, too, as Lady Hervey; Mrs. Howard remained there till she was a widow; and thither came the Chesterfields, and Schultzes, and Earles; and Young, (to look after a mitre, the want of which gives him terrible "Night Thoughts.") It must be owned, however, that there is a falling off. The sprightliest thing we hear of is a frolic of the maids of honor at night-time, in Kensington Gardens, rattling people's windows and catching colds. The King hunts as

ardently as he used to do when he was Prince, taking his whole household with him, maids and all, and frightening Lady Hervey for the bones of her friend Howard. She had known what it was. Here is a picture of those days from Pope, answering to both periods:—"I met the Prince with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepell took me into their protection, contrary to the laws against harboring Papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honor was of all things the most miserable; and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning; ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks; come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simmer an hour and catch cold in the Princess's apartment; from thence (as Shakspeare has it) to dinner, with what appetite they may; and after that, till midnight, work, walk, or think, which they please. I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and as a proof of it, I need only tell you, Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moon-light, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall."

Afterwards, when the Prince was King, we read, in the notes to the "Suffolk Correspondence," of pages and princesses being thrown during these "immoderate huntings;" and lords and ladies being overturned in their chaises. To hunt in a chaise was an old custom. Swift describes his meeting Queen Anne hunting in a chaise, which, he says, she drove herself, and drove "furiously, like Jehu; and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod."

The King never lost his passion for making a noise with his horses, neither did his punctuality forsake him. His last years, Walpole tells us, "passed as regularly as clockwork. At nine at night he had cards in the apartments of his daughters, the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, with Lady Yarmouth, two or three of the late Queen's ladies, and as many of the most favored officers of his own household. Every Satur-

day in summer he carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at Richmond; they went in coaches and six in the middle of the day, with the heavy horse-guards kicking up the dust before them—dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade; and his Majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe."

George II. died at Kensington, aged seventy-eight, after having risen at his usual hour, taken his usual cup of chocolate, and done his customary duty, in ascertaining which way stood the weathercock. Here we shall close our cursory glances at the Courts of England. Mr. Jesse concludes his work with notices of a variety of other people, royal and aulic, but they do not tempt us to say more.

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.

Written for Music.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HARK! how the furnace pants and roars!
Hark! how the molten metal pours,
As, bursting from its iron doors,
It glitters in the sun!
Now through the ready mould it flows,
Seething and hissing as it goes,
And filling every crevice up,
As the red vintage fills the cup:
Hurra! the work is done!

Unswathe him now. Take off each stay
That binds him to his couch of clay,
And let him struggle into day;
Let chain and pulley run,
With yielding crank and steady rope,
Until he rise from rim to cope,
In rounded beauty, ribb'd in strength,
Without a flaw in all his length:
Hurra! the work is done!

The clapper on his giant side
Shall ring no peal for blushing bride,
For birth, or death, or new-year-tide,
Or festival begun!
A nation's joy alone shall be
The signal for his revelry;
And for a nation's woes alone
His melancholy tongue shall moan:
Hurra! the work is done!

Borne on the gale, deep-toned and clear,
His long loud summons shall we hear,
When statesmen to their country dear
Their mortal race have run;
When mighty monarchs yield their breath,
And patriots sleep the sleep of death,
Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,
And peal a requiem o'er their tomb:
Hurra! the work is done!

Should foemen lift their haughty hand,
And dare invade us where we stand,
Fast by the altars of our land

We'll gather every one;
And he shall ring the loud alarm,
To call the multitudes to arm,
From distant field and forest brown,
And teeming alleys of the town:

Hurra! the work is done!

And as the solemn boom they hear,
Old men shall grasp the idle spear,
Laid by to rust for many a year,
And to the struggle run;
Young men shall leave their toils or books,
Or turn to swords their pruning hooks;
And maids have sweetest smiles for those
Who battle with their country's foes:

Hurra! the work is done!

And when the cannon's iron throat
Shall bear the news to dells remote,
And trumpet-blast resound the note,
That victory is won;
While down the wind the banner drops,
And bonfires blaze on mountain-tops,
His sides shall glow with fierce delight,
And ring glad peals from morn to night:

Hurra! the work is done!

But of such themes forbear to tell.
May never War awake this bell
To sound the tocsin or the knell!
Hush'd be the alarum gun!
Sheath'd be the sword! and may his voice
Call up the nations to rejoice
That War his tatter'd flag has furled,
And vanish'd from a wiser world!

Hurra! the work is done!

Still may he ring when struggles cease,
Still may he ring for joy's increase,
For progress in the arts of peace,
And friendly trophies won!
When rival nations join their hands,
When plenty crowns the happy lands,
When knowledge gives new blessings birth,
And freedom reigns o'er all the earth!

Hurra! the work is done!

PEARLS AND PRECIOUS STONES.—A Russian journal, the *Gazette of Commerce*, gives a tempting description of an acquisition recently made by the *Corps des Mines*, in St. Petersburg, the gift of a munificent merchant, M. Lowerstine. It consists of a remarkable collection of pearls and precious stones—amongst which are more than 500 *monstres* pearls, valued at upwards of 60,000 roubles. One of these, in particular, is a pearl of prodigious size and incomparable beauty, adhering to its shell. The collection of precious stones, cut and in the rough, of all forms and hues, and the collection of diamonds, are not less extraordinary than that of the pearls. The Emperor has acknowledged the donor's munificence by creating him a Knight of the order of St. Stanislaus, of the third class.

Guy of Warwick.—A hitherto unknown ms. of the end of the thirteenth century, in old French, of this renowned tale, has, it is said, been discovered in the Wolfenbützel library.

THE AERONAUT STEAM-ENGINE.

From the Athenæum.

"*How to make a man to fly*" is one of the Century of Inventions of that arch-anticipator of all modern inventions, the Marquis of Worcester—"which I have tried," says he, with characteristic naïveté, "*with a little boy of ten years old, in a barn*;" an excellent caution and laudable foresight; and then he adds this important element in the experiment—"on an hay mow." So completely does this philosophical mode of proceeding square with our own notions of experimental aeronautics, that we confess we experienced no slight disappointment when the many illustrated newspapers of the day brought forth the plans of this much-talked of Aërial Locomotive Engine, to find that among the various precautions for the safety of passengers, there was no vestige of, nor substitute for, the hay mow of the Marquis of Worcester. We hope this appendage will not be forgotten in the specification.

We entreat our readers not to assume from this rather suspicious commencement of our notice, that we have any intention of treating this subject with either levity or ridicule. The air is a highway that interferes with no vested rights, injures no man's park or pleasure ground, and costs nothing for maintenance. We have neither milestones nor turnpikes there; and, free as air, we may roam where we please, unassailed by taxes or tolls. Railways have realized the fable of Jack the Giant-Killer's "seven-leagued boots;" may the "Ariel" soon realize to the public the fable of the "wishing-cap," and with the purse of Fortunatus reward the inventor; and "may we be there to see,"—for we wish all success to the invention and the inventor; and far be it from us to follow the example of those who ridicule what they cannot understand, and condemn what they are unable to appreciate. So much for feelings and intentions,—now for the facts.

Mr. William Samuel Henson is the inventor of the Aërial Locomotive Steam-Engine, for which patents have been taken out, and a bill has been brought into parliament, to authorize the transfer of the patents to more than twelve persons, who are to be incorporated as the Aërial Transit Company.

Now, the first question one asks about this machine is, how is it to be supported in the air? We know how a balloon ascends, because it is filled with gas, vapour, or smoke lighter than air, and, of course, like smoke, it ascends and floats in virtue of its small specific gravity. That a balloon should rise in the air, and that it should be rowed forward or propelled by oars or other devices, as a boat is rowed by the watermen, or a steam-boat propelled by the paddles, it is easy enough to understand, provided we get a balloon large enough, a man strong enough, or a steam-engine and fuel light enough to be carried up. This balloon plan of aerial locomotion has often been proposed but never effected. It has an obvious disadvantage; the balloon must be of so monstrous a size to carry the necessary weight, that any degree of success in propelling

so great a bulk at a tolerable speed through the air becomes hopeless.

The present plan rests on a totally different principle. It is not sustained in the air by buoyancy, *but must be kept up by the continued expenditure of power*: to render this as easy as possible, means are adopted to retard the descent by gravity. All our readers are acquainted with the construction of the parachute of a balloon—it is an enormous umbrella, by which a person may descend in tolerable safety from a balloon, in case of danger; the size of the umbrella pressing on the air retards the descent of the weight:—now, this is what Mr. Henson uses. He employs an enormous flat umbrella, or gigantic fan or pair of wings (only they do not move as wings do), to keep the weight from falling rapidly; and so, when his machine is once in the air, it will descend but slowly, and the more slowly as the umbrella is larger—the shape is not, however, round like an umbrella, but flat, and oblong, and horizontal.

We may observe at this point, that the size of this umbrella can only retard the descent of the machine, but cannot sustain it. This consideration appears to have altogether escaped our inventors. They say,—“Our umbrella is so large as to expose a foot and a half of surface for every pound of total weight, and therefore, as we have 4,500 square feet of surface, and 3,000 lb. of load to carry, we may safely trust that we can stay aloft.” But they surely know that no size of umbrella can do more than retard their fall. By a very simple calculation, based on abundant experiment, we have found that this aerial machine, supposing all their sanguine plans to be realized, must infallibly fall perpendicularly downwards to the earth, somewhere about the rate of thirteen miles an hour, or eighteen feet per second. So much for the powers of the umbrella!

But may not the power of the steam-engine be applied to keep the machine up in the air, and so countervail this inconvenient gravitation? Let us see. A weight of 3000 lbs. is descending 18 feet per second—required, the power of steam capable of sustaining it? The answer is, 60 horses' power. Our aerial company propose only 20 horses' power for both propelling and resisting powers; and on this splendid basis rests the Aerial Transit Company! *Sic transit gloria, &c.*

Thus have we lost faith in our aerial friends. We wished to find their plan true and promising—but when we find they have not made such very simple calculations, which a slight knowledge of the element they deal in, and the powers they use, would have suggested, what can we think? what can we hope? We see a want of foresight in their calculation; and in their mechanical devices we do not find those judicious mechanical contrivances, which should favor the hope that the patented ideas of Mr. Henson are in hands likely to bring what merit may lie in them out into practical use.

But, do we mean to say, there is no merit in the invention? On the contrary—it has just merit enough to seduce and fascinate the race of schemers and speculators. It has a good idea in it, and indeed more than one, only it does not

seem to be in hands capable of developing what good is in the idea, in such wise as to bring a practically good thing out of the idea of it.

Further—we have seen that there are no means of sustaining the weight of the engine, even were it once at the necessary elevation. Then how is it ever to get there? The plan is this. The machine is to run down an inclined plane, to acquire a certain velocity, and then spreading its wings, is, by the mere velocity acquired, to rise in the air to the necessary height. Now surely these inventors ought to know that all the velocity a body will ever acquire by running down an inclined plane, will never do more than carry it up as high (barring a little loss) as the top of the plane. We are, therefore, disposed to recommend a start from the top of the inclined plane, rather than the bottom.

But who will set bounds to human ingenuity? We may yet fly. Watt was ridiculed, Galileo persecuted, and Dr. Lardner and the *Edinburgh Review* cavilled about the transatlantic steamboats. So doubtless Mr. W. S. Henson, and his friends, think that, as a matter of course, they are martyrs, and we persecutors of unappreciated merit. But we abide by our opinion, and are satisfied with its risks. We may fly by and bye—but this is not the machine. We hoped great things and we are disappointed—

Parturiunt montes; nascitur ridiculus mus.

PROSPECT OF THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE FRENCH COLONIES.—The French Minister of the Marine and Colonies has printed and distributed the report of the commission appointed by royal ordonnance of 26th May, 1840, for examining the question relative to slavery and the political constitution of the colonies, of which the Duke de Broglie is president, together with the minutes of the sittings and the documents exhibited. The law proposed by the commission for a general and simultaneous emancipation fixes the 1st of January, 1853, for the cessation of slavery in the French colonies. Up to this period the slaves will remain in their present condition, saving certain modifications to be made by royal ordonnance. Civil rights are to be granted to the slaves during the intervening ten years, but they cannot make any appeals to justice without the intervention of a curator *ad hoc*. They, however, are not to have the right of possessing ships, boats, fire-arms, gunpowder, or furniture. The enfranchised slaves are not to have the enjoyment of political rights, but such of their children as shall be born free are to be entitled to those privileges. The emancipated slaves are to be bound to engage themselves in the service of one or more planters for five succeeding years, and during this period are not to leave the colony to which they belonged. The rates of wages are to be regulated by a decree of the governor in council. Councils of discipline are to be established for the punishment of refractory slaves. The indemnity to be granted to the slave-owners is fixed at 150,000,000*fr.* A separate bill is proposed for emancipating children born slaves since the 1st January, 1838, and to be born previous to the period of the general emancipation.

PLEASANT MEMORIES, ETC.

From Tait's Magazine.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands. By Mrs. Sigourney. With Illustrations from drawings by Roberts, Turner, Creswick, &c. London: Tilt & Bogue.

A charming book is this; made up of pleasant desultory prose sketches; poetic gems; and pretty engravings, not the less attractive that they are chiefly taken from memorable Scottish scenes. But the "Memories" refer to England and France, as well as to Scotland. Mrs. Sigourney believes that there are plenty of satirical, caustic, and gossiping American travellers, that visit and report on Europe, though she should not add to the number; and she accordingly sets out on the principle of dwelling only upon the bright side, and seeing, or at least of commemorating nothing save the good and the beautiful. Her landing at Liverpool was made under very impressive circumstances, as the ship, after a most prosperous voyage, was in imminent danger of being wrecked in St. George's Channel. From Liverpool Mrs. Sigourney entered Scotland by the Lake country and Carlisle; and even at the outset she indited verses to ancient Chester—to Kendal, the town of Catharine Parr—to Winandermere—and Grasmere and Southey; and the same chain of bright poetic links marks her entire progress through Britain, and in Paris. The work is, however, as a whole, much better adapted to the writer's native land, than to this country; where, unfortunately, few of us have any thing more to learn of Holyrood, and Abbotsford, Stratford, and Westminster Abbey; of Mrs. Fry in Newgate, or Poet Rogers amid his collection of literary and other nick-nacks. Instead of the loftier national themes which Mrs. Sigourney has chosen for the expression of her pleasant memories, we, as a fair sample, copy out the following sweet lines, which have a true relish of Auld langsyne:

SHEEP AMONG THE CHEVIOTS.

Graze on, graze on, there comes no sound
Of Border warfare near,
No slogan-cry of gathering clan,
No battle-axe, no spear;
No belted knight, in armor bright,
With glance of kindled ire,
Doth change the sports of Chevy Chase
To conflict stern and dire.

Ye wis not that ye press the spot
Where Percy held his way
Across the marches in his pride
The "choicest harts to slay;"
And where the stout Earl Douglass rode
Upon his milk-white steed,
With "fifteen hundred Scottish spears,"
To stay the invader's deed.

Ye wis not that ye press the spot
Where, with his eagle-eye,
King James and all his gallant train
To Flodden-field swept by.
The Queen was weeping in her bower
Amid her maids that day,
And on her cradled nursling's face
The tears like pearl-drops lay;

For madly 'gainst her native realm
Her royal husband went,
And led his flower of chivalry,
As to a tournament.
He led them on in power and pride;
But ere the fray was o'er
They on the blood-stained heather slept,
And he returned no more.

Graze on, graze on; there's many a rill
Bright sparkling through the glade,
Where you may freely slake your thirst
With none to make afraid.
There's many a wandering stream that flows
From Cheviot's terraced side,
Yet not one drop of warrior's gore
Distains its crystal tide.

For Scotia from her hills hath come,
And Albion o'er the Tweed,
To give the mountain breeze the feud
That made their noblest bleed;
And like two friends, around whose hearts
Some dire estrangement run,
Love all the better for the past,
And sit them down as one.

This will not be considered among the best of Mrs. Sigourney's poetical Memories, but the theme is less hackneyed than other things of more ambitious character.

The Americans, if the most truthful, are certainly also the most *outspoken* of people. Nothing should be communicated to one of that nation which one does not wish proclaimed on the house-top—made patent to all Europe. Sure we are that Mrs. Southey, who never saw Mrs. Sigourney between the eyes, could have had no idea of the following most affecting and confidential communication being made public; yet we know not how to regret that the American lady's failure of what, perhaps falsely, is considered amongst us strict propriety or proper delicacy, has revealed so much of whatever is most beautiful in human nature. She tells, "From Wordsworth I received the first information of Southey's melancholy state of health and intellect, and resigned, though reluctantly, my intention of going to Keswick to see him. . . . A letter the ensuing spring from his wife, so widely known by her name of Caroline Bowles as the writer of some of the truest and most pathetic poetry in the language, made me still more regret that the short time which then remained to me in England, rendered it impossible to visit Greta-Hall. I trust I may be forgiven for selecting from one of her more recent letters a few passages," &c

&c. It is these passages to which we have referred, and now quote.

"You desire to be remembered to him who sang 'of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous Tale.' Alas! my friend, the dull cold ear of death is not more insensible than his, my dearest husband's, to all communications from the world without. Scarcely can I keep hold of the last poor comfort of believing that he still knows me. This almost complete unconsciousness has not been of more than six months' standing, though more than two years have elapsed since he has written even his name. After the death of his first wife, 'the Edith' of his first love, who was for several years insane, his health was terribly shaken. Yet for the greater part of a year, which he spent with me in Hampshire, my former home, it seemed perfectly reestablished; and he used to say 'It had surely pleased God that the last years of his life should be happy.' But the Almighty willed otherwise. The little cloud soon appeared which was to overshadow all. In the blackness of its shadow we still live, and shall pass from it only through the portals of the grave. The last three years have done on me the work of twenty. The one sole business of my life is that which I verily believe keeps the life in me,—the guardianship of my dear, helpless, unconscious husband."

We imagine that no travelled American lady would be longer honored as "a poetess in her own country," who ventured home without being able to tell something of Miss Mitford. It does not appear that Mrs. Sigourney actually made the customary pilgrimage to *Three-Mile-Cross*; but she must have been in correspondence with the lady whose filial devotion she eulogizes as adding lustre and grace to the rich imagery of her pages. Of Miss Mitford she writes,—“An aged father, of whom she is the only child, is the object of her constant cherishing care. Years have elapsed since she has left him, scarcely for an evening; and she receives calls only during those hours in the afternoon when he regularly takes rest upon his bed. She is ever in attendance upon him; cheering him by the recital of passing events, and pouring into his spirit the fresher life of her own. . . . I cannot withhold a sweet picture drawn by her pen, though sensible that she had no intention of its meeting the public eye. 'My father,' Miss Mitford writes, 'is a splendid old man, with a most noble head, a fine countenance full of benevolence and love, hair of silvery whiteness, and a complexion like winter berries. I suppose there never was a more beautiful embodiment of healthful and virtuous old age. . . . How to promote his comfort in his advanced years and increasing infirmities, occupies most of my thoughts. It is my privilege to make many sacrifices to this blessed duty; for, with

my dearest father, should I be so unhappy as to survive him, will depart all that binds me to this world.'” Miss Mitford has sustained this misfortune, aggravated we deeply regret to learn, by other circumstances, painful to every one, but doubly so to fine and sensitive minds. Owing to the long and expensive illness of her father, and the consequent suspension of those literary labors which have communicated delight to the Old and to the New world, Miss Mitford, at the death of her father, found herself involved in debts to the amount of between £800 and £900. After having relinquished her mother's large fortune in behalf of her other parent, besides several legacies left exclusively to herself, she has had the additional misfortune of losing a sum equal to the half of her embarrassments, by the failure of a publisher; and is thus left without any available means, save the pension of £100 a-year, granted her some years since by the Queen. Miss Mitford was preparing to meet this heavy responsibility as she best might,—at whatever sacrifice, and by whatever exertion,—when some of her friends, to whom the circumstances became known, interfered, and proposed an appeal to the public, for the purpose of paying debts incurred in supplying the wants of the aged and infirm father, who had long engrossed all her time, and all her care. We think too well of the British, and, we may add, of the American public, to believe that this appeal will be made in vain. Thousands, and tens of thousands, have felt and known the charm of her writings, and they have now an opportunity of repaying some small part of their debt,—of shedding returning peace and sunshine over that once sunny and cheerful spirit, which has long diffused an affluence of refined enjoyment, and ministered to the sweetest affections of our common nature.

SONNET.

SHE took the veil,—'twas at the vesper hour,
When day was gently melting into night,
When Earth's fair features fade from human sight,
'Twas then she took the veil—farewell her bower,
Farewell home, friends—as some transplanted flower
In a lone vase pines for the garden bright,
So she is reft from every dear delight,—
Shut from Love's sunshine, Joy's refreshing shower;
She took the veil, nor did she shake, nor blench—
She saw not him who fixed his glaring eye
Upon her every motion anxiously;
Silently awile he stood. She took the veil!
Then loud he cried, "Policemen, here's a wench
Shoplifting, take the customer to jail."—*Charivari.*

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION,

Between Mr. Walter Savage Landor and the
Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,—Mr. Walter Savage Landor has become a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*! I stared at the announcement, and it will presently be seen why. There is nothing extraordinary in the apparition of another and another of this garrulous sexagenarian's "Imaginary Conversations." They come like shadows, so depart.

"The thing, we know, is neither new nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there."

Many of your readers, ignorant or forgetful, may have asked, "Who is Mr. Landor? We have never heard of any remarkable person of that name, or bearing a similar one, except the two brothers Lander, the explorers of the Niger." Mr. Walter Savage would answer, "Not to know me, argues yourself unknown." He was very angry with Lord Byron for designating him as a Mr. Landor. He thought it should have been *the*. You ought to have forewarned such readers that *the* Mr. Landor, now *your* Walter Savage, is the learned author of an epic poem called *Gebir*, composed originally in Egyptian hieroglyphics, then translated by him into Latin, and thence done into English blank verse by the same hand. It is a work of rare occurrence even in the English character, and is said to be deeply abstruse. Some extracts from it have been buried in, or have helped to bury, critical reviews. A copy of the *Anglo-Gebir* is, however, extant in the British Museum, and is said to have so puzzled the few philologists who have examined it, that they have declared none but a sphinx, and that an Egyptian one, could unriddle it. I would suggest that some Maga of the gipsies should be called in to interpret. Our vagrant fortune-tellers are reputed to be of Egyptian origin, and to hold converse among themselves in a very strange and curious oriental tongue called *Gibberish*, which word, no doubt, is a derivative from *Gebir*. Of the existence of the mysterious epic, the public were made aware many years ago by the first publication of Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Feast of the Poets*, where it was mentioned in a note as a thing containing one good passage about a shell, while in the text the author of *Gebir* was called a gander, and Mr. Southey rallied by Apollo for his simplicity in proposing that the company should drink the gabbler's health. That pleasant

try has disappeared from Mr. Hunt's poem, though Mr. Landor has by no means left off gabbling. Mr. Hunt is a kindly-natured man as well as a wit, and no doubt perceived that he had been more prophetic than he intended—Mr. Landor, having in addition to verses uncounted, unless on his own fingers, favored the world with five thick octavo volumes of dialogues. From the four first I have culled a few specimens; the fifth I have not read. It is rumored that a sixth is in the press, with a dedication in the *issimo* style, to Lord John Russell, Mr. Landor's lantern having at last enabled him to detect one honest man in the Imperial Parliament. Lord John, it seems, in the House of Commons lately quoted something from him about a Chinese mandarin's opinion of the English; and Mr. Landor is so delighted that he intends to take the Russells under his protection for ever, and not only them, but every thing within the range of their interests. Not a cast horse, attached to a Woburn sand-cart, shall henceforth crawl towards Bedford and Tavistock Squares, but the grateful Walter shall swear he is a Bucephalus. You, Mr. North, have placed the cart before the horse, in allowing Mr. Landor's dialogue between Porson and Southey precedence of the following between Mr. Landor and yourself.

You may object that it is a feigned colloquy, in which an unauthorized use is made of your name. True; but all Mr. Landor's colloquies are likewise feigned; and none is more fictitious than one that has appeared in your pages, wherein Southey's name is used in a manner not only unauthorized, but at which he would have sickened.

You and I must differ more widely in our notions of fair play than I hope and believe we do, if you refuse to one whose purpose is neither unjust nor ungenerous, as much license in your columns as you have accorded to Mr. Landor, when it was his whim, without the smallest provocation, to throw obloquy on the venerated author of the *Excursion*.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
EDWARD QUILLMAN.

Landor. GOOD-morning, Mr. North, I hope you are well.

North. I thank you, sir.—Be seated.

L. I have called to inquire whether you have considered my proposal, and are willing to accept my aid.

N. I am almost afraid to trust you, sir. You treat the Muses like nine-pins. Nei-

ther gods nor men find favor in your sight. If Homer and Virgil crossed your path, you would throw stones at them.

L. The poems attributed to Homer, were probably, in part at least, translations. He is a better poet than Hesiod, who has, indeed, but little merit!* Virgil has no originality. His epic poem is a mere echo of the Iliad, softened down in tone for the polite ears of Augustus and his courtiers. Virgil is inferior to Tasso. Tasso's characters are more vivid and distinct than Virgil's, and greatly more interesting. Virgil wants genius. Menzientius is the most heroic and pious of all the characters in the *Æneid*. The *Æneid*, I affirm, is the most misshapen of epics, an epic of episodes.† There are a few good passages in it. I must repeat one for the sake of proposing an amendment.

"Quinetian *hyberno* moliris sidere classem,
Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum. . .
Crudelis! quod si non arva aliena domosque
Ignotas peteres, et Troja antiqua maneret,
Troja per *undosum* peteretur classibus æquor!"

If *hybernum* were substituted for *undosum*, how incomparably more beautiful would the sentence be for this energetic repetition?‡

N. I admire your modesty, Mr. Landor, in quoting Virgil only to improve him; but your alteration is not an improvement. Dido, having just complained of her lover for putting out to sea under a wintry star, would have uttered but a graceless iteration had she in the same breath added—If Troy yet stood, must even Troy be sought through a wintry sea? *Undosum* is the right epithet; it paints to the eye the danger of the voyage, and adds force to her complaint.

L. Pshaw! You Scotchmen are no scholars. Let me proceed. Virgil has no nature. And, by the way, his translator Dryden, too, is greatly overrated.

N. Glorious John?

L. Glorious fiddlestick! It is insufferable that a rhymers should be called glorious, whose only claim to notice is a clever drinking song.

N. A drinking song?

L. Yes, the thing termed an Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.

N. Heigh, sir, indeed! Well, let us go on with the Ancients, and dispatch them first. To revert to the Greeks, from whom Virgil's imitation of the Iliad drew us aside, favor me with your opinion of Plato.

L. Plato is disingenuous and malicious. I fancy I have detected him in more than

one dark passage, a dagger in his hand and a bitter sneer on his countenance.* He stole (from the Egyptian priests and other sources) every idea his voluminous books convey.† Plato was a thief.

N. "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief."

L. Do you mean to insinuate that my dialogues are stolen from Plato's?

N. Certainly not, Mr. Landor; there is not the remotest resemblance between them. Lucian and Christopher North are your models. What do you think of Aristotle?

L. In Plato we find only arbors and grottoes, with moss and shell-work all misplaced. Aristotle has built a solid edifice, but has built it across the road. We must throw it down again.‡

N. So much for philosophy. What have you to say to Xenophon as a historian?

L. He is not inelegant, but he is unimpassioned and affected;§ and he has not even preserved the coarse features of nations and of ages in his *Cyropædia*||

N. The dunce! But what of the *Anabasis*?

L. You may set Xenophon down as a writer of graceful mediocrity.¶

N. Herodotus?

L. If I blame Herodotus, whom can I commend? His view of history was nevertheless like that of the Asiatics, and there can be little to instruct and please us in the actions and speeches of barbarians.**

N. Which of the Greek tragedians do you patronize?

L. *Æschylus* is not altogether unworthy of his reputation; he is sometimes grand, but oftener flighty and obscure.††

N. What say you of *Sophocles*?

L. He is not so good as his master, though the Athenians thought otherwise. He is, however, occasionally sublime.

N. What of *Euripides*?‡‡

L. He came further down into common life than *Sophocles*, and he further down than *Æschylus*: one would have expected the reverse. *Euripides* has but little dramatic power. His dialogue is sometimes dull and heavy; the construction of his fable infirm and inartificial, and if in the chorus he assumes another form, and becomes a more elevated poet, he is still at a loss to make it serve the interests of the piece. He appears to have written principally for the purpose of inculcating politi-

* See Mr. Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," vol. i. p. 44, and ii. p. 322, note.

† Vol. i. p. 269, 270.

‡ Vol. i. p. 300.

* Vol. ii. p. 298.

† Vol. iv. p. 80.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 331.

** Vol. ii. p. 332.

‡‡ Vol. i. p. 298.

† Vol. iii. p. 514.

§ Vol. i. p. 233.

¶ Vol. iii. p. 35.

‡‡ Vol. i. pp. 299, 298, 297.

cal and moral axioms. The dogmas, like *valets de place*, serve any master, and run to any quarter. Even when new, they are nevertheless miserably flat and idle.

N. Aristophanes ridiculed him.

L. Yes; Aristophanes had, however, but little true wit.*

N. That was lucky for Euripides.

L. A more skilful archer would have pierced him through bone and marrow, and saved him from the dogs of Archelaus.

N. That story is probably an allegory, signifying that Euripides was after all worried out of life by the curs of criticism in his old age.

L. As our Keats was in his youth, eh, Mr. North? A worse fate than that of Æschylus, who had his skull cracked by a tortoise dropt by an eagle that mistook his bald head for a stone.

N. Another fable of his inventive countrymen. He died of brain-fever, followed by paralysis, the effect of drunkenness. He was a jolly old toper: I am sorry for him. You just now said that Aristophanes wanted wit. What foolish fellows, then, the Athenians must have been, in the very meridian of their literature, to be so delighted with what they mistook for wit as to decree him a crown of Olive! He has been styled the Prince of Old Comedy too. How do you like Menander?

L. We have not much of him, unless in Terence. The characters on which Menander raised his glory were trivial and contemptible.†

N. Now that you have demolished the Greeks, let us go back to Rome, and have another touch at the Latins. From Menander to Terence is an easy jump. How do you esteem Terence?

L. Every one knows that he is rather an expert translator from the Greek than an original writer. There is more pith in Plautus.

N. You like Plautus, then, and endure Terence?

L. I tolerate both as men of some talents; but comedy is, at the best, only a low style of literature; and the production of such trifling stuff is work for the minor geniuses. I have never composed a comedy.

N. I see; farewell to the sock, then. Is Horace worth his salt?

L. There must be some salt in Horace, or he would not have kept so well. He was a shrewd observer and an easy versifier;

* Vol. ii. p. 12.

† Vol. ii. p. 5. At p. 6th, Mr. Landor produces some verses of his own "in the manner of Menander," fathers them on Andrew Marvel, and makes Milton praise them!

but, like all the pusillanimous, he was malignant.*

N. Seneca?

L. He was, like our own Bacon, hard-hearted and hypocritical.† As to his literary merits, Caligula, the excellent emperor and critic, (who made sundry efforts to extirpate the writings of Homer and Virgil,) spoke justly and admirably when he compared the sentences of Seneca to lime without sand.‡

N. Perhaps, after all, you prefer the moderns?

L. I have not said that.

N. You think well of Spenser?

L. As I do of opium: he sends me to bed.§

N. You concede the greatness of Milton?

L. Yes, when he is great; but his Satan is often a thing to be thrown out of the way, among the rods and fools' caps of the nursery.¶ He has sometimes written very contemptibly; his lines on Hobbes, the carrier, for example, and his versions of Psalms. Milton was never so great a regicide as when he smote King David.¶

N. You like, at least, his hatred of kings?

L. That is somewhat after my own heart, I own; but he does not go far enough in his hatred of them.

N. You do?

L. I despise and abominate them. How many of them, do you think, could name their real fathers?***

N. But, surely, Charles was a martyr?

L. If so, what were those who sold him?†† Ha, ha, ha! You a Scotchman, too! However, Charles was not a martyr. He was justly punished. To a consistent republican, the diadem should designate the victim: all who wear it, all who offer it, all who bow to it, should perish. Rewards should be offered for the heads of those monsters, as for the wolves, the kites, and the vipers. A true republican can hold no milder doctrine of polity, than that all nations, all cities, all communities, should enter into one great hunt, like that of the ancient Scythians at the approach of winter, and should follow up the kingly power unrelentingly to its perdition.‡‡ True republicans can see no reason why they should not send an executioner to release a king from the prison-house of his crimes, with his family to attend him.§§ In my Dialogues,

* Vol. ii. p. 249.

† Vol. iv. p. 31.

‡ Vol. i. p. 274.

§ Thee, gentle Spenser fondly led,

But me he mostly sent to bed.—LANDOR.

¶ Vol. i. p. 301.

¶ Blackwood.

** Vol. i. p. 61.

†† Vol. iv. p. 283.

‡‡ Vol. iv. p. 507.

§§ Vol. i. p. 73.

I have put such sentiments into the mouth of Diogenes, that cynic of sterling stamp, and of Æschines, that incorruptible orator, as suitable to the maxims of their government.* To my readers, I leave the application of them to nearer interests.

N. But you would not yourself, in your individual character, and in deliberate earnestness, apply them to modern times and monarchies?

L. Why not? Look at my Dialogue with De Lille.† What have I said of Louis the Fourteenth, the great exemplar of kingship, and of the treatment that he ought to have received from the English? Deprived of all he had acquired by his treachery and violence, unless the nation that brought him upon his knees had permitted two traitors, Harley and St. John, to second the views of a weak woman, and to obstruct those of policy and of England, he had been carted to condign punishment in the *Place de Grève* or at Tyburn. *Such examples are much wanted, and, as they can rarely be given, should never be omitted.*‡

N. The Sans-culottes and Poissardes of the last French revolution but three, would have raised you by acclamation to the dignity of Decollator of the royal family of France for that brave sentiment. But you were not at Paris, I suppose, during the reign of the guillotine, Mr. Landor?

L. I was not, Mr. North. But as to the king whose plethory was cured by that sharp remedy, he, Louis the Sixteenth, was only dragged to a fate which, if he had not experienced it, he would be acknowledged to have deserved.§

* Mr. Landor, with whom the Cynic is a singular favorite, says, p. 461, vol. iii., that Diogenes was not expelled from Sinope for having counterfeited money; that he only marked false men. Æschines was accused of having been bribed by Philip of Macedon.

† Vol. i.

‡ Vol. i. p. 281.—Landor.

§ Vol. ii. p. 267. This truculent sentiment the Dialogist imputes to a Spanish liberal. He cannot fairly complain that it is here restored to its owner. It is exactly in accordance with the sentence quoted above in italics—a judgment pronounced by Mr. Landor in person.—Vol. i. p. 281. It also conforms to his philosophy of regicide, as expounded in various parts of his writings. In his preface to the first volume of his *Imaginary Conversations*, he claims exemption, though somewhat sarcastically, from responsibility for the notions expressed by his interlocutors. An author, in a style which has all the freedom of the dramatic form, without its restraints, should especially abstain from making his work the vehicle of crotchets, prejudices, and passions peculiar to himself, or unworthy of the characters speaking. "This form of composition," Mr. Landor says, "among other advantages, is recommended by the protection it gives from the hostility all novelty (unless it be vicious) excites." Prudent consideration, but indiscreet parenthesis.

N. I believe one Englishman, a martyr to liberty, has said something like that before.

L. Who, pray?

N. The butcher Ings.

L. Ah, I was not aware of it! Ings was a fine fellow.

N. Your republic, will never do here, Mr. Landor.

L. I shall believe that a king is better than a republic, when I find that a single tooth in a head is better than a set.*

N. It would be as good logic in a monarchy-man to say, "I shall believe that a republic is better than a king, when I am convinced that six noses on a face would be better than one."

L. In this age of the march of intellect, when a pillar of fire is guiding us out of the wilderness of error, you Tories lag behind, and are lost in darkness, Mr. North. Only the first person in the kingdom should be unenlightened and void, as only the first page in a book should be a blank one. It is when it is torn out that we come at once to the letters.†

N. Well, now you have torn out the first page of the Court Guide, we come to the Peers, I suppose.

L. The peerage is the park-paling of despotism, arranged to keep in creatures tame and wild for luxury and diversion, and to keep out the people. Kings are to peerages what poles are to rope-dancers, enabling them to play their tricks with greater confidence and security above the heads of the people. The wisest and the most independent of the English Parliaments declared the thing useless. Peers are usually persons of pride without dignity, of lofty pretensions with low propensities. They invariably bear towards one another a constrained familiarity or frigid courtesy, while to their huntsmen and their prickers, their chaplains and their cooks, (or indeed any other man's,) they display unequivocal signs of ingenuous cordiality.‡ How many do you imagine of our nobility are not bastards or sons of bastards?§

N. You have now settled the Peers. The Baronets come next in order.

L. Baronets are prouder than any thing we see on this side of the Dardanelles, excepting the proctors of universities, and the vergers of cathedrals; and their pride is kept in eternal agitation, both from what is above them and what is below. Gentlemen of any standing (like Walter Savage Landor, of Warwick Castle, and Lantony Ab-

* Vol. ii. p. 31.

† Vol. iv. p. 400.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 405.

§ Vol. iv. p. 400.

bey in Wales,) are apt to investigate their claims a little too minutely, and nobility has neither bench nor joint-stool for them in the vestibule. During the whole course of your life, have you ever seen one among this, our King James's breed of curs, that either did not curl himself up and lie snug and warm in the lowest company, or slaver and whimper in fretful quest of the highest.*

N. But you allow the English people to be a great people.

L. I allow them to be a nation of great fools. In England, if you write dwarf on the back of a giant, he will go for a dwarf.†

N. I perceive; some wag has been chalking your back in that fashion. Why don't you label your breast with the word giant? Perhaps you would then pass for one.

L. I have so labelled it, but in vain.

N. Yet we have seen some great men, besides yourself, Mr. Landor, in our own day. Some great military commanders, for example; and, as a particular instance, Wellington.

L. It cannot be dissembled that all the victories of the English, in the last fifty years, have been gained by the high courage and steady discipline of the soldier; and the most remarkable where the prudence and skill of the commander were altogether wanting.‡

N. Ay, that was a terrible mistake at Waterloo. Yet you will allow Wellington to have been something of a general, if not in India, at least in Spain.

L. Suppose him, or any distinguished general of the English, to have been placed where Murillo was placed in America, Mina in Spain; then inform me what would have been your hopes § The illustrious Mina, of all the generals who have appeared in our age, has displayed the greatest genius, and the greatest constancy. || That exalted personage, the admiration of Europe, accomplished the most arduous and memorable work that any one mortal ever brought to its termination.

N. We have had some distinguished statesmen at the helm in our time, Mr. Landor.

L. Not one.

N. Mr. Pitt.

L. Your pilot that weathered the storm. Ha, ha! He was the most insidious republican that England ever produced.

N. You should like him if he was a Republican.

L. But he was a debaser of the people as

well as of the peerage. By the most wasteful prodigality both in finance and war, he was enabled to distribute more wealth among his friends and partisans than has been squandered by the uncontrolled profusion of French monarchs from the first Louis to the last.* Yet he was more shortsighted than the meanest insect that can see an inch before it. You should have added those equally enlightened and prudent leaders of our Parliament, Lord Castlereagh and his successors. Pitt, indeed! whose requisites for a successful minister were three—to speak like an honest man, to act like a scoundrel, and to be indifferent which he is called. But you have forgotten my dialogue between him and that wretched fellow Canning.† I have there given Pitt his quietus. As to Castlereagh and Canning, I have crushed them to powder, spit upon them, kneaded them into dough again; and pulverized them once more. Canning is the man who deserted his party, supplanted his patrons, and abandoned every principle he protested he would uphold.‡ Castlereagh is the statesman who was found richer one day, by a million of zecchins, than he was the day before, and this from having signed a treaty! The only life he ever personally aimed at was the vilest in existence, and none complains that he succeeded in his attempt. I forgot: he aimed at another so like it, (you remember his duel with Canning,) that it is a pity it did not form a part of it.§

N. Horrible! most horrible!

L. Hear Epicurus and Leontion and Ternissa discuss the merits of Castlereagh and Canning.

N. Epicurus! What, the philosopher who flourished some centuries before the Christian era?

L. The same. He flourishes still for my purposes.

N. And who are Leontion and Ternissa?

L. Two of his female pupils.

N. Oh, two of his misses! And how come they and their master, who lived about 2000 years before the birth of Canning and Castlereagh, to know any thing about them?

L. I do not stand at trifles of congruity. Canning is the very man who has taken es-

* Vol. ii. p. 240, 241, 242. † Vol. iii. p. 66.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 134.

§ Vol. iii. p. 172. and that there should be no mistake as to the person indicated, Lord Castlereagh is again accused by name at p. 187. The same charge occurs also in the dialogue between Aristotle and Calisthenes! p. 334, 335, 336; where Prince Meternich, (Metanyctius,) the briber, is himself represented as a traitor to his country. Aristotle is the teller of this cock-and-bull story!

* Vol. iv. p. 400.

† Vol. iii. p. 135.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 214.

§ Vol. ii. p. 214.

|| Vol. ii. p. 3. Ded. "to Mina."—Wilson.

pecial care that no strong box among us shall be without a chink at the bottom; the very man who asked and received a gratuity (you remember the Lisbon job) from the colleague he had betrayed, belied, and thrown a stone at, for having proved him in the great market-place a betrayer and a liar.* Epicurus describes Canning as a fugitive slave, a writer of epigrams on walls, and of songs on the grease of platters, who attempted to cut the throat of a fellow in the same household, who was soon afterward more successful in doing it himself.†

N. Horrible, most horrible mockery! But even that is not new. It is but Byron's brutal scoff repeated—"Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh."

L. You Tories affect to be so squeamish. Epicurus goes on to show Canning's ignorance of English.

N. Epicurus? Why not William Cobbett?

L. The Athenian philosopher introduces the trial of George the Fourth's wife, and describes her as a drunken old woman, the companion of soldiers and sailors, and lower and viler of men. One whose eyes, as much as can be seen of them, are streaky fat floating in semi-liquid rheum.

N. And this is the language of Epicurus to his female pupils? He was never such a beast.

L. You are delicate. He goes on to allude to Canning's having called her *the pride, the life, the ornament of society*, (you know he did so call her in the House of Commons, according to the newspaper reports; it is true he was speaking of what she had been many years previously; before her departure from England.) Epicurus says, triumphantly, that the words, if used at all, should have been placed thus—*the ornament, pride, and life*; for hardly a Bæotian bullock-driver would have wedged in *life* between *pride* and *ornament*.‡

N. What dignified and important criticism! and how appropriate from the lips of Epicurus! But why were you, Mr. Landor,

so rancorous against that miserable Queen Caroline? You have half choked Sir Robert Wilson, one of her champions, and the marshal of her coffin's royal progress through London, with a reeking panegyric, in your dedication to him of a volume of your Talks.*

L. I mistook Wilson for an uncompromising Radical. As to his and Canning's mobbed Queen, I confess I owed her a grudge for disrespect to me at Como long before.

N. How? Were you personally acquainted with her?

L. Not at all: she was not aware that there was such a man as Walter Savage Landor upon earth, or she would have taken care that I should not be stopt by her porter at the lodge-gate, when I took a fancy to pry into the beauties of her pleasure-ground.

N. Then her disrespect to you was not only by deputy, but even without her cognizance?

L. Just so.

N. And that was the offence for which you assailed her with such violent invective after her death?

L. Oh no! it might possibly have sharpened it a little; but I felt it my duty, as a censor of morals, to mark my reprobation of her having grown fat and wrinkled in her old age. It was necessary for me to correct the flattering picture drawn of her by that caitiff Canning. You know the contempt of Demosthenes for Canning.

N. Demosthenes, too!

L. Yes, in my dialogue between him and Eubulides, he delineates Canning as a clumsy and vulgar man.

N. Every one knows that he was a man of remarkably fine person and pleasing manners.

L. Never mind that—A vulgar and clumsy man, a market-place demagogue, lifted on a honey-barrel by grocers and slave-merchants, with a dense crowd around him, who listen in rapture because his jargon is unintelligible.† Demosthenes, you know, was a Liverpool electioneering agent, so he knew all about Canning and his tricks, and his abstraction of £14,000 sterling from the public treasury to defray the expenses of his shameful flight to Lesbos, that is Lisbon.‡

N. Has England produced no honest men of eminence, Mr. Landor?

L. Very few; I can, however, name two

* Vol. iv. p. 194.

† Vol. iv. p. 194.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 194, 195.—Pericles and Sophocles also prattle about Queen Caroline! vol. 2, p. 106, 107.—In another place, the judgment and style of Johnson being under sentence, the Doctor's judgment is "alike in all things," that is, "unsound and incorrect;" and as to style, "a sentence of Johnson is like a pair of breeches, an article of dress, divided into two parts, equal in length, breadth, and substance, with a protuberance before and behind." The contour of Mr. Landor's figure can hardly be so graceful as that of the Pythian Apollo, if his dress-breeches are made in this fashion. and "his Florentine tailor never fails to fit him." See vol. i. p. 296, and p. 185, note.

* Vol. iii.

† Vol. i. p. 245.

‡ Vol. i. p. 247. This charge against Canning is repeated at vol. iii. p. 186, 187, and again at vol. iv. p. 193.

—Archbishop Boulter and Philip Savage. I am not certain that I should ever have thought of recording their merits, if their connexion with my own family had not often reminded me of them; we do not always bear in mind very retentively what is due to others, unless there is something at home to stimulate the recollection. Boulter, Primate of Ireland, saved that kingdom from pestilence and famine in 1729, by supplying the poor with bread, medicines, attendance, and every possible comfort and accommodation. Again, in 1740 and 1741, no fewer than 250,000 persons were fed, twice a day, principally at his expense. Boulter was certainly the most disinterested, the most humane, the most beneficent, and after this it is little to say, the most enlightened and learned man that ever guided the counsels of a kingdom.* Mr. Philip Savage, Chancellor of the Exchequer, married his wife's sister, of his own name, but very distantly related. This minister was so irreproachable, that even Swift could find no fault with him.† He kept a groom in livery, and two saddle-horses.‡

N. Is it possible? And these great men were of your family, Mr. Landor!

L. I have told you so, sir—Philip was one of my Savage ancestors, and he and Boulter married sisters, who were also Savages.§

N. You have lived a good while in Italy? You like the Italians, I believe?

L. I despise and abominate the Italians; and I have taken some pains to show it in various ways. During my long residence at Florence I was the only Englishman there, I believe, who never went to court, leaving it to my hatter, who was a very honest man, and my breeches-maker, who never failed to fit me.|| The Italians were always—far exceeding all other nations—parsimonious and avaricious, the Tuscans beyond all other Italians, the Florentines beyond all other Tuscans.¶

N. But even Saul was softened by music: surely that of Italy must have sometimes soothed you?

L. Opera was, among the Romans, labor, as *operæ pretium*, &c. It now signifies the most contemptible of performances, the vilest office of the feet and tongue.**

N. But the sculptors, the painters, the architects of Italy? You smile disdainfully, Mr. Landor!

L. I do; their sculpture and painting

have been employed on most ignoble objects—on scourgers and hangmen, on beggarly enthusiasts and base impostors. Look at the two masterpieces of the pencil; the Transfiguration of Raphaël, and the St. Jerome of Correggio; can any thing be more incongruous, any thing more contrary to truth and history?*

N. There have been able Italian writers both in verse and prose?

L. In verse not many, in prose hardly any.

N. Boccaccio?

L. He is entertaining.

N. Machiavelli?

L. A coarse comedian.†

N. You honor Ariosto?

L. I do not. Ariosto is a plagiarist, the most so of all poets. Ariosto is negligent; his plan inartificial, defective, bad.‡

N. You protect Tasso?

L. I do, especially against his French detractors.

N. But you esteem the French?

L. I despise and abominate the French.

N. And their literature?

L. And their literature. As to their poets, bad as Ariosto is, divide the Orlando into three parts, and take the worst of them, and although it may contain a large portion of extremely vile poetry, it will contain more of good than the whole French language.§

N. Is Boileau so very contemptible?

L. Beneath contempt. He is a grub.||

N. Racine?

L. Diffuse, feeble, and, like Boileau, meanly thievish. The most admired verse of Racine is stolen, so is almost every other that is of any value.¶

N. But Voltaire, Mr. Landor?

L. Voltaire, sir, was a man of abilities, and author of many passable epigrams, besides those which are contained in his tragedies and heroics, though, like Parisian lackeys, they are usually the smartest when out of place.** I tell you that I detest and abominate every thing French.††

* Vol. i. p. 109, note.

† Vol. ii. p. 252.

‡ Vol. i. p. 290.

§ Vol. i. p. 290.

|| See Mr. Landor's *Polite Conversation* with De Lille, vol. i. and note at the end, p. 309, 310.

¶ Vol. i. p. 293, 294.

** Vol. i. p. 254.

†† We, however, find Mr. Landor giving the French credit for their proceedings in one remarkable instance, and it is so seldom that we catch him in good humor with any thing, that we will not miss an opportunity of exhibiting him in an amiable light. This champion of the liberties of the world, who has cracked his lungs in endeavoring, on the shores of Italy, to echo the lament of Byron over Greece, and who denounced the powers of Europe for suffering the Duke d'Angoulême to assist his cousin Ferdi-

* Vol. iii. p. 61, 92, note.

† Same note.

‡ Also, vol. iii. p. 92.

§ Vol. iii. p. 92, note.

|| Vol. i. p. 185.

¶ Vol. i. p. 219.

** Vol. i. p. 212.

N. Well, Mr. Landor, we have rambled over much ground; we have journeyed from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren. Let us return home.

L. Before we do so, let me observe, that among several noted Italians whom you have not glanced at, there is one whom I revere—Alfieri. He was the greatest man of his time in Europe, though not acknowledged or known to be so;* and he well knew his station as a writer and as a man. Had he found in the world five equal to himself, he would have walked out of it not to be jostled.†

N. He would have been sillier, then, than the flatulent frog in the fable. Yet Alfieri's was, indeed, no ordinary mind, and he would have been a greater poet than he was, had he been a better man. I admire his *Bruto Primo* as much as you do, and I am glad to hear you give your suffrage so heartily in favor of any one.

L. Sir, I admire the man as much as I do the poet. It is not every one who can measure his height; I can.

N. Pop! there you go! you have got out of the bottle again, and are swelling and vamping up to the clouds. Do lower yourself to my humble stature, (I am six feet four in my slippers.) Alfieri reminds me of Byron. What of him?

L. A sweeper of the Haram.‡ A sweeper of the Haram is equally in false costume whether assuming the wreath of *Musæus* or wearing the bonnet of a captain of *Suliot*es. I ought to have been chosen a leader of the Greeks. I would have led them against the turbaned Turk to victory, armed not with muskets or swords, but with bows and

nand in retaking the *Trocadero*, yet approves of French proceedings in Spain on a previous occasion. Admiring reader! you shall hear Sir Oracle himself again:—"The laws and institutions introduced by the French into Spain were excellent, and the king" [Joseph Bonaparte!] "was liberal, affable, sensible, and humane." Poor *Trelawney*, the friend of Byron, is made to talk thus! Both *Trelawney* and *Odysseus* the noble Greek, to whom he addresses himself, were more likely to participate in the "indignation of a high-minded Spaniard," so vividly expressed by a high-minded Englishman in the following sonnet:

"We can endure that he should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and, by sword and flame,
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a tyrant's appetite demands:
And we can brook the thought, that by his hands
Spain may be overpower'd, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
That he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway—
Then the strain'd heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear."

* Vol. ii. p. 241.

† Vol. ii. p. 258.

‡ Vol. i. p. 301.—Vol. ii. p. 222, 223.

arrows, and mailed not in steel cuirasses or chain armor, but in cork caps and cork shirts. Nothing is so cool to the head as cork, and by the use of cork armor, the soldier who cannot swim has all the advantage of him who can. At the head of my swimming archers I would have astonished the admirers of *Leander* and *Byron* in the *Dardanelles*; and I would have proved myself a Duck worth two of the gallant English admiral who tried in vain to force that passage. The Sultan should have beheld us in *Stamboul*, and we would have fluttered his dovecot within the *Capi*—

N. I will not tempt you further. Let us proceed to business. To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit, Mr. Landor?

L. I sent you the manuscript of a new *Imaginary Conversation* between *Porson* and *Southey*.

N. A sort of abnegation of your former one. For what purpose did you send it to me?

L. For your perusal. Have you read it?

N. I have, and I do not find it altogether new.

L. How?

N. I have seen some part of it in print before.

L. Where?

N. In a production of your own.

L. Impossible?

N. In a rhymed lampoon printed in London in 1836. It is called "*A Satire on Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors.*" Do you know such a thing?

L. (*Aside.* Unluckily! some good-natured friend has sent him that suppressed pamphlet.) Yes, Mr. North; a poetical manifesto of mine with that title was printed but not published.

N. No, only privately distributed among friends. It contained some reflections on *Wordsworth*.

L. It did.

N. Why did you suppress it?

L. Because I was ashamed of it. *Byron* and others had anticipated me. I had produced nothing either new or true to damage *Wordsworth*.

N. Yet you have now, in this article that you offer me, reproduced the same stale gibes.

L. But I have kept them in salt for six years: they will now have more flavor. I have added some spice, too.

N. Which you found wrapt up in old leaves of the *Edinburgh Review*.

L. Not the whole of it; a part was given to me by acquaintances of the poet.

N. Eavesdroppers about Rydal Mount and Trinity Lodge. It was hardly worth your acceptance.

L. Then you refuse my article.

L. It is a rare article, Mr. Landor—a brave caricature of many persons and things; but, before I consent to frame it in ebony, we must come to some understanding about other parts of the suppressed pamphlet. Here it is. I find that in this atrabilarious effusion you have treated ourselves very scurvily. At page 9 I see,

“Sooner shall Tuscan Vallambrosa lack wood,
Than Britain, Grub-street, Billingsgate, and *Blackwood*.”

Then there is a note at page 10: “Who can account for the eulogies of *Blackwood* on Sotheby’s Homer as compared with Pope’s and Cowper’s? Eulogy is not reported to be the side he *lies* upon, in general.” On the same page, and the next, you say of Us, high Churchmen and high Tories,

“Beneath the battlements of Holyrood
There never squatted a more sordid brood
Than that which now, across the clotted perch,
Crookens the claw and screams for Court and Church.”

Then again at page 12,—

“Look behind you, look!
There issues from the Treasury, dull and dry as
The leaves in winter, Gifford and Matthias.
Brighter and braver Peter Pindar started,
And ranged around him all the lighter-hearted.
When Peter Pindar sank into decline,
Up from his hole sprang Peter Porcupine.”

All which is nothing to us, but what does it lead to?

“Him W. . son follow’d”—

Why those dots, Mr. Landor?

“Him W. . son follow’d, of congenial quill,
As near the dirt and no less prone to ill.
Walcot, of English heart, had English pen,
Buffoon he might be, but for hire was none;
Nor plumed and mounted in Professor’s chair
Offer’d to grin for wages at a fair.”

The rest is too foul-mouthed for repetition. You are a man of nasty ideas, Mr. Landor. You append a note, in which, without any authority but common rumor, you exhibit the learned Professor as an important contributor to *Blackwood*, especially in those graces of delicate wit so attractive to his subscribers. You declare, too, that we fight under cover, and only for spite and pay; that honester and wiser satirists were brave, that—

“Their courteous soldiership, outshining ours,
Mounted the engine and took aim from towers;”

But that

“From putrid ditches we more safely fight,
And push our zig-zag parallels by night.”

Again, at page 19—

“The Gentleman’s, the Lady’s we have seen,
Now blusters forth the *Blackguard’s Magazine*;
And (Heaven from joint-stock companies protect us!)
Dustman and nightman issue their prospectus.”

L. (who has sate listening, with a broad grin, while Mr. North was getting rather red in the face.) Really, Mr. North, considering that you have followed the trade of a currier for the last thirty years, you are remarkably sensitive to any little experiment on your own skin. But what has my unpublished satire to do with our present affair?

N. The answer to that question I will borrow from the satire itself, as you choose to term your scurrilous lampoon. Our present affair, then, is to consider whether Walter Savage Landor, Imaginary Conversation writer, in rushlight emulation of the wax-candles that illumine our Noctes, shall be raised, as he aspires, to the dignity of Fellow of the *Blackwood Society*. In the note at page 13 of the said lampoon, you state that “Lord Byron declared that no gentleman could write in *Blackwood*,” and you ask, “Has this assertion been ever disproved by experiment?” Now, Mr. Landor, as you have thus adopted and often re-echoed Lord Byron’s opinion, that no gentleman could write in *Blackwood*, and yet wish to enroll yourself among our writers, what is the inference?

L. That I confess myself no gentleman, you would infer. I make no such confession. I would disprove Byron’s assertion, by making the experiment.

N. You do us too much honor. Yet reflect, Mr. Landor. After the character you have given us, would you verily seek to be of our fraternity? You who have denounced us so grandiloquently—you who claim credit for lofty and disinterested principles of action? Recollect that you have represented us as the worthy men who have turned into ridicule Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, Coleridge—(diverse metals curiously graduated!)—all in short, who, recently dead, are now dividing among them the admiration of their country. Whatever could lessen their estimation; whatever could injure their fortune; whatever could make their poverty more bitter; whatever could tend to cast down their aspirations after fame; whatever had a tendency to drive them to the grave which now has opened to them, was incessantly

brought into action against them by us zealots for religion and laws. A more deliberate, a more torturing murder, never was committed, than the murder of Keats. The chief perpetrator of his murder knew beforehand that he could not be hanged for it. These are your words, Mr. Landor.

L. I do not deny them.

N. And in regard to the taste of the common public for Blackwood's Cordials, you have said that, to those who are habituated to the gin-shop, the dram is sustenance, and they feel themselves both uncomfortable and empty without the hot excitement. *Blackwood's* is really a gin-palace.

L. All this I have both said and printed, and the last sentence you have just read from my satire is preceded by one that you have not read. An exposure of the impudence and falsehood of *Blackwood's Magazine* is not likely to injure its character, or diminish the number of its subscribers; and in this sentence you have the secret of my desire to become a contributor to *Blackwood*. I want a popular vehicle to convey my censures to the world, especially on Wordsworth. I do not pretend to have any love for you and your brotherhood, Mr. North. But I dislike you less than I do Wordsworth; and I frankly own to you, that the fame of that man is a perpetual blister to my self-love.

N. Your habitual contemplation of his merits has confused you into a notion that they are your own, and you think him an usurper of the laurel crown that is yours by the divine right of genius. What an unhappy monomania! Still, your application for redress to us is unaccountable. You should know that we Black Foresters, lawless as you may suppose us, are Wordsworth's liegemen. He is our intellectual Chief. We call him the General! We are ever busy in promoting his fame.

L. You are always blowing hot and cold on it, and have done so for years past. One month you place him among the stars, the next as low as the daisies.

N. And rightly too; for both are the better for his presence.

L. But you alternately worship and insult him, as some people do their wooden idols.

N. If you must learn the truth, then, he has been to us, in one sense, nothing better than an unfeeling wooden idol. Some of us have been provoked by his indifference to our powers of annoyance, and his ingratitude in not repaying eulogy in kind. We have among ourselves a gander or two,

(no offence Mr. Landor,) that, forgetting they are webfooted, pretend to a perch on the tall bay-tree of Apollo, and, though heavy of wing, are angry with Wordsworth for not encouraging their awkward flights. They, like you, accuse him of jealousy, forsooth! That is the reason that they are now gabbling at his knees, now hissing at his heels. Moreover, our caprices are not unuseful to our interests. We alternately pique and soothe our readers by them, and so keep our customers. As day is partitioned between light and darkness, so has the public taste as to Wordsworth been divided between his reverers and the followers of the Jeffrey heresy. After a lengthened winter, Wordsworth's glory is now in the long summer days; all good judgments that lay torpid have been awakened, and the light prevails against the darkness. But as bats and owls, the haters of light, are ever most restless in the season when nights are shortest, so are purblind egotists most uneasy when their dusky range is contracted by the near approach and sustained ascendancy of genius. We now put up a screen for the weak-sighted, now withdraw it from stronger eyes; thus we plague and please all parties.

L. Except Wordsworth, whose eyelids are too tender to endure his own lustre reflected and doubled on the focus of your burnished brass. He dreads the fate of Milton, "blasted with excess of light."

N. Thank you, sir; that is an ingenious way of accounting for Wordsworth's neglect of our luminous pages. Yet it rather sounds like irony, coming from Mr. Walter Savage Landor to the editor of "The (Not Gentleman's) Magazine."

L. Pshaw! still harping on my Satire.

N. In that Satire you have charged Wordsworth with having talked of Southey's poetry as not worth five shillings a ream. So long as you refrained from publishing this invidious imputation, even those few among Wordsworth's friends who knew that you had printed it, (Southey himself among the number,) might think it discreet to leave the calumny unregarded. But I observe that you have renewed it, in a somewhat aggravated form, in the Article that you now wish me to publish. You here allege that Wordsworth represented Southey as an author, *all* whose poetry was not worth five shillings. You and I both know that Wordsworth would not deign to notice such an accusation. Through good and evil report the brave man persevered in his ascent to the mountain-top, without ever even turning round

to look upon the rabble that was hooting him from its base; and he is not likely now to heed such a charge as this. But his friends may now ask, on what authority it is published? Was it to you, Mr. Walter Savage Landor, whom Southey (in his strange affection for the name of Wat) had honored with so much kindness—to you whose “*matin-chirpings*” he had so generously encouraged, (as he did John Jones’s “*mellow song*,”*)—was it to you that Wordsworth delivered so injurious a judgment on the works of your patron? If so, what was your reply?

L. Whether it was expressed to myself or not, is of little consequence; it has been studiously repeated, and even printed by others as well as by me.

N. By whom.

L. That, too, is of no importance to the fact.

N. I am thoroughly convinced that it is no fact, and that Wordsworth never uttered any thing like such an opinion in the sense that you report it. He and Southey have been constant neighbors and intimate friends for forty years; there has never been the slightest interruption to their friendship. Every one that knows Wordsworth is aware of his frank and fearless openness in conversation. He has been beset for the last half century, not only by genuine admirers, but by the curious and idle of all ranks, and of many nations, and sometimes by envious and designing listeners, who have misrepresented and distorted his casual expressions. Instances of negligent and infelicitous composition are numerous in Southey, as in most voluminous authors. Suppose some particular passage of this kind to have been under discussion, and Mr. Wordsworth to have exclaimed, “I would not give five shillings a ream for such poetry as that.” Southey himself would only smile, (he had probably heard Wordsworth express himself to the same effect a hundred times;) but some insidious hearer catches at the phrase, and reports it as Wordsworth’s sweeping denunciation of all the poetry that his friend has ever written, in defiance of all the evidence to the contrary to be met with, not only in Wordsworth’s every-day conversation, but in his published works. There is no man for whose genius Mr. Wordsworth has more steadily or consistently testified his admiration than for Southey’s; there is none for whom, and for whose character he has evinced more affection and respect. You

and I, who have both read his works, and walked and talked with the Old Man of the Mountain, know that perfectly well. You have perhaps been under his roof, at Rydal Mount? I have; and over his dining-room fireplace I observed, as hundreds of his visitors must have done, five portraits—Chaucer’s, Bacon’s, Spenser’s, Shakspeare’s, and Milton’s, in one line. On the same line is a bust on the right of these, and a portrait on the left; and there are no other ornaments on that wall of the apartment. That bust and that portrait are both of Southey, the man whom you pretend he has so undervalued! By the by, no one has been more ardent in praise of Wordsworth than yourself.

L. You allude to the first dialogue between Southey and Porson, in Vol. i. of my *Imaginary Conversations*.

N. Not to that only, though in that dialogue there are sentiments much at variance with those which you would now give out as Porson’s. For example, remember what Porson there says of the *Laodamia*.

L. The most fervid expression in commendation of it is printed as Porson’s improperly, as the whole context shows. It should have been Southey’s.

N. So I perceive you say in this new dialogue; and such a mode of attempting to turn your back on yourself, to borrow a phrase from your friend Lord Castlereagh’s rhetoric, will be pronounced, even by those who do not care a bawbee about the debate, as not only ludicrous but pitifully shabby. Keep your seat, Mr. Landor, and keep your temper for once in your life. Let us examine into this pretended mistake in your former dialogue about *Laodamia*. Well, as you are up, do me the favor, sir, to mount the ladder, and take down from yon top shelf the first volume of your *Conversations*. Up in the corner, on the left hand next the ceiling. You see I have given you a high place.

L. Here is the book, Mr. North; it is covered with dust and cobwebs.

N. The fate of classics, Mr. Landor. They are above the reach of the housemaid, except when she brings the Turk’s Head to bear upon them. Now let us turn to the list of *errata* in this first volume. We are directed to turn to page 52, line 4, and for *sugar-bakers*, read *sugar-bakers’ wives*. I turn to the page and find the error corrected by yourself; as are all the press errors in these volumes, which were presented by you to a friend. I bought the whole set for an old song at a sale. You see that the omitted word *wives*

*“I lag’d; he (Southey) call’d me; urgent to prolong My *matin chirpings* into *mellow song*.”—LANDOR.

is carefully supplied by yourself, in your own handwriting, Mr. Landor. On the same page, only five lines below this correction, is the indetical passage that you would now transfer from Porson to Southey. Why did you not affix Porson's name to the passage then, when you were so vigilantly perfecting the very page? Why does no such correction appear even in the printed list of *errata*? Let us read the passage. "A current of rich and bright thoughts runs throughout the poem. Pindar himself would not, on that subject, have braced ore into more nerve and freshness, nor Euripides have inspired into it more tenderness and passion."*

L. Mr. North, I repeat that that sentence should have been printed as Southey's, not Porson's.

N. Yet it is quite consistent with a preceding sentence which you can by no ingenuity of after-thought withdraw from Porson; for the whole context forbids the possibility of its transition. What does Porson there testify of the *Laodamia*? That it is "*a composition such as Sophocles might have exulted to own!*"—and a part of one of its stanzas "*might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the Elysium the poet describes.*"† These expressions are at least as fervid as those which you would reclaim from Porson, now that like a pettifogging practitioner, you want to retain him as counsel against the most illustrious of Southey's friends—the individual of whom in this same dialogue you cause Southey to ask, "What man ever existed who spent a more retired, a more inoffensive, a more virtuous life, than Wordsworth, or

who has adorned it with nobler studies?"—and what does Porson answer? "I believe so; I have always heard it; and *those who attack him with virulence or with levity are men of no morality and no reflection.*"* Thus you print Wordsworth's praise in rubric, and fix it on the walls, and then knock your head against them. You must have a hard skull, Mr. Landor.

L. Be civil, Mr. North, or I will brain you.

N. Pooh, pooh, man! all your Welsh puddles, which you call pools, wouldn't hold my brains. To return to your proffered article, there is one very ingenious illustration in it. "Diamonds sparkle the most brilliantly on heads stricken by the palsy."

L. Yes; I flatter myself that I have there struck out a new and beautiful, though somewhat melancholy thought.

N. New! My good man, it isn't yours; you have purloined those diamonds.

L. From whom?

N. From the very poet you would disparage—Wordsworth.

"Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From the palsy-shaken head."

Those lines have been in print above twenty years.

L. An untoward coincidence of idea between us.

N. Both original, no doubt; only, as Puff says in the *Critic*, one of you thought of it the first, that's all. But how busy would Wordsworth be, and how we should laugh at him for his pains, if he were to set about reclaiming the thousands of ideas that have been pilfered from him, and have been made the staple of volumes of poems, sermons, and philosophical treatises without end! He makes no stir about such larcenies. And what a coil have you made about that eternal sea-shell, which you say he stole from you, and which, we know, is the true and trivial cause of your hostility towards him!

L. Surely, I am an ill-used man, Mr. North. My poetry, if not worth five shillings, nor thanks, nor acknowledgment, was yet worth borrowing and putting on. I, the author of *Gebir*, Mr. North—do you mark me?

N. Yes; the author of *Gebir* and *Gebirus*—think of that, St. Crispin and St. Crispinus!

Sing me the fates of Gebir, and the Nymph
Who challenged Tamar to a wrestling-match,
And on the issue pledged her precious shell.
"Above her knees she drew the robe succinct,
Above her breast, and just below her arms.

* Vol. i. p. 40.

* Vol. i. p. 52.

† Vol. i. p. 51. Few persons will think that Mr. Landor's drift, which is obvious enough, could be favored if these passages could be *all* shuffled over to Mr. Southey. It would be unwise and inconsistent in Mr. Landor of all men to intimate that Southey's judgment in poetry was inferior to Porson's; for Southey has been so singular as to laud some of Mr. Landor's, and Mr. Landor has been so grateful as to proclaim Southey the sole critic of modern times who has shown "a delicate perception in poetry." It is rash, too, in him to insinuate that Southey's opinion could be influenced by his friendship; for he, the most amiable of men, was nevertheless a friend of Mr. Landor also. But the only object of this argument is to show how mal-adroitly Mr. Landor plays at thimblery. He lets us see him shift the pea. As for the praise and censure contained in his dialogues, we have no doubt that any one concerned willingly makes him a present of both. It is but returning bad money to Diogenes. It is all Mr. Landor's; and, lest there should be any doubt about the matter, he has taken care to tell us that he has not inserted in his dialogues a single sentence written by, or recorded of, the persons who are supposed to hold them.—See vol. i. p. 96, end of note.

She, rushing at him, closed," and floor'd him flat,
And carried off the prize, a bleating sheep;
"The sheep she carried easy as a cloak,"
And left the loser blubbering from his fall,
And for his vanish'd mutton. "Nymph divine!
I cannot wait describing how she came;
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet;
Her feet resembled those long shells explored
By him who, to befriend his steed's dim sight,
Would blow the pungent powder in his eye."*

Is that receipt for horse eye-powder to be found in White's Farriery, Mr. Landor?

L. Perhaps not, Mr. North. Will you cease your fooling, and allow me to proceed? "I," the author of *Gebir*, "never lamented when I believed it lost." The MS. was mislaid at my grandmother's, and lay undiscovered for four years. "I saw it neglected, and never complained. Southey and Forster have since given it a place whence men of lower stature are in vain on tiptoe to take it down. It would have been honester and more decorous if the writer of certain verses had mentioned from what bar he took his wine."† Now, keep your ears open, Mr. North; I will read my verses first, and then Wordsworth's. Here they are. I always carry a copy of them both in my pocket. Listen!

N. List, oh list! I am all attention, Mr. Landor.

L. (reads)—

"But I have sinuous shells, of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens—then apply
Its polish'd lip to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

These are lines for you, sir! They are mine. What do you think of them?

N. I think very well of them; they remind one of Coleridge's "Eolian Harp." They are very pretty lines, Mr. Landor. I have written some worse myself.

L. So has Wordsworth. Attend to the echo in the *Excursion*:

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell,
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intensely, and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy; for, murmuring from within,
Were heard sonorous cadences, whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea."

N. There is certainly much resemblance between the two passages; and, so far as you have recited Wordsworth's, his is not

* The lines within inverted commas are Mr. Landor's, without alteration.

† Mr. Landor's printed complaint, *verbatim*, from his "Satire on Satirists."

superior to yours; which very likely, too, suggested it; though that is by no means a sure deduction, for the thought itself is as common as the sea-shell you describe, and, in all probability, at least as old as the Deluge.

L. "It is but justice to add, that this passage has been the most admired of any in Mr. Wordsworth's great poem."*

N. Hout, tout, man! The author of the *Excursion* could afford to spare you a thousand finer passages, and he would seem none the poorer. As to the imputed plagiarism, Wordsworth would have no doubt have avowed it had he been conscious that it was one, and that you could attach so much importance to the honor of having reminded him of a secret in conchology, known to every old nurse in the country, as well as to every boy or girl that ever found a shell on the shore, or was tall enough to reach one off a cottage-parlor mantelpiece; but which he could apply to a sublime and reverent purpose never dreamed of by them or you. It is in the application of the familiar image, that we recognise the master-hand of the poet. He does not stop when he has described the toy, and the effect of air within it. The lute in Hamlet's hands is not more philosophically dealt with.—There is a pearl within Wordsworth's shell which is not to be found in yours, Mr. Landor. He goes on:—

"Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things—
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

These are the lines of a poet, who not only stoops to pick up a shell now and then, as he saunters along the sea-shore, but who is accustomed to climb to the promontory above, and to look upon the ocean of things

"From those imaginative heights that yield
Far-stretching views into eternity."

Do not look so fierce again, Mr. Landor. You who are so censorious of self-complacency in others, and indeed of all other people's faults, real or imagined, should endure to have your vanity rebuked.

L. I have no vanity. I am too proud to be vain.

N. Proud of what?

L. Of something beyond the comprehension of a Scotchman, Mr. North—proud of my genius.

N. Are you so very great a genius, Mr. Landor?

* From Mr. Landor, *verbatim*.

L. I am. *Almighty Homer is twice far above Troy and her towers, Olympus and Jupiter. First, when Priam bends before Achilles, and a second time, when the shade of Agamemnon speaks among the dead. That awful spectre, called up by genius in after-time, shook the Athenian stage. That scene was ever before me: father and daughter were ever in my sight; I felt their looks, their words, and again gave them form and utterance; and, with proud humility, I say it—*

*"I am tragedian in this scene alone.
Station the Greek and Briton side by side,
And if derision be deserved—deride."*

Surely there can be no fairer method of overturning an offensive reputation, from which the scaffolding is not yet taken down, than by placing against it the best passages, and most nearly parallel, in the subject, from *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. To this labor the whole body of the Scotch critics and poets are invited, and, moreover, to add the ornaments of translation.*

N. So you are not only a match for *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, but on a par with "almighty Homer when he is far above Olympus and Jove." Oh! ho! ho! As you have long since recorded that modest opinion of yourself in print, and not been lodged in Bedlam for it, I will not now take upon myself to send for a straight waistcoat.

L. Is this the treatment I receive from the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in return for my condescension in offering him my assistance? Give me back my manuscript, sir. I was indeed a fool to come hither. I see how it is. You Scotchmen are all alike. We consider no part of God's creation so cringing, so insatiable, so ungrateful as the Scotch; nevertheless, we see them hang together by the claws, like bats; and they bite and scratch you to the bone if you attempt to put an Englishman in the midst of them.† But you shall answer for this usage, Mr. North: you shall suffer for it. These two fingers have more power than all your malice, sir, even if you had the two houses of parliament to back you. A pen! You shall live for it.‡

N. Fair and softly, Mr. Landor; I have not rejected your article yet. I am going to be generous. Notwithstanding all your abuse of *Blackwood* and his countrymen, I consent to exhibit you to the world as a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and, in the teeth of all your recorded admiration

* This strange rhapsody is verily Mr. Landor's. It is extracted from his "Satire on Satirists."

† Imaginary Conversations, vol. iv. p. 283.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 126.

of Wordsworth, I will allow you to prove yourself towards him a more formidable critic than Wakley, and a candidate for immortality with Lauder. Do you rue?

L. Not at all. I have past the Rubicon.

N. Is that a pun? It is worthy of Plato. Mr. Landor, you have been a friend of Wordsworth. But, as he says—

"What is friendship? Do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From the palsy-shaken head."

L. I have never professed friendship for him.

N. You have professed something more, then. Let me read a short poem to you, or at least a portion of it. It is an "Ode to Wordsworth."

"O, WORDSWORTH!
That other men should work for me
In the rich mines of poesy,
Pleases me better than the toil
Of smoothing, under harden'd hand,
With attic emery and oil,
The shining point for wisdom's wand,
Like those thou temperest 'mid the rills
Descending from thy native hills.
He who would build his fame up high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say—I'll do what I have plann'd,
Before he try if loam or sand
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polish'd pillar's base.
With skilful eye and fit device
Thou raisest every edifice:
Whether in shelter'd vale it stand,
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid those cypresses that mourn
Laodamia's love forlorn."

Four of the brightest intellects that ever adorned any age or country are then named, and a fifth, who, though not equal to the least of them, is not unworthy of their company; and what follows?

"I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,
Save one, and that too shall be theirs,
But after many rolling years,
WHEN 'MID THEIR LIGHT THY LIGHT APPEARS."

Here are Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Dryden too,* all in bliss above, yet not to be perfectly blest till the arrival of Wordsworth among them! Who wrote that, Mr. Landor?

L. I did, Mr. North.

N. Sir, I accept your article. It shall be published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Good morning, sir.

L. Good day, sir. Let me request your particular attention to the correction of the press. (*Landor retires.*)

* Whom Mr. L., who is the most capricious as well as the most arrogant of censors, sometimes takes into favor.

N. He is gone! Incomparable Savage! I cannot more effectually retaliate upon him for all his invectives against us than by admitting his gossiping trash into the Magazine. No part of the dialogue will be mistaken for Southey's; nor even for Porson's inspirations from the brandy-bottle. All the honor due to the author will be exclusively Mr. Walter Savage Landor's; and, as it is certainly "not worth five shillings," no one will think it "worth borrowing or putting on."

LINES.

Written upon seeing Mulcany's Picture of "FIRST LOVE" in the Irish Exhibition of Paintings June, 1842.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Ay, gaze upon her face, impassion'd boy,
In its sweet bashfulness and timid joy!
Thine is a truthful homage, free from art,
The earnest worship of an untaught heart!

Nought throughout after-life thy sight shall bless
One-thousandth part so rich in loveliness,
As that young peasant girl so simply fair,
With her unsandaled feet and braided hair.

Boyhood will fleet away—the hour will come
When for the haunts of men thou'lt leave thy home;
Yet oft will memory turn so fondly still
To that companion dear and lonely hill.

And years will pass, till dim as some sweet dream
The vision of thy early days will seem;
But never, never quite from out thy heart
Will the low echo of her voice depart.

And thou may'st love again—ay, passionately,
And past expression dear thy idol be;
But the *First Love* of Youth's a sacred thing,
A fragrant flower which *knows no second Spring!*

Thus mused I, as I gazed with spell-bound eyes,
And bless'd the "Art that can immortalize!"

ELIZABETH AUCHINLECK.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' HOUSEHOLD.—The public will see with infinite satisfaction that the Prince of Wales is about to have a separate household. Some have imagined that a baby-house is alluded to, but we have ascertained that such is not the case, and the following may be relied on as being as accurate a list as it is possible to obtain of the projected establishment:—

Master of the Rocking Horse.
Comptroller of the Juvenile Vagaries
Sugar Stick in Waiting.
Captain of the (Tin) Guard.
Black Rod in ordinary.
Master of the Trap Ordnance.
Clerk of the Pea Shooter.
Assistant Battledore.
Lord Privy huttlecock.
Quartermaster-General of the Oranges.

It is not yet decided by whom these offices are to be filled, but there is no doubt His Royal Highness will manifest considerable discretion in making the appointments for the "separate household" which has been so properly assigned to him.—*Charivari.*

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF ST. SIMONIANISM.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THOSE were brilliant but meteoric passages in the life of Saint Simonianism, when at Paris a gentleman, ye!pt "Rodrigues," a philosopher, named "Enfantin," and a dashing blood, rejoicing in the title of "Michel Chevalier," first resolved to take care of ladies' properties, and to expend both capital and interest with great discretion, to establish equality of rights, as well as equality of domains, and to send out missionaries well steeped with the best black coffee, and appropriate *liqueurs*, to found a new system of morals and virtue! The Paris revolution of 1830 "had left so much to be desired;" the Belgian repetition had so signally failed: the Polish disasters had added so much of misery to those who were before enslaved; and Spain had been so overthrown even by the beginning of a war which bade fair to occupy her for the next ten years, that Rodrigues, Enfantin, and Chevalier, got weary of politics, and betook them to religion. Not Christianity, and not Judaism—not Mahometanism, and not Paganism exactly—but to St. Simonianism and polygamy. Don't be startled, ladies—don't be startled! You may read on. There's nothing wrong intended. It is not an affair of the heart—only of the pocket. A new sort of polygamy! Low frocks?—Yes. Blue sashes?—Yes. Wives disgusted with their husbands?—Yes. Women wearied with the trammels of matrimony, and resolved to rid themselves of them?—Yes. But still all platonic love. No kissing—no squeezing of the hand—no gentle pressure, no sighs, no tears—nothing but philosophy, poetry, and Bordeaux, "*Cotelettes a la minute*," "*Champagne frappé*," "an epigram of lamb with asparagus points," and a "*petit verre*" of —, what you like—from Rosolio to Curaçoa, or from Kerschenwasser to the merry old Gold Water. Dear charming creatures they were, too! Rather antiquated if you will; rather pedantic, of course; rather bothering after dinner with their philosophy; and rather troublesome with their blue-stockings. But what cared Rodrigues for this? And as to *Père Enfantin* and *Michel Chevalier*, they chuckled like jolly old monks over Chambertin and Clos Vougeot, and the only prayer they uttered was, "Send us more wives!"

As I am fearful this introductory matter may be more amusing than instructive, unless supplied with a passing explanation, I

must here indulge myself and my readers with the pleasure and benefit of a parenthesis. Be it known, then, that once upon a time there lived a man of whom the world might say, that the term *saint* when applied to him, was the least appropriate ever bestowed on any living or departed mortal, and yet to this day he is called *Saint Simon*. Now Mister Saint Simon, or St. Simon, Esq., for both are equally applicable and appropriate, entertained peculiar notions as to "*communion of goods*," or the truly felicitous arrangement of this world's property by way of partnership, so that he who had the advantage of possessing something should share it with him, or her (as the case may be), who had the privilege of possessing—nothing! Thus, if I had the misfortune of possessing £20,000 (I meant pence) and my brethren had the happiness of possessing not quite a five-pound note, the system of Saint Simon was this,—that we should put both sums into a hat, shake the hat well, and spend it together. Now, as the success of all such plans for the amelioration of the condition of our species, must depend a great deal upon the persuasive powers of one party, and the mesmerised, or submissive and docile powers of the sleeping party, it follows, of course, that the best talker has the greatest chance of success, and that those who can prove black to be crimson, and small beer to be pale brandy, must decidedly come off the conquerors. Well, then, Rodrigues, Enfantin, and Chevalier, were three very powerful men of this description of moral calibre, and they resolved to carry into action the principle of *Saint Simon*, that "*the communion of goods*" was the only real way of terminating all the discord which existed in the world, and of making men, and women too, virtuous and happy.

When this holy and patriotic determination first entered the minds of the three emancipators of their species in question, it is but fair to say that they were by no means disagreeable and awkward companions. Few men could look better with a long black beard, a bare throat, a Roman gown, and a broad girdle with the word "*Père*" inscribed on it, than the *Saint Enfantin*. And when surrounded by a troop of other men's wives, who had left their husbands and their children, with their own private fortunes in their pockets, to receive from his lips the instruction, and listen to the dogmas of the departed *Saint Simon*, as recorded in his works, he had the air of a mighty prophet, who had descended from a land of heroes or of sages, to change society, or to subvert the world.

The ladies—at least on state occasions, and I was admitted to no others—wore white robes as indications of their purity, very low bodies as proofs of their chastity, no ornaments as demonstrations of their having placed all in the *common treasury*, and sat at the feet of the "*Père*" on the ground, or on very low ottomans, whilst he listened to their artless tales of their former lives, when, enthralled by the chains of matrimony, they absurdly and impiously imagined that they were fulfilling the high destinies to which their degraded and noble sex had been destined by heaven, by nature, and by ST. SIMON!!

The first time I saw MICHEL CHEVALIER he was introduced to me as the author of a very spirited and lively pamphlet, "*On the best mode of tying a Cravat!*" He was gay, smiling, jocular, light-eyed, light-haired, exceedingly well dressed, and just the sort of man to be the greatest possible favorite at a gipsy-party. At dinner he was sedulous, smart, and smirking. At dessert he was philosophical, romantic, or profound. At the piano he was admirable. But at coffee—yes, at coffee, he was prodigious!! They say (that is some Baptist biographer) that the late great Robert Hall used to drink from sixteen to thirty-two cups of strong tea per evening. Very likely, though we should have preferred counting them to taking other people's arithmetic for granted; but again we say, very likely. Still what was Robert Hall and his thirty-two cups of gunpowder or twankay to Michel Chevalier and his pipkins of coffee? Never mind; the more he drank, the more he sung, danced, played, laughed, and punned; and by the time he was at his sixty-fourth pipkin, he really beat Theodore Hook hollow.

Ah! little did I think at that moment that that very Michel would hereafter become one of the regenerators of the world! I remember I met him at the house of an English gentleman in Paris, famed for good dinners and bad French, for excellent wines, and plenty of them, and for giving "*frogs*" to Frenchmen as great rarities,—and so, in truth, they were, for spite of the English mistake to the contrary, I never saw in my life any arrangement of frogs, either in soups, or ragouts, pies, roasted, boiled, fried, or stewed, at the table of a *French* gentleman. However, so it was; delighted we met, and charmed we parted; he thinking me a very good fellow, and I fully resolved always to tie my cravat after his fashion.

The next time I caught a glimpse of the small eyes of my former acquaintance Michel—gracious heavens! he had become a

moral philosopher and a social reformer! He had associated himself with Rodrigues, Enfantin, and a host of minor stars, all beaming their very best, and all leagued together to persuade mankind, but particularly womankind, to associate together, place their fortunes in a common bank, live happily, and die joyously, by following the maxims of the dear departed Mr. Saint Simon.

It would have been impossible for any men to have selected a more appropriate moment for making this experiment than that chosen by this "band of deliverers." Society in France was broken up into factions; every new theory was received with rapture; the revolutionists had gained so little by their revolutions, and the lads of the Polytechnic, the law and the medical schools, were so much the leaders of the unsettled and the visionary, that women's heads were turned, as well as those of the sterner sex, and "*liberty forever*"—meaning the liberty for every one, both male and female, doing that which seemed good or evil in his or her own eyes—was the cry which met you in nearly every circle of the French metropolis.

Here and there, indeed, it was different. The Legitimists looked on scornfully and scoffingly. The "*justemilieu*" strove to keep altogether by an increased police, quadrupled troops, and an enormous display of national guards. But society at large was in a state of dissolution, and the words of Casimir Perier still vibrate on my ears, "*Monsieur, il n'y a plus rien—absolument rien;*" or in other words, "Every thing has gone to nothing!" And really this was the case. The philosophers of 1832 debated every thing, disputed every thing, denied every thing. They were not quite sure that they existed; and as to governments, they vowed they should all be speedily destroyed.

So the moment was well chosen by Rodrigues, Enfantin, and Chevalier, for inculcating new dogmas, or for enforcing old ones, and they added to their effrontery, zeal; and to their zeal, sarcasm; and to their sarcasm, abuse; so that those who opposed them were ridiculed as belonging to the old-fashioned school, the antiquated, before-the-deluge tribe, of "husbands and wives, and all that sort of thing." The tact of these three moral heroes consisted in this, that knowing perfectly well that they addressed themselves to a carnal, sensual, pleasure-loving people, their new religion was precisely the reverse of mortification, privations, fasting, sackcloth or

penitence. They knew quite well that monasteries and nunneries on the old-established principles would never do in France, and that for "religious houses" or "social establishments" to become popular, they must give good dinners, bumpers of wine both at meeting and parting, and must keep late hours both for waltzing, galloping, and quadrilling. But how was this to raise the dignity of woman? How was this to place her on an equality with man in the scale of moral elevation? This was a puzzle to the mere novices in Saint Simonianism; but when Enfantin lectured, and Chevalier discoursed of "physics" of the highest class, it was made apparent to all that the coffee, chocolate, *déjeûners à la fourchette*, liqueurs, desserts, dinners, banquets, balls, soirées, and musical and theatrical entertainments, were only accompaniments to the system of dissolving matrimonial alliances, and placing society on a different footing! "Look at the present state of marriage life in France," exclaimed Enfantin in one of his moments of excitement and eloquence, "and what do we see? Marriages of *convenance*. Fathers and mothers engaged in selling their children's happiness for the sake of a connexion with a wealthier or a titled family; young girls allied to old men; young men tied to the apron-strings of some elderly spinsters from sixty-five to seventy; ignorant men, because wealthy, conducting blue-stocking ladies to the altar of Hymen and patronized by their *literary* wives; stupid and frivolous women, possessed of large fortunes, married to men who stand high in science, simply because the money of the former was necessary to the personal standing of the latter; wives openly avowing they have lovers, and husbands making no secret that they have mistresses. Do we not know, besides all this, that divorce not being permitted in France, the most immoral and degrading, false and hypocritical alliances are maintained, though the best feelings of human nature repudiate them? Are not illegitimate children born to husbands in wedlock? And can a man have any confidence in the legitimacy of those, who yet call him their father? Is not this state of things as common to our provinces as it is to our capital, till at last marriage has become a crime, instead of a sacrament, and the source of innumerable woes, instead of pure and sublime joy? Tell me not, then, that *our* system is immoral! It is yours that is immoral, you who encourage this state of things by defending the system,

and by reproaching us who seek to raise the moral dignity of the sex!"

The disciples, the novitiates, the sisters, all looked amazed at this picture of the awful state of society as it was in France, and seemed to wonder how I could get out of the difficulty in which this oration must have placed me. I remember, however, I only felt dismayed at the reflection that there stood a man, with a giant mind, who had ably and truly depicted the state of society in his country, and yet who had the temerity and the power to cause it to be believed that the condition in which married persons existed in France was to be changed, amended, improved—by what? By nothing short of the cohabitation, without marriage, of the sexes. I know very well that he succeeded in convincing many ladies who had small properties wholly settled on them, and quite independent of their husbands, that it was very wicked indeed, and most repugnant to the laws of nature and Saint Simon, to live together if you did not love each other; and many of these silly ones left husbands, homes, children, relatives, all—in order to enter the Saint Simonian establishment in the *Rue de Monsigny*.

The first time I ever entered that well-fitted-up, stylish, taking establishment, in order to examine its arrangements and take notes for my future lucubrations on the subject, was one fine spring morning. The Père (Enfantin) was invisible! He was engaged in his study. I pleaded for admission. His room was enveloped in a dim religious light. The sun shone but obscurely through ground glass darkly colored, and he looked a most handsome and heart-winning fellow. He rose to receive me, and we had a few minutes conversation. "The awful state of society in England" was the subject to which he was directing his attention, and "he hoped also, there to effect a large and vigorous reform!" I fancy I smiled incredulity, for he replied rather petulantly, but still with some point, and asked me how it was possible for man to progress, and society to advance, whilst bound down by the chains of deplorable and blighted usages, ceremonies, and superstitions? I asked him his remedy. He gave me some pamphlets. I knew all they said beforehand, for I had read the then *Globe* of France, and had studied the works of Mr. Saint Simon. I endeavored to make him feel that immorality was not to be cured by vice, nor hypocrisy by a violation of the commandments. He smiled in return. He evident-

ly thought me an antediluvian sort of person to refer to the commandments. He thought highly of Moses, and still more so of Jesus; and he was of opinion that Mahomet was an extraordinary man; but as for Saint Simon and himself, and himself and Saint Simon, they were the *ne plus ultras* of every thing. So I left him and visited the second father—the father in miniature—Michel Chevalier. I don't know how it was, but so it was, I never could see Michel without laughing. He sought to be grave, he endeavored to engage me in controversy, he laid before me the moral wonders of their immoral scheme, and he even worked himself up to the belief, that he who had written an able pamphlet on the best mode of tying a cravat, might likewise be destined to emancipate the world! But, though he believed this himself, he perceived that the pamphlet and the cravat always *stuck in my throat*, and that I was not to be converted to Saint Simonianism.

The last time I entered the doors of the Saint Simoniacal establishment of the Rue de Monsigny was to see how matters were conducted at a Saint Simonian ball. Well, I found plenty of lights, a vast number of young and old men, stewards, with canes most exquisitely adorned, and with gloves which fitted so tight that I quite trembled for the fingers to which they appeared to have been attached, or affixed, by machinery; and I saw the "father" and the "brethren" of this anti-monastic incorporation exceedingly sedulous in their attentions to divers ladies, who were reported "to have had money," and to be "extremely unhappy in their matrimonial engagements and spheres;" to be perfectly just to the base, or to the calumniated, husbands, I will not pretend to say which. The ladies in question were by no means handsome, pretty, or even passable, but they had the "*quoi*," which the French love better than any thing else—that "*quoi*" being ready money, and a wish to part with it. The ladies aforesaid were sitting on a sort of gently rising platform, but very close to the ground, and all of them wore white frocks (not gowns), blue sashes (not cin-tures, but sashes tied behind with a bow), white stockings, white frilled drawers with exquisitely beautiful lace round close to the feet, and, finally, black satin slippers, made by that prince of cordoniers, Mel-notte, of the Rue de la Paix. In the centre stood ENFANTIN, dressed in the costume of the "*Père*," in which the tri-colored emblems of France were tastefully display-

ed, and which evidently formed a subject of contemplation to the satellites which surrounded him. "Is he not handsome?" asked Chevalier, with anxiety and interest. "Indeed he is," I replied: "what a pity he should lose his time, and squander away his fine faculties and taste, in such humbug as this!" Michel was never angry, for a better-tempered man could not exist; and yet he was not quite pleased with me. Enfantin looked about and around with evident pleasure. Gaping hundreds of the *élite* of Paris society, attended at this ball. All eyes were directed to him. Some shook their heads very knowingly, and said, "It was a revolution in itself." Others looked objectively, and thought "it would either end in smoke, or become something of immense importance." A few men of the last century recalled to my recollection in one of the corners of the vast *salle* some of the conceits and follies of the first revolution; whilst refreshments of every description, in the utmost profusion, were served up on costly plate or magnificent china. What a splash! Louis Philippe himself could not have offered a more splendid banquet.

"But the best of things will pass," and pleasure is fleeting, and joys are flitting. So it was with Saint Simonianism. The wines and the lights, the punch and the flowers, the viands and the frocks, had all to be paid for; and the old saying about emptying the barrel if meal be always taken out and never put in, was at last realized in this *hospice* for the unhappy. Rodrigues, who had attempted a loan from the public, had failed in his beneficent undertaking! The ladies who were miserable in their married lives, and who had ready money, and plenty of it to spare, were not quite so numerous as this immortal *trio* had anticipated; and, consequently, they did not arrive in such numbers to pour their contributions of goods and chattels, lands and tenements, into the common treasury, as was really anticipated. So the meal-box got empty, the ladies troublesome and vexatious; and, one fine morning, it was unanimously resolved by the male portion of the establishment, to "cut the fair sex," and turn monks! The ladies wanted their money back, but it was gone! The gentlemen had their hearts restored to them without any difficulty! The police were referred to, but all had been done quite legally; and the wives who had abandoned their homes for philosophy, and the dignity of their own sex, found, to their cost, that they also "had paid too much for their whistle."

One morn I missed them from the Rue Monsigny,
The father and the brethren all had flown.

What had become of them?—They had retired to their hermitage. Where was that?—Just half a mile outside the Barrier of the Rue Mênilmontant. The *curaçoa* had all been drank, the wine had all been absorbed, truffled turkeys had been eaten, and Chevet and Corcellet (the suppliers of these condiments) had not been paid. But still some of these reformers of their species were resolved on continuing in solitude and silence their beneficent career, hoping for better times, and anticipating future renown. There was but one impediment in the way of their becoming monks or hermits, at least but one very formidable obstacle, and that was—they had no beards. What was to be done?—Retire to Mênilmontant! Cultivate botany, cabbages, and their beards! Addict themselves to their studies, and to agricultural and horticultural pursuits, and not show themselves in public, except to the few surrounding and struggling villagers, until their beards should look worthy of the followers of the immortal Mr. St. Simon.

Now it must not be thought that I am burlesquing or libelling these reformers, when I say, that this was the real plan—the *bonâ fide* plan—pursued; and that the Saint Simonians, with Enfantin and Chevalier at their heads, turned diggers, hoers, and rakers, in the gardens of Mênilmontant. There, sighing over pleasures "never to return," and over prospects which were full of clouds, darkness, and bitterness, they cultivated their beards and potatoes, excluded the fair sex altogether, made their own beds, washed their own linen, cobbled their own shoes, and cooked their own dinners; which dinners, albeit, were somewhat different to those which were the themes of universal praise when they tabernacled in the Rue Monsigny.

The last time I ever saw the Saint Simonians as a body was at this very establishment at Mênilmontant. They had hired a very large and antiquated building. The gardens were extensive, and digging was in request. The beards were sprouting. Some had grown into really respectable crops, but others had refused to put forth in to any thing like luxuriance. Michel had kept up his spirits, and preserved all his archness and humor. He did not tie his cravat as well as formerly, and evidently his clothes *had seen better days*. As to Enfantin, he was invisible, and was preparing for the "*saue qui peut*."

That "*saue qui peut*" at last arrived; for the police began to be pestered with

complaints, the creditors became absurdly anxious to be paid their debts, the disciples found that

"House was gone and money spent," and yet that *they* had not increased their learning, in exchange for their good *écus*, and so a *possé* of police constables finished the whole matter under and by virtue of some law of "Fructidor" and "Germinal," or something else, which had as much to do with the subject as "pine-apple punch" forms any part of the controversy respecting the "Elgin marbles;" and, in one word, St. Simonianism was driven into the streets like a common road mendicant, and left to starve and die on the roadside—What a *dénouement*!

But stay, wondering reader, I have yet something better in store. Louis Philippe knew that such men as *Enfantin* and *Chevalier* would be sure to do much harm at home, unless employed abroad; and so these two former students of the Polytechnic School were employed by the French government in the north of Africa, and in Asia, to make maps, plans, charts; to examine soil, strata, mountains; to look at the Nile; to go to North America, and study man in the United States, and finally to return to the land of their birth; and, whilst *Chevalier* is one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*, a *maître de requêtes* to the Council of State, and has published some admirable books on America and on science, approved and patronized by the government; *Enfantin* has returned from his voyages and tours in the Holy Land, and has, within the last month, published a report on Algeria which has nearly driven the French to distraction; since his facts, figures, and documents, are all most triumphant against the system so popular in France of African colonization. *Enfantin* and *Chevalier* are now comparatively wealthy men; and Louis Philippe has not in all his domains two subjects more devoted to himself and his government than these two leaders of Ex-Saint Simonianism!

Does not this read very like a romance? Yet every line and word of it is correct to the letter. We talk of the marvels of the age of chivalry! Why, they are nothing to our own; as my next *Reminiscences* will still more fully develope!

VALUABLE MANUSCRIPT.—A bibliophile is stated to have been recently found in an old farm-house near Annonay, a valuable MS. of the rough copy of the *Aphorismes d' Hippocrate*, by Marc Antoine Gaïot, of Annonay, which work was published by him in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, in 1647. Gaïot was professor of Hebrew at Rome for a long period.

Lit. Gazette.

THE ZANTEOTE BRIDE.

BY ELIZABETH AUCHINLECK.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

"And will my father have me wed
This haughty lord," Zurelli said—
"And mother, must I leave thy side,
To be this English stranger's bride?
Ah! can my once fond Father part
For gold the darling of his heart,
And make me break the true-love plight
That I but pledg'd on yesternight,—
Can paltry gain work all this wo,
Ah! speak my mother—is it so?"

"It is. Thy hand is pledg'd, my girl,
To England's noblest, brightest earl,
He, wandering to our lonely isle,
Heard praises of thy beauty's smile;
And yestereve, upon yon green,
Enchanted by that beauty's sheen,
Vow'd to disdain both birth and pride,
And seek and win thee for his bride.
—Nay, cling not to me thus, my child,
Thy father on De Courcy smiled,
And I—oh gaze not on me now,
With that sad eye and earnest brow;
They wring my soul to agony—
Yet I have sworn—and it must be!
Mark'd you no noble in the dance
With lofty mien and eagle glance;
Did one not breathe fond words to thee,
Needless I ween re-told by me,
And did not my Zurelli's eye,
With joy to the long gaze reply,
That dwelt on her admiringly?" }

"Yes, mother, there indeed was one
Peerless amid that village throng:
Guiseppe's was that matchless face,
Guiseppe's was that form of grace.
I marked his eye, so gently blue,
Seek mine, and his alone I knew.
Yes, breathings fond my bosom stirred,
It was Guiseppe's voice I heard;
And his the plight, and his the vow,
That binds my willing spirit now.
Mother, forgive thine own poor girl,
I cannot wed this stranger earl;
What though they say his form and face
Are bright with manly beauty's grace,
And broad and rich his fair lands be,
In yon cold isle beyond the sea;
I cannot leave my childhood's home,
From kindred and from friends to roam;
I cannot from my dear sire part,
I cannot wring Guiseppe's heart.
Alas! for my poor beauty's smile,
That won the stranger to our isle!
Surely within his native land
Full many a dame with jewell'd hand,
And noble form and brow of pride,
Would gladly be De Courcy's bride;
How can a lowly maid like me
Be fitting choice for such as he?"
"By Heaven, (her father sternly cried,)
Zurelli thou shalt be his bride,
Ay, even before the setting sun
His course in yon red sky has run;
Before he stoops his brow to lave
Beneath the dark blue western wave,
As surely as yon heaving tide
By evening's setting sun is dyed,
Thou shalt be Lord De Courcy's bride." }

"Alas! my father—is it so,
And must thy poor Zurelli go?"

And canst thou cast me from thy heart,
 And wilt thou from thy darling part ?
 Ah ! can thy once so gentle eye
 Look tearless on mine agony !
 And must I leave fair Zante's shore,
 Nor look upon its beauties more,
 And bid a long, a last farewell
 To every shady Linden dell ?
 And to the purple vineyard's shade
 Where with Guiseppe I have strayed,
 And that lone fragrant citron grove,
 Where first I heard his tale of love ?
 Ah ! who will tend my favorite flowers
 Within my pleasant garden bowers,
 Or gently lead to greenest dell,
 Each morn my beautiful gazelle,
 Or watch while o'er the flowery slope
 Bounds lightly my swift antelope.
 Ah ! doubly dear, since mine no more,
 Seem all I little prized before !
 Yet hear me, father, hear me on,
 Who, when thy own Zurelli's gone,
 Will climb with thee the pasture-steep,
 To help thee tend our gentle sheep ;
 Or train the truant vine with thee,
 Or pluck the pod from cotton tree,
 Cull the ripe currant clusters dark,
 And fill with fragrant fruit thy bark ;
 And when thy spirit seeks repose
 At peaceful evening's welcome close,
 Ah ! who will cheer thy wearied soul
 With gay guitar and barcarole,
 Or keeping time to merry song,
 Bound with the castanet along
 The happiest of the laughing throng ?" }

"No more, no more," her father cried—
 "That thou shalt be De Courcy's bride
 I've sworn before our Lady's shrine,
 And shall I break this oath of mine !
 Go, wayward girl—in haste begone,
 Thy bridal robe and wreath to don."

* * * * *
 Before her mirror sat the bride,
 And fond ones decked with eager pride,
 The tresses of the weeping girl
 With costly gem and orient pearl,
 De Courcy's gifts, each pearl and gem,
 Worthy a prince's diadem ;
 While each fair maid extolled the grace
 Of Lord De Courcy's form and face,
 And kissed Zurelli's tears away,
 And bid her hail her bridal day.

She turned with sickening soul away
 From flashing gem, and rich array,
 And, "deck with this pale rose," she said,
 "Your wretched victim's blighted head :
 Would it adorned me for my grave !
 The last, last gift Guiseppe gave,
 Just as we parted yesternight,
 Beneath the softened moonbeam's light.
 —Yet no—I must not cherish now
 A gift of his—look on my brow :
 The purchase of my faith is there,
 The band that links me to despair.
 Ah ! fatal pride that bids my sire
 Such honors for his child desire !
 Guiseppe ! thou whose name has been
 The music of Love's passing dream,
 Be thou forgotten—all is past,
 So bright—so sweet—how could it last ?
 And yet how shall I teach my heart—
 From all its cherished love to part,
 From that one passion which could fling
 Beauty o'er every earthly thing !
 For not a leaf or flower or tree
 But told of happiness to me ;

A bliss pervaded earth and sky,
 If his beloved form was nigh,
 Joy, Light, and Hope were where he moved—
 So has this trusting bosom loved !
 And say—oh say, when all is past,
 That still I loved him to the last !"

The dark lengths of her glossy hair
 Are braided now with nicest care ;
 The wreath of orange-blossoms now
 Is placed upon her death-cold brow,
 On her fair neck the gems are hung,
 The snowy veil around her flung,
 The maidens gaze with tearful pride—
 Their work is done—lead forth the bride !

She gazed upon the waning sun,
 His shining course was nearly run,
 And varied tints stole o'er the sky
 Of rosy light, and purple dye,
 And lo ! the western waters glow,
 Burned where he dipt his radiant brow !

"Father—oh hear me still—once more
 Ere yet all hope is wholly o'er !
 Remember that my maiden vow
 Is not my own to offer now.
 This is no time for bashful pride ;
 The maid forsworn, the perjured bride,
 Must nerve her faltering tongue to speak,
 Ay, though her bursting heart should break.
 Father, I love him—love him well,
 More than these trembling lips can tell.
 He is the first thought day-light brings,
 His name the first sound memory sings—
 At night arrayed in Fancy's beams,
 This is the form that haunts my dreams,
 The *very life-spring of my heart*,
 I have no thought from him apart.
 And I had sworn, through future years
 To share his griefs, his hopes, his fears :
 Surely a record is above
 Of holy vows and truthful love,—
 Pure was our love, and fond our vow,
 In mercy, father, hear me now !"

Why does Zurelli wildly start ?
 Guiseppe folds her to his heart !
 'Tis he, her bosom's best adored,
 'Tis England's noblest, proudest lord !
 White was the plume that waved on high,
 Borne on his cap of Tyrian dye,
 Rich was his mantle's graceful fold,
 His crimson doublet slashed with gold ;
 The arm that round the maid was thrown
 With glittering badge of honor shone,
 While brodered on his ermined vest
 Blazed gorgeously the noble crest
 Won on a blood-red field of fame,
 The sign of proud De Courcy's name.

"And canst thou then forgive," he cried,
 "My fond deceit—my own loved bride ?
 Wandering by chance to this lone isle,
 I heard of fair Zurelli's smile ;
 I sought thee in thy native bower,
 And found that never lovelier flower
 'Neath English domes, or southern skies,
 That charmed my heart, or blest mine eyes,
 I longed to try if what is told
 Of woman's love for rank or gold
 Were false or true—as peasant low
 I sought thy heart—the rest you know.
 The simple secret well has proved,
 'Tis for myself alone I'm loved ;
 Oh, blissful thought ; and wilt not thou,
 Zurelli, keep thy late-pledged vow,
 And at yon altar's sacred shrine,
 Blest by thy parents now be mine ?

Ay, weep the dear ones whom you part,
I could not prize a loveless heart,
And thou art fairer in thy tears,
Thy sad regrets and gentle fears,
Than when the smiles of gladness break
In beauty on thy blushing cheek.
You mourn the land you leave behind,
In mine a lovely home thou'lt find,
Where every lip and heart of pride,
Shall own *thee* fairest, my sweet bride!"

* * * *

In truth it was a princely home,
Those marble halls—that lofty dome,
The passing richness of each room,
Gorgeous with work of Persia's loom,
All made that noble dwelling seem
The fabric of some lovely dream.
Below lay terraced garden bowers,
(A very wilderness of flowers.)
And round the castle's towering pride,
The cultured lands spread far and wide.
How lovely each sequestered vale
That smiled around—each wooded dale
And breezy upland, where the deer
Went bounding by the river clear
That wound its silvery course away
By velvet lawn and mountain gray.

Yet that fair scene its charms displays
In vain to its sad mistress' gaze,
As leaning near the lattice high,
She looks upon the evening sky,
With aching heart and vacant eye.
Never were braids of raven hair
Parted o'er brow more purely fair;
So clear in its transparent hue,
You saw each blue vein wander through.
And beautiful the pensive grace,
The dearest charm of that sweet face,
Where the pale lip and paler cheek
A tale of silent sorrow speak.
And gushing tears unbidden rise
In the pure depths of those dark eyes.
Ah! 'tis most sad to shed such tears,
While yet the weeper's young in years,
Still young—yet what an age is told
Since first the heart in grief grew old!

What may that lady's musings be?
Of sunny eves—the murmuring sea—
Of whisperings which the soft wind made
Amid the fragrant myrtle shade,
And the fresh fall of dewy showers
On beds of springtime's earliest flowers.

"Alas!" she sighed, "my blessed isle,
Dost thou still wear as bright a smile
As when Zurelli's light foot prest
With bounding step thy verdant breast?
And are thy cool delicious bowers
As gay with thousand-tinted flowers
As when amid the grateful shade,
A happy child I blithely played?
Yes—and the richly-plumaged bird
Still in the acacia-grove is heard,
And still my diamond-eyed gazelle
As wildly treads its native dell,
As gladly snuffs the mountain-breeze,
And browses on the almond trees,
That ope their silver buds as fair
As ever on the whispering air.
And still my little caique's sail
Flaunts idly in the fragrant gale,
The while the sparkling waves below,
As brightly in the sunbeams glow,
And gem with glittering spray the oar,
Zurelli's hand shall guide no more.

At jocund evening's peaceful hour
Sounds the low lute from glen and bower,
And still with darkly-braided hair
Throng to the dance the maidens fair;
But what is *she*—once happiest there?
A lonely and a loveless thing,
Round whose sad heart these memories cling
With blighting clasp and deadly sting!
Mine is the dark despairing heart
From light and hope for aye apart,
Mine is the wild and wasting pain
That cannot be at rest again,
For I have loved and found it vain!
And yet, how could I deem his pride
Would brook that I, his peasant bride
Should be the gaze of scornful eyes
The theme of insolent surprise—
The mocked, perchance, of every voice,
Nor blush to own his hasty choice.

But he *did* love me—it may be
This wasting change began in *me*—
Mayhap when my De Courcy came
From tourney or from field of fame
To tarry by my side a while,
Less bright he found Zurelli's smile—
It may be that my tear-dimmed eye
Met his, with cold unkind reply;
And thus, perchance, each saddened look
Seemed to my lord a mute rebuke.
Of late within the banquet-hall,
'Mid sounds of mirth and festival,
Where pealed the laugh from pleasure's throng,
And flowed the wine-cup and the song,
Methought at times his gentle gaze
Turned towards me as in happier days.
I felt his eye upon me dwell,
I felt my heart with triumph swell,
For many a noble dame was there
With coronet and jewelled hair;
And many a high-born graceful girl,
With ermined robe and clasp of pearl,
And diadem and princely plume
Moved lightly round the glittering room,
While eyes that made the lamps seem dim,
Were showering all their beams on *him*.
And yet, 'mid all that beauty's blaze
Mine was the form could win his gaze!
Then o'er his soul some change would come
To shade his brow with sudden gloom;
Anon he'd join the dance and song,
And speed the light-winged jest along,
And smile with every lady fair
As though he was the happiest there.

Mine be the anguish now to bear
The bitterness of deep despair;
Still must I love him—still alone
Weep the bright hours for ever gone—
Still must his name for ever be
A treasure dear to memory,
'Mid all this wreck of happiness
I could not bear to love him less!

Yet there is one, who even now
Would fondly kiss my faded brow,
And lay this aching head to rest
With soothing kindness on her breast—
Does not each hour, each moment prove
That change will mark *all other love*?
Passion with youth and charms departs,
Time steals the truth from other hearts.
All else is mutable below,
A *mother's* love no change can know!
Oh for one echo of her voice
To bid my drooping soul rejoice—
Oh for my father's fervent kiss,
Earth's purest holiest caress,

That fell upon my brow at even
Like to a blessing sent from Heaven."

She paused—there was no living sound
To break the utter silence round,
Save the cool cascade's tinkling flow
That played amid the flowers below,
And twilight darkened calm and still,
O'er voiceless glen and lonely hill.

For many a day unstrung and mute
Had lain that fair girl's favorite lute,
But now her snowy hand she flings
Idly across those glittering strings.
'Twas memory's music! How that tone
Brought thoughts of hours for ever gone—
Ah! wherefore can she only raise
The well-known song of others days?
Tears gush anew at that sweet lay,
She turns, and casts the lute away.
Alas, she sighed, how heavily
The long, long day has wearied by!
Its lonely hours at last are gone,
And night with solemn step comes on,
But not to me the morning light
Brings joy, or calm repose the night!
My aching eyes gaze sadly round
On gilded roof, and marble ground,
While shuddering at the deepening gloom
I wander through each stately room,
And start as on the mirrored walls
My shadowy image dimly falls.
Still faster fades the evening light—
Oh will De Courcy come to night!"

But hark to the impatient fall
Of footsteps through the echoing hall.
"My first, best loved," a low voice cried,
Her lord kneels by Zurelli's side!
He parted back her clustering hair,
Gazed on that face so passing fair,
And wildly kissed her dewy cheek,
"Zurelli, dearest, loveliest, speak!
If I was ever loved by thee,
Oh, listen now, and pardon me—
Let not De Courcy sue in vain,
To see Zurelli smile again!"

An idle task I ween 'twould be
To trace that truant's history:
Too often has the tale been told,
Of broken vows and hearts grown cold.

Sadly he spoke—Zurelli heard,
And woman's pride within her stirred.
She turned away her tear-dimmed face,
And sought to shun his warm embrace.
Then as the idol of past days
Rose to her faithful memory's gaze,
And as upon her softened soul
Those pleading accents sweetly stole,
She hid her brow upon his breast,
And felt that she again was blest!

'Twas eve—the parting sunbeams dyed
With crimson glow the waveless tide,
And gently kissed with blushing smiles
The shores of Grecia's gem-like isles,
While all around on earth and sky
Was spread the glorious radiance.
Impelled by many a rapid oar,
A light barque neared the lovely shore,
With throbbing heart upon the prow
Zurelli stood—her cheek's deep glow
Burned brighter as she turned her eye
Upon the "blue delicious sky,"
And saw the evening's sunbeams rest
Upon her native Zante's breast,

And listened as the tinkling bells
Chimed blithely from the pasture dells.
While from the Ilex grove was heard
The song of many a bright-winged bird.
Sadly De Courcy leaned apart—
Remorse was busy at his heart!
He thought of that fair bridal hour
When from her lowly cottage bower
With all a lover's rapturous pride
He bore his newly-plighted bride—
Ah, ill had he her trust repaid,
By blighted hopes and faith betrayed!

He did not move, he dared not speak—
He watched her burning lip and cheek;
He saw how wildly her dark eye
Flashed as she fixed it on the sky,
He shuddered at its brilliancy,
As looked she on the evening ray,
And gazed her very soul away.

"My own Ionia! I have seen
Once more thy hills of grateful green,
Have seen thy sky's unrivalled hue
Of golden glow, and cloudless blue;
How have I pined to look again
On each loved path, and mossy glen;
Ply, boatmen, ply the rapid oar,
Oh, let me touch my blessed shore—
Yet, 'tis too late—Life's silver cord
Is loosed, and now my heart's adored"
(Gently she turned towards her lord,
And whispered with a seraph's smile,
"Lay me at rest in mine own isle.")

He clasped her in his wild embrace,
He gazed upon her changing face,
And kissed in agony her brow—
Oh never seemed she dear as now!
While closer to his breast she clung
And blest him in her native tongue;
Once, and but once, her waning eye
Turned to her loved Ionian sky,
Then fixed upon the face of him
Who o'er her bent—that gaze grew dim,
A smile upon her pale lips shone,
"De Courcy—Mother," was she gone?
They bent to catch another breath,
And started—for they looked on *Death*!

DUKE OF SUSSEX AND THE BIBLE.—The Duke of Sussex was a great collector of Bibles. Few men were more diligent and ardent students of the sacred volume than his Royal Highness, a considerable portion of every day being set apart for its perusal. His attainment in biblical criticism was very considerable. The Rev. Dr. Raffles, at the opening of the new Independent College at Withington, near Manchester, last Wednesday, stated that 30 years ago he waited upon his Royal Highness at Kensington Palace. "Did you ever meet with Bishop Clayton on the Hebrew Text, Mr. Raffles?" asked his Royal Highness. "I am acquainted with Bishop Clayton on Hebrew Chronology," said the doctor. "Ay, ay," rejoined the Duke of Sussex, "but that is not what I mean. The book I mention is a thin quarto, so rare that I borrowed it of a friend, and so valuable that I—(forgot to return it, we thought Doctor Raffles was about to represent his Royal Highness as saying; but no, and let book collectors take a leaf out of his Royal Highness's book,—and so valuable that I copied it with my own hand."—*Col. Gaz.*

GISQUET'S MEMOIRS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Mémoires de M. Gisquet, ancien préfet de police. Ecrits par lui-même. Bruxelles, 1841.

DISCLOSURES, we confess, we have no great fancy for—"revelations" are to us not, only offensive, but dull; and with if possible a more decided distaste, we repudiate the prolix apologies of a perfunct official, who seeks, by throwing open the ledgers of his iniquitous craft, to beget an interest in deceit, chicanery, and *espionage*, because of its ingenuity. All this we not only dislike, but unhesitatingly condemn; and it is only where, in the course of the tedious "showing up," the author comes involuntarily to subjects having an interest in themselves distinct from his interference with them, that we are glad to accept the information, though with the drawback of a muddy medium, and in availing ourselves of it shut our eyes to the way we have come at it.

While we thus strongly and unhesitatingly give this opinion, we do not mean to deny that to certain persons and parties the statistics of crime and infamy may be both profitable and interesting. Truth, under any circumstances, is worth gathering up; and if the object of the search be fair and proper, we have no right to object to the opening of the sewers of society, though every right to remove ourselves as far as possible from beholding the disgusting investigation. It is the interference of mere curiosity on such occasions we denounce—just as we disapprove of the taste for revolting studies, where it only evinces a natural, or perhaps we should say diseased, appetite for the horrible. Anatomy, for instance, in the pursuit of surgical investigation, is a noble and important study. We are ready to admit the frequenter of the dissecting-room not only to toleration but approval, when the loathsome apartment forms the porch, if we may so call it, to the sick chamber—the school in which the practitioner makes himself acquainted with the means of relieving human suffering. But an amateur turn for the dead subject we confess we shudder at, on the score of the natural antipathies and natural predilections of mankind; and are always glad to see it a struggle, even in the most charitable and philanthropic person, to come in contact with what is wisely left by the great Manager behind the scenes of nature and ordinary observation.

There is a peculiar taste in the French nation for the morbid scrutiny we have been describing, extending not only to politics and the social system, but to romance, poetry—we had almost said religion. This craving for unnatural stimulus leads them to love the monstrosities of nature, and the evisceration of the human economy; and they are ever on the gape, like a shark under a ship, to swallow whatever is loathingly rejected by the above-board appetites of the healthy portion of mankind. The existence of this diseased propensity has, of course, the tendency to draw forth what will feed it, and accordingly in France, and in France alone, are to be found a class of works which have attained a certain degree of popularity, while they pander to such a taste. The book before us, we venture to say, would never have been tolerated in England, on this and on many other accounts. It humiliates the people it comes amongst, by exhibiting how they have been the objects of surveillance, like the lunatic at half liberty, whose keeper dodges him through the streets; it half reveals the diamond-cut-diamond system on which politics and parties, ministers and governments, placemen and *particuliers*, have existed from the last revolution; and it displays a degree of overwhelming egotism, which even in the fatherland of vanity we scarcely understand being endured by the public for a moment. Three-fourths of the prolix memoirs are a refutation, on the part of their author, of various attacks principally newspaper ones, upon him and his administration; entering into tedious details of transactions, the greater portion of which can be of no interest but to the parties concerned, and exhibiting at length folios of newspaper scurrility, of which we know not which, the style or the matter, are the more contemptible. Let us, however, fulfil our promise, and cull from this wilderness the few grains that chance, not cultivation, has scattered over it.

M. Gisquet informs us that he was born at Vezin, in the department of the Moselle, on the 14th of July, 1792, of an obscure and indigent family. His father was a custom-house officer; and although he tells us that his education was at first confined to the inculcation of patriotism, and a love of honor and probity, we may well suppose that he imbibed, along with these, some small share of the shrewdness and cunning which are generally engendered by such an employment as his father's. At an early age he was removed to Paris to fill the

situation of copying clerk in the great banking house of MM. Périer Frères, at the head of which was the famous Casimir Périer.

One Sunday morning the future minister, finding the young clerk in his *bureau*, thought he would ask him a question or two relative to the books of the establishment and the accounts in them. The following conversation ensued:

"M. Gisquet," said Périer, "how do we stand with M. A.?" Reply—"He owes us 35,000 francs, of which 15,000 are payable the 28th instant, 10,000 the 29th, and 10,000 on the 16th of next month."—"And M. B., what is the state of his account?"—"He has made use of the full amount of his credit; he owes us 150,000 francs, of which 50,000 will be payable on the 10th November, 50,000 the 25th of the same month, and 50,000 the 20th December."—"And M. C.?"—"His debt amounts to 90,000 francs; but he has placed such and such goods in our hands as so much value, which reduces our balance to 58,000 francs. The remaining 90,000 are composed of our acceptances divided thus:—24,000 francs on the 5th of November, 16,000 on the 18th, 20,000 on the 14th of December, 15,000 on the 23d, and 15,000 on the 5th of January."

The result of this and other such interviews was, that the banker became sensible of the extent of the clerk's abilities, and the value of his services, and took him by degrees into more intimate connexion, which ended in a partnership that was only dissolved when Gisquet was sufficiently advanced to set up for himself. This occurred in 1825. Meantime Gisquet had proved himself too shrewd a man of business not to be had recourse to in more important matters; and his continued intimacy with Casimir Périer led him naturally to a participation in the continued political plotting which, in the ten years preceding 1830, prepared France for the event which then apparently so unexpectedly revolutionized her. We find him at the close of that period, one of the most confidential of the conspirators. At his house took place most of the conclave assemblies which during the "three days" usurped the functions, if not the name, of the governing council of the nation; and during that momentous period were displayed those peculiar talents which, with a questionable distinction, pointed him out for the post afterwards assigned to him, that of prefect of police. There was, indeed, we must admit, considerable tact displayed in the choice of public men at that time, as affairs subsided into order again—a reference in making appointments to the characters and capabilities of the appointed,

as they had been tested in the furnace of revolution, or rather a permission to men to remain where they were found deposited on the subsiding of the popular flood, so that they might embank, as it were, the stream, by the turbulence of which they had been cast up from the bottom of society. Such is, certainly, one of the advantages of revolution, an advantage which must be relinquished in quiet times, when so little opportunity occurs of forming a judgment of the qualifications of individuals before trying the often fatal experiment by practice.

While charges of cavalry were sweeping backward and forward, in alternate rush and repulse before the door, and amidst the din of musketry, the twelve *commissaires* appointed to organize the rebellion, or "resistance," as it was cleverly termed, through the different *arrondissements* of the city, were assembled at the house of M. Gassicourt. Of these M. Gisquet was one of the most active. His part in the business is thus described by the author of *Deux Ans de Règne*:

"La nuit du 27 au 28 (Juillet, 1830) et la journée du 28 furent consacrées à faire des barricades, à rassembler des armes, à organiser des points de résistance—M. Audry de Puyraveau et M. Gisquet secondèrent le mouvement de tout leur pouvoir. M. Gisquet rassembla dans sa maison, rue Bleu, de la poudre et des armes, et sa maison fut, pendant les journées de 28 et 29, le centre de réunion de tous les patriotes, qui, déjà dès le 28, avaient élevés les barricades de la rue Cadet." p. 66.

Our author contrives, in spite of a constantly repeated disavowal of such an object, to involve in his disclosures the names of many who, it is plain, must be startled at this late publicity given to transactions then performed, if not under the veil of night, in the smoke of national convulsion; and no doubt an additional relish is given to the narrative amongst a people who see where the relation rips up old sores, or opens new ones. He is very ready with names; he "withholds nothing," and under the plea of candor, dexterously hits here and there, as perhaps private pique or official disappointment may urge the blow. We repeat our abhorrence of "revelations," and oh, what cannot a *prefect of police* reveal!

Gisquet soon became charged with a mission to England to procure firearms for the national guard, the French manufacturers having been unable to attempt a supply in sufficient quantity to meet the immediate demand of the government. The execution of this mission has been

ever since the watch-word of attack against Gisquet. *Fusils-Gisquet* is the name for all that is execrable in artillery, and all that is flagrant in state-jobbing; and accordingly our biographer sets himself vigorously to repel the two-fold accusation. We are not sure how much of the *English* part of his relation is to be credited; if it be true, we might perhaps find cause to use a harsh expression or two relative to some of our own officials of the time; but we have no right to commit ourselves by censure on the apocryphal testimony of the ex-prefect, and prefer enjoying the benefit of doubting until we shall hear some more respectable evidence on the one side or the other.

He enters into an elaborate defence, with all the cunning of an experienced pleader, upon the *weak* points of his adversaries' charge, and passes over, with a few expressions of supreme indignation and scorn, what forms the gist of the accusation; namely, that the whole business was made the means of private money-jobbing. Not a syllable of argument or proof does he adduce on this all-important point, but contents himself with getting into a rage, and passing it by. He seeks, indeed, to cover himself under the high names of MM. Soult and Périer, and takes a sentence pronounced against a newspaper for libel, in which these two personages were the prosecutors, as an *à fortiori* argument in favor of his own innocence, as if the clearance of the principals exonerated the less scrupulous agents from suspicion. Why, we ask, did not the prefect of police, equally libelled with the ministers, become a party to this prosecution? Why has he delayed, for nearly ten years, his vindication?—for five years after he quitted office? We think we have no right to take his own book now as evidence in his favor. When we read the book, and judge of the man from the matter it contains, we might, indeed, rather be justified in admitting it as tolerably satisfactory testimony the other way. The *fusil Gisquet*, we cannot help thinking, has turned out to be of true Birmingham manufacture, and, discharged for the purpose of wounding others, has burst in the worthy prefect's hands, to the serious injury of his own reputation.

But it is not our design to follow our author through the catalogue of apologies which form the subject of three-fourths of his four volumes. Deferred refutations of obsolete newspaper attacks can never be interesting, except to editors and the parties implicated. It is sufficient to say, that

as the statements are *ex-parte* ones, they are made sufficiently plausible to suit the purpose; and we may suppose, for the nonce, the police-prefect the best abused man in the kingdom of France. (We cannot help seeing, *par parenthese*, that Gisquet has furnished Mr. James with a character of considerable interest in his romance of the *Ancien Regime*, Pierre Morin;—even if there were no other points of resemblance, the mode in which Morin originally proved his talents for the office he afterwards filled, resembles too closely the first *épreuve* of Gisquet's abilities not to have been suggested by it; and all the abuses of *espionnage* which formed the burthen of public complaint, under the odious tyranny of Louis XV., thus appear to have found their counterpart in the still more oppressive police system of twice-liberated-and-regenerated France. So much, as far as the safety and ease of the individual subject is concerned, for the benefit of the torrents of blood, foreign and kindred, shed from 1793 to 1831; and so much for the results of sanguinary struggles for an Utopian freedom and happiness, which can only be realized by the moral and constitutional movement of legitimate reform.)

Amongst the parties and sects which agitated France about this time, there was one which, in a strange degree, united consistency of purpose and completeness of internal economy with absurdity and folly, as regarded the general system of society and the ordinary nature of mankind. We allude to the St. Simonians, a body which, had they been as capable of extension from their essential requirements as they were vigorous by their union and intelligence, would have proved formidable to a firmer form of government than that under which they rose and fell.

Here is Gisquet's description of the sect—

"A supreme father, more infallible than the pope, whom his apostles must respect and venerate as the image of the Divinity—assuming the exclusive right to determine, by himself or his delegates, the nature and extent of human capacities—constitutes himself arbiter of the re-distribution of earthly possessions and enjoyments. It may be believed that the worthy father, in proportion to his immeasurable intellectual superiority, helps himself to a tolerable share of both."

It is a community of rights, personal and proprietary, which constitutes, as in Owen's system, the soul of St. Simonianism; and marriage is as much excluded as individual wealth from their society. That they were

politically inoffensive, is perhaps not an argument against the politically dangerous tendency of the sect; for their numbers never exceeded 6,000, and it is only when some considerable proportion of a population is absorbed into a system, that its true tendency, or indeed its true object, begins to develope itself.

"It is all very well," says Gisquet, fairly enough, "that a small number of individuals should unite and profess, as a rule of equity, to proportion their property, social rank, and pleasures, to individual merit, and hope to see things established on such a system. It may be a good thesis to support theoretically in a book; but, after all, Providence is a better judge, even than the 'supreme head,' of human capacities, and portions things out with a better view to the qualities of men than *Father Enfantin* himself."—v. i. p. 407.

The disciples of the sect, not content with privately advancing their pernicious and immoral doctrines, delivered public lectures in Paris, in the presence of thousands whom their eloquence was but too likely to corrupt.

"It was impossible," says Gisquet, "that the authorities could tolerate these proceedings—to be inactive would be to become an accomplice.

"On the 21st January, 1832, the *procureur du Roi*, accompanied by the commissioners of police, the *serjens de ville*, and a formidable armed force, caused the St. Simonian temple in the *Rue Taitbout* to be shut, and seized the register books, papers, &c. of the association."

The consequence of this measure was, that the remnant of the sect, deserting their magnificent institution, temple, and all, took refuge, to the number of sixty, in the house of the *Père Enfantin*, at *Ménilmontant*; and there effected a general retrenchment in their habits and mode of life, suited to their changed condition.

The following extract from the *Journal de Paris* gives, amusingly enough, the details connected with their manner of living:—

"The apostles (for so they style themselves) have no servants; they help themselves, and their duties are certainly fairly distributed to each according to his capacity, and performed, as well as we can judge, with great cheerfulness and regularity.

"Doctor Leon Simon, who was so long professor of St. Simonianism at the *Salle de l'Athénée*, and was known to the world as the translator of an English medical work, as well as author of some other literary productions, now girt with an apron, cooks for the establishment; he is assisted by M. Paul Rochette, formerly professor of rhetoric. We have not been able to discover whether these gentlemen adopt the white shirt and cotton night-cap, the correct costume of their craft (*de rigueur*).

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"The washing of the dinner service was originally organized with the nicest precision by M. Leon Talabot, formerly deputy *Procureur du Roi*; he filled this (the former) important office with distinguished credit to himself during the first days of the retirement of the sect: it has passed successively to M. Gustave d'Eichtal, jun., and to M. Lamibert, formerly a pupil of the polytechnic school, who worked at it with devotion for a few weeks, and resigned it at last to M. le Baron Charles Duverrier. At present M. Moïse Retouret, a young man of fashion, and a distinguished preacher among the St. Simonians, fulfils the duties of the office with infinite grace.

"The principle of a division of labor is recognized among the St. Simonians. M. Emile Barrault, formerly professor at the school of *Torrèze*, the author of a tolerable comedy in verse, and a preacher among them, cleans the boots, assisted by M. Auguste Chevallier, once professor of physics, and M. Duguet, formerly an advocate of the *cour royale*.

"M. Bruneau, formerly pupil of the polytechnic and a captain in the army, has the care of the linen, the clothes, the enforcement of internal order, the superintendence of the house, and the keeping matters clean.

"The apartments are scoured by M. Rigaud, M. D., M. Holstein, the son of an eminent merchant, Baron Charles Duveyrier, Pouijat and Broet, both students; Charles Penuckère, as underscrub, (formerly a librarian,) and Michel Chevallier, once a pupil of the polytechnic school, a mining engineer and (appropriately) a director of the *Globe*. This last person is charged with the general management of the house; he also waits at table along with Messieurs Rigaud and Holstein, and he in particular, helps M. Enfantin to whatever he wants at his meals.

"It is a comical sight to see masters waiting upon those who had been their servants. M. Desforges, formerly a butcher's boy, enters into the family as a jack-of-all-trades, and so being given the management of the laundry, has under his command M. Franconi, the son of a rich American colonist, and M. Bestrand, once a student. At the table he has his food presented to him by the hands of M. Holstein, in whose service he had previously been.

"M. Henry Tournel, who had been a pupil of the polytechnic school, and director of the forges and foundries of Creusot, has the special charge of the garden, assisted by M. Raymond Bonheure, formerly professor of drawing and painting, M. Roger, one of the orchestra of the *Opera Comique*, M. Justus, a painter, and M. Maschereau, a drawing-artist.

"The sweeping of the courts and street is done by M. Gustave d'Eichtal, assisted by M. Maschereau. M. Jean Terson, formerly a Catholic priest and preacher, is set to cut the vegetables, to arrange the plates and dishes, to lay the cloth, and, in fact, to do all the menial business of the house.

"M. Alexis Petit, the son of a gentleman of large landed property, is put to clean all the candlesticks, which amount to forty, and to see to the carrying off of the manure, &c.

"M. Enfantin, 'the supreme father,' as they call him, sometimes works in the garden himself; and handles the rake, spade, and hoe, with great vigor.

"Their life is perfectly regular; the sound of a horn wakens them at five o'clock in the morning: it summons them to their meals and their various duties: at appointed hours they sing in concert: during the day they exercise themselves in gymnastics; and all their movements, when they are together, have something of the precision of military exercise.

"With regard to their appearance, their beard, which they suffer to grow long, gives them certainly a peculiar air; but in other respects there is nothing unpleasing to the eye. Their dress is composed of a little blue frock, very short and tightly fitted, without a collar—of a waistcoat fastened behind, and white trowsers. Round their waist they wear a black leather belt, fastened by a copper buckle."

In a very short time the sect, as might be expected, became involved in questions about property; and as soon as their doctrines and practices were exposed to the test of legal inquiries, the absurdity, incoherence, and folly exhibited by their leaders, rendered them the laughing-stocks of the public; while the "supreme father," with two others, were once more forced to "retreat" and realize their Utopia within the walls of a prison. Their mode of life in S. Pelagie is thus described:—

"The *Pere Enfantin* wears a cloak of black velvet, ornamented with a rich white and green border, a *toque* of red velvet, black pantaloons and yellow sandals: on his white waistcoat is written, LE PERE; he has a long thick beard.

"Michel Chevallier, another of the party, has also a red cap and an enormous beard; his cloak is purple and ornamented with ermine; he has bright red pantaloons, such as our troops of the line wear.

"The 'supreme father' lives retired in his room; the 'apostle' Michel Chevallier, on the contrary, shows himself frequently in the prison, and receives, as he passes, the salutations of the political offenders.

"When the 'father' makes his appearance, the red caps of the republicans are seen to doff themselves respectfully before his.

"We are assured that the prison of the St. Simonians is sumptuously furnished. They entertain every evening those imprisoned for political offences, without any distinction of party, and supply *punch* for drinking to divine right and the sovereignty of the people, according to the 'capacity' of each of their company."

The principal dignitaries amongst this strange sect, when the time of their imprisonment (reduced to six months) had expired, sobered, no doubt, by the salutary lesson they had received, entered once more into the world, and became, strange to say, not only rational beings, but rose

in more than one instance to high political preferment. Our friend Gisquet, it seems, has been the theme of attack as their inveterate persecutor; he defends himself by a *single* statement of one of their number, one who, be it noted, became soon after *editor of a government paper*, and a *privy councillor*. Gisquet understood how to pay witnesses of this kind.

We are able to detect suspicious circumstances, indeed, in most of his justifications. He had been attacked by the *Tribune* newspaper for a piece of bad taste, to say the least of it. He gave, it seems, some splendid *balls* within the walls of the Prefecture, which is, be it remembered, the *criminal prison* of the metropolis. The *Tribune* said—"the sumptuous apartments of the prefecture are placed immediately over the dungeons into which are cast the wretches whom the *sbirri* in general have not secured without disabling them first with their staves, if not with their swords. The cells of these dungeons re-echoed, at the same moment, the shout of revelry and the cries of despair!" 'Tis fearful to think upon! Oh, what an insolent triumph over misery!" This, no doubt, is rather high-flown—but does it excuse the defence of M. Gisquet, who, determining to take it literally, triumphantly asserts that the prisons are *not* immediately under the saloons, but a *little at one side!* and even here, one unacquainted with the locality might be deceived by his statement—for he says "the *conciergerie* (the prison) is situated on the *quai de l'horloge*, whereas the apartments of the Prefecture are on the *quai des Orfevres*." Now, it so happens, that the single building containing these two contiguous portions is placed on the projecting point of an *island* in the Seine, of which the north shore is bounded by a quay, having, no doubt, a different name from the southern one, but so closely *dos-à-dos* to it, as barely to leave room for the walls of the Prefecture between them. The gist of the article in the *Tribune* appears evidently to be, the want of delicacy displayed in collecting the votaries of pleasure around the central point of punishment, an act partaking in kind, though not in degree, of the perverse recklessness which prompts the savage to defer his feasting until he has the captive in his power and beside him, to give it zest by the contrast with his sufferings.

Some of our readers may perhaps remember that, in an earlier volume of this magazine, we commented upon an account of that expedition of the Duchess de Berri

to La Vendée, which, were it not history, would be considered almost too romantic for romance itself. The bluff general, the reputed (though it was said, not the real) author of the narrative, exposed, as he was bound to do, though himself the open opponent of the adventurous dame, the secret and diabolical villany of the emissary, Deutz, who wound himself into her confidence for the purpose of betraying her. He then laid the treason at the door of MM. Montalivat and Thiers—we think we have at last got at the real contriver of it—our author himself; and we form the conjecture from the mode in which he endeavors not only to palliate the crime, but to throw an interest around the character of the double renegade, Deutz, who first abjured his faith and then betrayed his benefactress. It were indeed amusing, if it were not so revolting, to see the dexterity Gisquet ever exhibits in coloring acts and opinions of the hue best calculated to suit his purposes—and we cheerfully allow him credit for all the items which, subtracted from his honesty, we are bound to place to the account of his ingenuity. Dermoncourt himself, of course, knew only a permitted portion of the secret machinations of the police, and the scene of mingled treachery, romance, and absurdity enacted in the *mansarde* of the house of the Demoiselles Duguigny at Nantes, is now, after a ten years' interval, traced to the bureau of the ex-prefect—a worthy disciple, indeed, of Fouché, and a fit organ for despotism on the one hand, or the tyranny of republicanism on the other!

But not only did a real and legitimate claimant to the throne disturb the tranquillity of remodelled France, but pretenders, less unequivocally authorized, occasionally sprang up. All these assumed the guise of the unfortunate Louis XVII. The Baron de Richemont was soon disposed of; and soon after, an obscure individual, named Naundorf, likewise tried his hand, and by Gisquet's means was speedily banished the country. The introduction of this subject gives occasion to our author to publish a letter, interesting more from the details it gives, than because it confirms an incontestable fact. It is dated 11th November, 1834, and addressed by M. Graud, Deputy Procureur du Roi at Charleville, to the editor of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. We extract a part:—

“Every body knows that, as the friend and legal adviser of the ex-director, Barras, I was in a position to receive from this old minister interesting information on many of the trans-

actions which occurred about the era of the Revolution. At that period, the death of Louis XVII. was one of the themes which he has often broached to me. What he said in conversation, and the paragraphs which he dictated to me on the subject, are in perfect accordance with the deposition of the *Sieur Lasnes*, who had the custody of the Dauphin in the Temple, and in whose arms that youth breathed his last sigh.

“Equally with M. Lasnes, who made his deposition before the assize court of the *Seine*, the 30th of October last, was Barras convinced that the true Louis XVII. had died in the Temple, and that pretenders alone could usurp his name. I give the circumstances on which the ex-director's opinion was grounded.

“In the year 3, Barras, then member of the Convention, received instructions from the government to visit Louis XVII., who was confined in the Temple, and to see that he was treated with humanity. As soon as Barras saw him, he recognised him at once for the young Dauphin, whom he had seen formerly at the Tuilleries.

“No one need wonder that Barras, who belonged to so old and noble a family, that the saying in the south used to be, that the Barras' were as ancient as the rocks of Provence—no one, I say, need wonder that Barras had often seen the Dauphin before the great events which happened then. Barras asked the child with the greatest kindness concerning his health. He complained of feeling the most acute pain in his knee, so as to be unable to bend it. Barras, in fact, found that a swelling there had made fearful progress, and that the state of the child was in reality desperate. Nor was he deceived; for, in spite of the most careful attention, the young Dauphin died soon after.

“M. Lasnes, therefore, as this short recital shows, is not the only person who can establish the identity of the child who died in the Temple with the Dauphin Louis XVII.

“I was struck with the perfect agreement which exists between the circumstantial deposition of the guardian of the young Louis XVII. and the historic recollections of Barras; and it is because I would have every body understand the matter, that I request of you to publish this letter in your interesting journal.”

Good God! only fancy the scene—Barras, the sensual and sanguinary Barras, set to watch over the comforts of the young monarch of a kingdom, given to him and ravished from him at the same stroke—that which murdered his royal father, and which might be said to have been actually inflicted by his hand! Picture for a moment the malignant interest of the father's murderer, as he observed the fatal poison, administered probably by the multiplied hands of petty cruelties, eating into the fainting soul of the son! Observe all this, transformed into a sentimental and romantic narrative by the lawyer and confidential scribe of the villain, and put forward as a proof that it was the verp dauphin who

died! Why, the very tone of the narrative takes away all credit from the narrator, and therefore, even as evidence of the fact it seeks to establish, it is utterly valueless. He who could color acts and feelings as he has probably done, would, with less criminality, distort facts. We verily believe that the unfortunate prince *did* die in the temple; but the document in question does not go an inch towards proving it—all it shows is, the school of villany and deception of which our author admitted himself to be a disciple.

There is one portion of these volumes which, but that it has been in a measure forestalled to the English reader by the review in the *Quarterly* of Mr. Frégier's book, we should have drawn briefly upon—we mean the statistics of the classes of Paris, according to their moral divisions. Those who are epicures in such things, will surely get a sufficient meal in the *Review*; for ourselves, a very slight morsel would have satisfied us, and we not unwillingly pass them by. No doubt, some of the prefect's regulations were salutary; those respecting the *Morgue*, or receptacle for bodies found drowned in the Seine, and unclaimed, particularly. Nor are we disposed to quarrel with him for having suppressed that powerful but revolting play of Victor Hugo's, *Le Roi S'amuse*: nay, we even agree with him in his opinions respecting the ridiculous over-appreciation of the public interest in such matters indulged in by the dramatist; but nevertheless, we scarcely see why all this need be introduced into a book professing to be *memoirs*: all that could justify the details we conceive would be its forming a basis or argument of a work of science or political economy; and we observe the same propensities in the author as characterized the retired soap-boiler, who stipulated to be permitted to attend weekly on *boiling day* for his proper amusement. No doubt, he means to make the credit of salutary regulations stand as a set-off against the delinquencies of his administration; but they are too much extended for this, and must be considered as exhibiting the *tastes* of the man.

He is occasionally amusing in his descriptions of character.

"I have seen," says he, "persons who acted for the police, and gave me important information, who wished, they said, in this way to pay some debt of gratitude for benefits received, either from the royal family, or from some member of the government.

"I must also add, as a remarkable and very rare variety, a class of persons who became agents of the police from motives of pure patri-

otism! These are romantic spirits, who thirst for excitement, but for whom common life is too dull and prosaic.

"When such men are not in a position to satisfy their craving for distinction—when their imagination cannot devise any means of giving celebrity to their names by deeds of renown—forced to lower their pretensions, they are determined at least to do something odd.

"One of the best of my agents was an individual of this class. A train of very ordinary circumstances had placed him in a society which initiated him into the secrets of the correspondence of the legitimists with the Duchess of Berry. This man, unable to extricate himself without danger from the position he stood in, and not wishing to co-operate with a party from whom he differed in opinion, demanded an audience of me. He showed me the peculiarity of his situation, and explained all the advantages which I might derive from it.

"I certainly looked for very lofty expectations on his part—judge of my surprise when my new agent informed me, that he proposed serving his country *gratuitously*, in order to preserve France from the horrors of a civil war! Struck by reading a novel of Cooper's, called *The Spy*, he aspired to the kind of celebrity attached to the hero of that work, and wished to perform in France the part which Cooper has made his Harvey Birch enact during the American war. All he stipulated for was a promise that I would not take any harsh measures against certain persons whom he named to me, and whom he was attached to.

"The conduct of Harvey Birch—for he adopted that name in all his communications—was faithful throughout. He performed some pieces of service which certainly deserved a tolerably large remuneration, yet when the time came at which his particular agency was brought to a close, he contented himself with asking me for some trifling employment, such as might barely meet his indispensable wants.

"But besides the common informers and spies employed by the police, the ministers of the crown must sometimes have creatures who will frequent the drawing-room of fashion, and be admitted into those brilliant assemblies, where the most distinguished and illustrious personages of the land meet together. This class of auxiliaries constitutes what may be called the *aristocracy of the police*.

"But what rare and opposite qualities must in such be united! With how many valuable talents must he be endowed who would fill this delicate post! Those privileged persons, whose wit, taste, and rank would naturally be supposed to secure for them this enviable position, are not, after all, the persons who fill it. In short, I should despair to trace, in a satisfactory manner, the portrait of these secret agents of the first class, were it not that I have in my eye a unique specimen—a type, such as in all probability will never be met with again.

"The individual I allude to was of noble birth, and bore a title which enhanced the natural charms of his deportment; for nature had refused him no external advantage, and, not less prodigal to him in other points, had given

him a rich and fertile imagination, and a remarkable power of observation. *Finesse*, tact, repartee, originality of thought, all caused him to be distinguished even amongst the most successful lances in the list of wit.

"But he is greatly mistaken who thinks that the Marquis of P—— allowed himself to descend to common manoeuvres; who supposes, for example, that he would provoke a confidence with more or less cunning, or would set about leading the conversation to a subject in which he might take advantage of an unsuspecting candor. All this would be to be a common agent, or rather it would have involved duplicity and a want of faith, quite foreign from his character. No; the Marquis of P—— was determined to have all the credit of perfect fairness and honesty.

"But some of my readers, perhaps, disappointed by my last remarks, may here ask whether I am not reading them a riddle. I beg of them to follow me to the end.

"All men in Parisian society knew that M. de P——, well bred as he was, did not possess a *sous* in the world, and yet he had a handsome house, horses, a carriage, and all those other appliances of comfort and luxury, indispensable to a man who lives *comme il faut*.

"No one understood better than he the *minutiae* of fashion, the arcana of refinement, the *maniere d'être* of high life; none could order an entertainment better, give a more *recherché* dinner, or prove by his gastronomic skill, his qualifications for the society he lived in. And when on the green cloth, the billiard-ball, or *écarté*, he set gold circulating freely, no one ever saw a player gain with less apparent satisfaction, or lose with greater indifference.

"As besides all this the Marquis of P—— always appeared kind, useful, a pleasant storyteller, harmless in his wit, though unrivalled in his skill at epigram and raillery, he was the constant object of attentions, and was sought for, feasted, and admired by his numerous amphitryons. Now, incredible as it may seem, not only his friends, but the whole circle of his acquaintance, (and no one had a more extended one,) knew perfectly well *what he was*. This is what would have overwhelmed any one of ordinary talent—here was the transcendent merit, the climax of genius. To put no questions, and to learn much; to invite no expression of opinion for the purpose of revealing it, and yet to ascertain the opinion of every body; to urge no one to disclosure, and yet to penetrate into the most secret thoughts, to know every thing, in fact, without appearing to observe any thing, and to retain the confidence even of those who were perfectly well acquainted with the part he played, surely this was to do the business of police agent in an accomplished way, enough almost to make it agreeable to the public!"

But even the police may be taken in. Here is the other side of the picture—

"A certain baroness, whose husband had been in the service of the old royal family, affected the sincerest devotion for the new dynasty. She sent me periodically relations which generally did not turn out to have much in

them, beyond the singular grace of the style in which they were conveyed; and she received for this a moderate sum out of the secret service money. The insignificance of these communications at last decided me to give her her *congé*, but the baroness was immovable—she was determined not to give up the advantages of the position she held.

"It was towards the end of October, 1832, at a time when the government knew that the Duchess of Berry was hid in the environs of Nantes, that our baroness affirmed to me, by word and by letter, that she knew Madame's retreat, but that she could not bring herself to divulge so important a secret without being promised a large reward, and a moderate sum of one thousand francs, paid *in hand on account*.

"Although I confess I was not very confident of her veracity, the baroness's affirmations were made with so much assurance, the names of some of the *legitimist* party, from whom she affected to have learned the secret, were chosen so cleverly, and besides her former position gave her in reality so many facilities for penetrating the secrets of that party, that I durst not reject such a chance of eventually rendering an important service to government.

"The required sum was, therefore, remitted to the baroness, and the next day she announced to me that the Duchess of Berry was hid, under the name of Bertin—in a chateau near Arpajon.

"I knew perfectly well that the mother of Henri the Fifth was hid at Nantes, or within a circuit of a few leagues around that town; and consequently the intelligence given by the baroness was simply a story fabricated for the purpose of swindling the government out of a thousand francs.

"One more story I will give of a proceeding of the same kind, chosen out of a thousand others of which I have the particulars in my memory:

"This time it was Madame la Comtesse de B——, who had all the honor and profit of the trick. This lady was perfectly well aware of our wish to discover the retreat of those republicans who escaped in July, 1835, from the prison of St. Pelagie, and accordingly she wrote to me to say, that extreme want of money obliged her to commit a dreadful act; she demanded a few thousand francs for revealing the secret of which she was the depositary, offering to tell where a number of the runaways had gone, and only asking the trifling advance of one thousand francs. The minister of the interior authorized the payment of the money, and the Countess de B—— announced to us that she had herself undertaken to accompany two of the principal offenders to the frontier, who were to pass, one for her husband, the other for her servant; she stated what diligence they were to go by, the day of their intended departure, and the real and assumed names of the fugitives. She actually set off in the coach named; six of my agents took places in it with her, and, as may be supposed, every precaution was taken to secure her imaginary fellow-travellers; but if the amiable countess had any delinquents in her company, their crimes were not of a nature to call for the high jurisdiction of the Court of Peers,

and accordingly our good lady made at the public expense a journey, of which she reserved all the advantages and pleasures for herself."

The readers will not, perhaps, at once observe that the parties held up to ridicule or reprobation by the ex-prefect in these extracts, are probably sufficiently pointed at for a *Paris* reader to identify by his descriptions, and thus the discarded police official in all probability pays his debts of spite by these details, which may or may not be true, but which must be fatal to the reputation of the parties, thus gratuitously, on such authority, branded with infamy in the eyes of the public.

But all parties began at last to be disgusted with him—popular hatred rose to fury—and he was obliged, in self-defence, to retire not only from office, but from the capital; yet nevertheless he makes his moan, at the close of his volumes, because his persecutions, as he calls them, extended even to those friends and relatives whom he had thrust into office! One would think him the most wronged of men. He fancies, too, after his retirement, with a delusion amusingly analogous to a case he ridicules in an early part of these volumes, that he was subjected to *espionage*, and seeing of course his own former agents around his house, as they were everywhere, he believes that his very motions are watched, and complains, like another Rousseau, that all men were in a plot against him! It is with exquisite effrontery that, wearied, as it should seem, with virtuous efforts to justify himself, he exclaims at last—"Je ne veux pas céder à l'irritation de mes souvenirs : je m'en rapporte à la sagacité de tous les hommes impartiaux!"

It is said that the mode Gisquet took to interrogate a man from whom he expected to elicit a fact of importance was to seize him by the hand, talk for some time on other matters, and then, putting the query vehemently and abruptly, squeeze his hand violently at the same moment—a mode of *question* which, it is stated, in many instances extracted the desired reply, when nothing else could have accomplished it.

There is little, we repeat, to induce he reader to peruse this work—it will certainly not instruct him, and will, we think, scarcely amuse, beyond the passages we have extracted.

THE MARQUESAS.—The French Government has received despatches from the Marquesas, by which it appears the story of the massacre of the governor is unfounded.—*Exam.*

GOVERNMENT EDUCATION MEASURE.

From the Spectator.

THE temper in which the educational clauses of the Government Factory Bill have been talked of by the leaders in the House of Commons is such as to suggest a hope that some of the details of the bill may be modified so as to enable both parties to support it.

The principle of compulsory education by the State, as is truly observed by Mr. Fox in his pamphlet on the Educational Clauses, "is new to the people of this country, and very offensive to some of their characteristic modes of thought." The remark applies only to secular education; for the Church is, properly speaking, a great institution supported by Government for the purpose of diffusing religious education. With regard to secular education, however, the remark is just; and Mr. Fox might have added, that the lazy routine habits of the old stagers in Government offices is an additional impediment in the way of a national system of education. Keeping in view the inveterate prejudices entertained in this country by "practical men" of all classes against any thing they are not accustomed to, it is desirable that any step on the part of the Civil Government to assume the care and responsibility of education should be welcomed and encouraged.

To the late Whig Ministry belongs the credit of taking the first step in this direction. A Committee of the Privy Council on Education is, perhaps, but a poor substitute for a Minister of Public Instruction; but it is a great gain as a beginning. By making the appointment of such a Committee a recognized part of the arrangements of every new Administration, the Civil Government recognizes a certain surveillance of education as part of its cares and responsibilities. Every thing that the friends of education, in or out of Parliament, can henceforth induce Government to do for the promotion of education, will naturally be referred to this Committee. In proportion as its business increases in quantity, the importance of its Chairman (who, as usual, will be the *Committee*) will increase, and the public become familiarized with the interference of Government in educational matters. The prejudices alluded to by Mr. Fox would prevent the creation of a Minister and Bureau of Education; but the Committee of Education must necessarily grow into a Minister and Bureau.

The educational clauses of the Government Factory Bill are a step in this progress. It has been stated as an objection to them, that it is invidious to make education compulsory on the factories, if it is not to be made compulsory on the whole nation. The answer is, you could not, in the present temper of the people and of public men, carry a measure for compulsory national education; but the inquiries of the Commissioners on Factories and the Employment of Children have convinced every body that something must be done in the manufacturing districts. If a system of compulsory education for the factory population under the control of the Committee of the Privy Council for Education can be made to work well, it will be an experimental demonstration of the possibility and ad-

vantage of extending the system to every district, and embracing within it all classes of the population.

In order to estimate the value of the objections to the details of Sir James Graham's educational clauses, let us briefly enumerate their provisions. They go to establish schools under the management of a Local Board of Trustees, subjected to the inspection of four lay Inspectors, with a staff of assistant Sub-Inspectors, and to the control of the Educational Committee of the Council. The Local Board is to consist of the Clergymen and the Churchwardens of the district, *ex officio* Trustees; and four other Trustees, two of whom must be occupiers of factories employing children, chosen by the district Justices of the Peace out of persons assessed at a certain sum to the poor, or out of those who have contributed a certain proportional sum to the entire cost of the school. Every person giving a site to a school shall be one of the Trustees during his whole life. This Board is tied down to certain regulations for insuring due respect to the religious persuasions of the parents of children attending the schools. The Bible, and "no other book of religion whatever," is to be taught to all the pupils; instruction in the peculiar doctrines of the Church of England, "one hour in each day," is to be given; but scholars whose parents desire that they shall not be present at such instruction shall not be compelled to attend. The scholars are to attend the service of the Church once a day on Sundays, unless the parents desire them not to do so, on the ground of religious objections. And the Educational Committee of the Privy Council are, through their Inspectors appointed by the Queen, that is by her Ministers, to watch over the observance of these regulations and enforce them.

These arrangements put the entire control of this partial system of national education in the hands of the Civil Government. A majority of the Local Trustees are appointed by the Justices of the Peace, who are appointed and removable at pleasure by Government. The Inspectors are appointed by Government. The Educational Committee of the Privy Council have the power of checking every contravention of the regulations made to insure liberty of conscience. Sir Robert Peel's Government are endeavoring to put into the hands of the Ministers of Education created by Lord Melbourne's Government the means of educating the people. The system of schools contemplated by the present Government bill must be worked in the sense of the Ministers of the day; and the Ministers of the day must conform to the sense of the House of Commons and its constituents. This, in the present advanced stage of public opinion, is no bad guarantee that the administration of the schools will not be tainted with a proselytizing or an intolerant spirit.

But this approbation of the broad outline of the measure is quite consistent with a desire that every thing in its details to which well-founded objections can be urged should be amended. All the objections of any plausibility or weight that have been urged against the bill are in reality objections to details. They all re-

solve into apprehensions entertained by the Dissenters and liberal Churchmen that the measure may be perverted into a system of proselytism. The features of the measure regarded as most favorable to such abuse are—1. The constitution of the Local Boards of Trustees: 2. The provision (section 55) which renders it necessary that the teachers shall belong to the Established Church: 3. The provisions by which attendance at church and at Sunday-schools is made compulsory, and attendance upon those of the Establishment made the rule; an express dispensation being required to permit attendance upon Dissenting places of worship. Two of these objections would be obviated by engrafting on the bill two of the recommendations embodied in Lord John Russell's resolutions—1. That the rate-payers of any district in which rates are collected for the erection and maintenance of a school shall be adequately represented at the Local Board, and the Chairman be elected by the Board itself: 2. That in order to prevent the disqualifications of competent schoolmasters on religious grounds, the religious instruction given to children whose parents belong to the Established Church, or who may be desirous that their children should be so instructed shall be communicated by the clergyman of the parish. With respect to the third objection, Lord John proposes that the children shall have liberty to resort to any Sunday-school or place of religious worship their parents may approve: perhaps a still better method of obviating the objection would be, not to legislate at all upon the subject.

Regarding this measure, as it ought to be regarded, with a total absence of all partisan feeling, and solely with a view to the effects it is calculated to produce upon society at large, we see no reason why the most zealous Churchman should object to Sir James Graham's bill, modified to meet the amendments suggested in Lord John Russell's resolutions; or why, on the other hand, the staunchest friend of civil and religious liberty should hesitate to support it. Nay, with regard to the objection urged against the constitution of the Local Boards contemplated by the original bill, it does appear, that with Ministers so completely in the power of the House of Commons as the Ministers of this country are—with constituencies in which the Dissenters are probably more powerful than they would be under a more extended franchise—with the growing feeling in favor of secular education, and an unfettered press—the control vested in the Committee of the Privy Council for Education would be found sufficient to counteract any danger from that source.

"THE CLUB."—The members of this long-established literary club, founded by Dr Johnson, and of which Sir Joshua Reynolds, and most of the celebrities of their day, have belonged, dined together on Tuesday evening, at the Thatched House Tavern. The Right Hon. B. Macaulay, M. P., president, and among the members present were the Marquess of Lansdowne, Viscount Morpeth, Earl of Carnarvon, Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, Rev. Sydney Smith, Rev. H. H. Milman, &c.—*Court Journal*.

THE MONOMANIAC.

A TALE.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

TOWARDS the close of 1829 the gaming houses of the Palais Royal, in Paris, were nightly filled with an unusual number of players, from a report getting abroad that these sinks of iniquity were to be abolished in the succeeding year. One evening in summer there was a full attendance at a *rouge-et-noir* table in one of the largest of the houses. All went on quietly for some time. At last the silence was broken by a young man who exclaimed, "Confusion! Red again, and I have been doubling on black for the last five games. Four hundred louis? 'Tis well; this is the finale! So now—as I am ruined—send me some brandy!"

"Fortune has frowned to-night, Folarte," said a person who was watching the game; "have you lost much?"

"A bagatelle of four hundred, simply; more, indeed, than I ever lost in one evening," returned the loser, retiring with his friend to a separate table.

"Nay, you forget the seven hundred on Thursday; it"—

"Is not so much as the four hundred to-night."

"So!" exclaimed Cornet; "you have got rid of your arithmetic as well as your money?"

"Psha! friend; a word in your ear. The ill luck of this day leaves me only fifty pounds richer than a pauper; they are my last. Come, pour out more brandy!"

Cornet looked me steadfastly in the face. "Folarte," said he, "you are a philosopher!"

"A philosopher? If you knew all, you would call me a hero. But my head burns. A turn in the gardens of the Thuilleries will cool me."

"You will join us again in the evening?"

"Of course; have I not fifty left?"

It was early morning; the air, though fresh, was damp and chilling, laden with dew; but the cold gray color of the sky gradually dissolved into a more genial tint by the rays of the rising sun. Several milkmaids and laundresses passed me. Yes, *me*; for the ruined, reckless gamester it is who now makes his confession. They seemed happy, for they laughed and chatted merrily. Groups of artisans also appeared, and let off several trite jokes and ready-made gallantries; for which the girls rewarded them; some with their lips, others with their smiling glad-looking eyes. These

people had been asleep, dreaming of what their waking hours realized—happiness. They were not, like myself, gamesters; or if they were, they must all have come off winners. Minutely noting the expression of each face as it was turned towards me, I could read, with some accuracy, what passed within. Thus I enjoyed a sort of metaphysical panorama. Each one who caught sight of me no longer smiled, but frowned upon me as an intruder upon their joyousness. Had I been an adder lying across the path of a pleasure-party, they could not have regarded me with greater aversion. The men depressed their brows; for my appearance troubled them; and no wonder. I was unshorn and haggard, and my whole aspect must have plainly indicated a night in a gambling-house. My countenance doubtless betrayed the remorse then rankling in my heart. This was produced by recollections of the ruin I was bringing upon others whom it was my duty to cherish and to comfort. My mother was on the point of being dragged to prison for non-payment of a bond, ten times the amount of which I had squandered, or lost at play. I had sacrificed the trusting heart of my betrothed Lisette for the smiles of a coquette, to whom I had, on that very night, promised a present which would cost fifty pounds. To deepen the dye of my crimes, Lisette and her brother had travelled to Paris, and were in great distress, although a sum I borrowed of François, and which I had not repaid, would have rescued them from want.

Maddened by these reflections, I rushed to my lodging. It was there that the malady, the consequences of which I am about to detail, first seized me. Accidentally looking into the dressing-glass, I beheld my face frightfully distorted by remorse and dissipation. That vision so horrified me, that the impression remained after I withdrew my eyes from the glass. My own form continually appeared standing beside me. I was the slave of its actions. I had lost my will, my identity. I was nothing but an unembodied appendage of my own form. I had become a shadow in continual attendance upon a seeming substance which usurped my corporeal frame: I did whatever it liked, and went wherever it chose.*

In the *Rue Richelieu*—whither the form led me—Cornet, the professed gamester,

* However improbable it may seem for a person of disordered mind to fancy he is haunted by his own form, yet the circumstance is perfectly true.—*Ed.*

approached. He shook hands with *IT*. I heard these words—"Courage! you will have better luck next time. Luck, did I say? 'Tis certainty. Listen. A pigeon has flown back from London; and to-night we intend plucking his first feather at *Estelle's* soirée. Bring up your fifty louis. I have raised a hundred, and *Coquin* will be ready with eighty more. If we cannot finish him with *écarté*, we mean to adjourn to *S—'s*, and clear him out with roulette and poule-billiards!" The gambler moved on. He passed me unnoticed, paying his respects to my other self.

On the same morning, a matronly lady-like person, recently arrived from a northern province, was seated alone in an obscure apartment of the *Hotel de Clair Fontaine*. Her health was evidently impaired, and grief had committed sad ravages on her once handsome face. She was trying to peruse and comprehend the copy of a law-deed; but her tears fell too fast to read, and her heart was too full of trouble to understand the writing before her. A respectful tap was heard at the door, and presently a person, bearing a huge box of papers, presented himself. He took exactly three steps into the room, and having made an elegant bow, advanced to the table, where he deposited the box; out of which the excessive neatness of his dress, and superlative precision of his manner, might have led one to believe he had just stepped.

"Madame *Folarte*?" inquired the notary; for such he was.

The lady bowed, and motioned the visitor to a seat.

"I trust I have the pleasure to see you in perfect health," began the lawyer. "I take the liberty of intruding myself upon you concerning a matter of trifling importance."

Madame *Folarte's* whole frame was convulsed with a sudden shudder; for the man, as he spoke, cast his eyes on the deed that lay on the table. "Then this is the last day!" she ejaculated.

"Pardon me, madame, I shall have the honor to occupy your valuable time precisely twenty minutes." The notary then took a watch from his waistcoat pocket, and placed it beside him.

"I know too well the object of your being here. In a word, you must tell the creditor—*Monsieur Durand*, I believe—that I have not been able to raise the money."

"It gives me infinite pain to hear you say so. Allow me to offer you a pinch of snuff—it is genuine, believe me."

"Our notary, too," continued the unhappy lady, "is unfortunately confined by illness. But my son—I have not been successful in seeking him out yet. He will advance the money."

"By twelve o'clock, to-day?"

"I may not find him by that time. I have been here four days without seeing him. I have sent frequently. He is seldom at home."

"Bless me, how extremely unlucky; the court of assize broke up at seven last evening for the session, and unless we proceed against you before mid-day, we shall not be able to arrest you till the next sitting. Hence you see, madame, you *must* be so extremely obliging as to pay in the cash before then, or we shall not have time to procure the necessary letters of execution."

"What will be the consequence?" exclaimed Madame *Folarte*, bursting into tears.

"By a quarter past eleven, we shall have procured the writs; and at twelve, the bailiff with his follower will have the honor of calling for you. But, bless me, a most lucky circumstance: I have an appointment with a client, who is in *St. Pelagie*.† Will you allow me to do myself the pleasure of offering you a seat in my cab? The bailiff can ride behind."

Madame *Folarte*, completely stupified with the horrors that too surely awaited her, was unable to answer.

"Indeed, I shall be most happy," continued the imperturbable lawyer. "About twelve—perhaps five minutes later—we shall be with you. Permit me to hope that, provided the money shall not have been paid into court by that time, you will have made your out-door toilet. And now, madame, nothing remains for me but the pleasure of wishing you good day." The pattern of legal politeness then left the room with the languishing air of a dancer making his adieus to his partner.

While this scene was being enacted, I was conducted by my second self into the shop of the jeweller of whom the tiara I intended to present to *Estelle* had been ordered. The chief assistant stretched his long neck over the row of customers that lined the counter, to say, "The tiara *Monsieur* ordered is ready. *Monsieur* shall be attended to as soon as it is possible." He thought he was going to receive ready money, for a chair was promptly handed. We preferred standing at the door.

* The debtors' prison of Paris.

"Here are the jewels," said the man as he approached; "they are of the finest water, and elegantly set. The price two thousand francs only."

For the first time it spoke, and I heard my own voice as if from another's lips. I shuddered. The bargain was made. Twenty-five louis were to be paid at once, the rest in fifteen days. The shopman retired to pack up the purchase. Several carriages had stopped in the street on account of some obstruction. Suddenly a shriek, loud, piercing, and to me familiar, entered my brain, and went straight to my heart! I saw a bitter smile pass over my companion's—my own countenance. A man, who had alighted from some vehicle, accosted us. He took off his hat. "I trust Monsieur will excuse a perfect stranger taking the liberty to address him; but a lady, whom I have the honor to escort to St. Pelagie, desired—before she fainted in my cab—to have the pleasure of speaking to Monsieur!"

That lady was my mother, arrested for a debt I had neglected to pay! She came tottering along the pavement to embrace me, but in the attempt sank on the ground. Not at all affected by the scene, my ever ready double said in the calmest accents to the little man—"Take her away," and the official did as he was bid!

A moment before, the jeweller's man put forth the trinket in one hand, but instantly drew it back on seeing the transaction without. His thoughts were easily guessed to be these: "A person who cannot afford to rescue his parent from prison, will hardly be able to pay a balance for jewellery."

"What, sir; do you doubt my honor?" said, as I thought, my other self, with a supreme assumption of indignation. Twenty-five louis were thrown jingling on the counter, and the tradesman was conquered. The present for Estelle was gained.

Meanwhile two other victims of my errors were suffering the pangs of poverty in their severest acuteness. In a miserable attic, in the most wretched quarter of Paris, a young man—his form attenuated, his visage wan—was earnestly engaged in making alterations in a romance of his own composition. He had pursued the task as long as his fast-failing strength would permit: but that was at length exhausted, and he covered his face with his thin starved-looking fingers, to rest upon them a head aching with mental anxiety and physical weakness. Poverty, the fiend whose galling influence he bitterly bewailed, seemed

to have left him a moment's comparative happiness; he appeared to have sunk into obliviousness. Thrice miserable state, to render forgetfulness a blessing!

Even this was denied for any length of time; a faint voice from a bed which stood in a corner of the room awoke him to all the horrors of his lot. "Dear brother," it whispered, "you, too, are ill?"

"No, no; not ill," said the youth hurriedly, as he approached the bed; "not ill, dear Lisette, but——"

"Faint, sinking, François?" then suddenly recollecting herself, she exclaimed, "Alas! you have not tasted food for two days!" She fell on the pillow, and bathed it in tears.

"Lisette, Lisette, be of good heart," replied the brother. "Indeed I am not suffering on that account. Soon will these miseries be ended. Yes, yes," he continued, his eye brightening with a ray of hope, as he glanced towards the manuscript, "Monsieur Debit, the publisher, has promised—positively passed his word—that when complete, he will purchase my romance. Nay, the price is agreed on—two thousand francs. To-morrow evening we shall be possessed of two thousand francs! Think of that, sister."

"Would we had *one* franc now," interrupted Lisette mournfully. "But you have at last made known our wretched state. Your letter to Folarte!"

"Name him not! *He* it is who has brought all these miseries upon us. All, all—my poverty, your illness. Oh, sister, he is unworthy of the sighs, the tears you have shed for him! Besides, his dishonesty to me, his attentions to the woman he calls Estelle, ought to!"

"François, this must not be; you think too hardly of our cousin. My heart is indeed breaking—not because he is lost to me, but because he is lost to himself. The terrible vice of gaming has for a time blackened his heart. But he will be here yet—I know he will. My own heart tells me so."

"Not while he has a louis left to gamble with. Let us not think of him. I will resume my task."

François had scarcely uttered those words before we entered his room. On beholding what he thought to be me, he threw himself into an attitude of defiance; the girl shrieked and hid her head under the bed-clothes. There was a pause. Lisette was the first to speak. "François, I, your sister, so dear to you, implore you to receive him with kindness. He has come to relieve us—to pay you."

My other self smiled bitterly while placing a packet on the table.

"If such be your intention," said the poor author, "leave us the money, and depart."

"I have none," was the answer.

"Wretch!" continued François, sinking into the chair, overpowered with excitement and bodily weakness; "if you come here to glory in the misery thou hast caused, thy triumph shall be complete! I am starving, and Lisette is on her death bed."

"I cannot help either," was the reply.

"Cousin," murmured the girl, grasping the hand of that which represented my person, "hear me. The money you borrowed of my brother will save him—myself nothing can save; my disease lies too deep for human riches or human skill. He has sacrificed all for my sake; let him not perish; he has not tasted food for two days. Give him some money!"

"It is all gone—lost."

"All! Sell something to buy bread for my dear brother. Yes, yes; I know you will. Have you nothing that will fetch money?"

"Nothing."

"Hypocrite! liar!" shouted François, with unnatural energy; "that case contains jewels, possibly a present for"—

"For whom?" asked the maiden, almost frantic with joy at so near a prospect of relief.

My representative, deliberately taking up the packet, said, "For Estelle!"

There was a terrible shriek! Our exit was impeded on the stairs by a man ascending them. François was heard to exclaim in the greatest agony, "Help! help! She has swooned; she is—dead!"

I began to hope that the imaginary being who now seemed to control my actions had done its worst, in exhibiting to me the direful effects of my crimes. But it was not so. I was doomed to follow it to the house of feasting and revelry—to Estelle's *soirée*. What a contrast was here presented to the wretched abode so lately visited! Smiling faces, laughing voices, and gay forms flitted across my sight and rang in my ears; whilst recollections of misery, want, death, rankled in my bosom. Yes, so it was. My heart and conscience were still left to gall and accuse me; but my will, with the power to answer its dictates, had passed to another. The bitterness of remorse corroded my mind, unmitigated by the few pleasures derivable from participation in guilt.

Estelle Lemartine was one of those equivocal persons whom the peculiar constitu-

tion of society in the French capital renders as abundant as their characters are difficult to estimate. She was lively, without levity; gay, and not dissipated. Though her house was constantly resorted to by the most notorious dissipants of both sexes in Paris, yet her own fair fame had never been materially impaired. She countenanced gaming, without practising it; and forwarded almost every kind of intrigue, adroitly escaping from each adventure without reproach. Young, handsome, a widow, and consequently her own mistress, Estelle's bitterest enemy could say no worse of her than that she was a consummate coquette.

There were music and dancing. Screened off from the rest of the room was an *écarté* table, at which Cornet, Coquin, and two others, were seated at play. It led me behind the screen, from which we looked on upon the game, unobserved by others. Estelle suddenly tripped away from a group of dancers to greet one of the card-players.

"Ah!" she ejaculated, with a smile that seemed to radiate over the whole of her expressive form—"ah! when did you return from London, my dear Theodore?"

Her "dear" Theodore!

"Hast thou been to the top of St. Paul's? Did you hear Grisi? or have the London fogs spoiled her voice? Hast brought over a new cab and an English tiger? But I had forgotten," continued Estelle, giving her head a pettish toss; "I am affronted with you. You have put down your mustachios, and you know I admired them."

"True; but my allegiance to your taste cost me, on two occasions, my liberty. I was twice mistaken for a London swindler."

Questions now poured in upon the traveller from all sides; till, putting both hands to his ears, he exclaimed, "Silence! ere I am stunned. You shall know all in time. I intend arranging some hasty notes for publication, and it will be a most interesting book, believe me. Having been received with the greatest hospitality in many excellent private families, I shall be able to give extremely entertaining sketches of the ladies' foibles, with some satire on the vices and ill-breeding of the men. I shall draw up a lucid detail of the present state and prospects of the country, for I conversed in English with the principal secretary of the Interior for more than half an hour. At a *table d'hôte*, I heard authentic anecdotes of the court, and took great pains to be introduced to several literary characters. In short, my work will be a valuable record of every particular relating to the British empire; and I mean to call it"—

"What?" interrupted a dozen eager voices.

"A Fortnight in London."

At this moment Estelle beheld *us*. She ran up to my other self with a greater appearance of delight than she had evinced even towards Theodore. She called *it* her dear Albert, with a great deal more apparent fervor than when she addressed the other as her dear Theodore! She laid her hand upon *its* shoulder, was grateful for the jewels, and betrayed every token of affection, but in the midst of these expressions, slid away to waltz with my rival.

"You here?" ejaculated Cornet, starting suddenly back and frowning angrily upon my representative.

"And why not?" said my voice calmly. "Did I not appoint to come?"

"Let us withdraw from this throng, and I'll tell you why you *ought* not to be here," was the reply, as we sat down at the deserted *écarté* table.

"Folarte, you are a madman. Nay worse; I dare not say how much worse. I know all; though I should be the last to speak. I am a gambler by profession. I have helped to ruin many. I have won by fair means or foul the last centime from the foolish wretch, whose corpse has, an hour after, been dragged out of the Seine; I have seen the starving wife cling in frantic supplication to the arm of her husband, and piteously beg for one franc of the sum that jingled in his pocket, which I knew roulette and loaded dice would soon make mine; but," he continued, "I have never before beheld such a spectacle as your conduct presents. A mother in prison, a cousin and his betrothed sister; one starving, the other dying, perhaps dead; and you, the cause of all this, here—among the gay, paying homage to beauty, and buying its favors with the liberty of your parent and the bread of your cousins; indulging your passion, at the expense of every feeling that makes us human, for a woman who metes out her love by the length of her lovers' purses. My own crimes are, indeed, many and great, but none of them unnatural!"

The torturing remorse this lecture inflicted upon my heart was doubly increased by its being made by a man I knew to be one of the veriest wretches in creation. At this moment Theodore and Estelle whirled past in a rapid waltz, during which the *tia-ra* fell from her head. It became entangled with their feet, and she kicked it out of the way. *It* rose to pick up the jewels; on looking around, the two waltzers had disappeared. They had whirled into an adjoining

apartment. I followed without a moment's delay. Jewels and presents from England lay scattered on the table. I saw that which convinced me my happiness was wrecked. Cornet, who was behind, burst into a loud laugh; Estelle screamed at my wild appearance; and a cold, writhing smile passed over my own counterfeit. My flashing eyes exchanged one look with Theodore, another with Cornet. Those glances arranged every thing—there was to be a duel!

"The plains of Grenelle in an hour," said my voice, as if to ratify the engagement.

Theodore bowed.

Cornet was prevailed on, after some difficulty, to become my second. On our way to the rendezvous, we called at his lodgings for pistols. During our walk, my mind was fully occupied. It had leisure; for Cornet was busily talking to my coporeal self about the preliminaries of the field. From the time of the occurrence opposite the jeweller's until that moment, I had almost taken the extraordinary separation, as it were, of my existence as a matter of course. Now I was about to undergo an ordeal that would expel any illusion from my mind, if I had a doubt; but I had none. "There it is," thought I; "I can see it. Yet how? I behold my own eyes as if in another's head. Whence, then, do I derive the power that makes me see it? Incomprehensible! perhaps *it* will be struck with the adversary's ball. Will that hurt *me*?—what a question!"

We arrived at Grenelle in time. There was just light enough. The morning was beginning to break; and every thing was managed with great exactness. The seconds were evidently used to it; both being gamblers by profession, this was a part of their business. The figure of myself took a station marked out by Cornet, and carefully examined the weapon. The precise moment had arrived.

"Fire," shouted Cornet.

Suddenly I felt a tremendous blow, as if a heavy club had violently struck my left shoulder. My throat was instantly dried up. I cried for water. I had fallen. I was shot, and at that instant I no longer beheld the reflection of my own form!

Sanity had, however, only returned for an instant, for the pain rendered me unconscious; and on being removed to my lodgings, fever succeeded. I lay in a state of partial insensibility for nine weeks, and meantime, my case had been reported to the School of Doctors, who called it "monomania." Of that, I return thanks to heaven, I

was completely cured ; but what rejoices me most is, that every thing is forgiven. My mother is restored to liberty. Lisette had only swooned in the attic, when her brother exclaimed she was dead ; and has recovered. François is no longer poor. It happened thus :—

The notary who hurried my mother to prison had shamefully accumulated costs, and misrepresented the case to his client. On learning the truth, Monsieur Durand immediately abandoned his action, and also provided good tenants for both our farms, the one at Guisnes, the other for that in the commune of Ardengon. He has given us ample time for payment of the debt, to recover which the rascally notary persuaded him to sue. From the moment of my sudden and heartless departure from François' miserable home, his circumstances improved. The person I met on the stairs was the publisher Debit. He had heard of my cousin's extreme poverty, and not having seen him for many days, thought something had happened, and sought him out. On the spot, he purchased and paid for the copyright of the romance, and the poor author's fortune was made. A physician was instantly provided for Lisette, and she soon recovered.

None but those who have experienced them, can know the soothing, calm, happiness-imparting influences of repentance. It is a sudden change from the purgatory of sin to the beatitude of virtue. That it is which makes me feel so happy. Yet I have one trouble left—I have wronged Lisette too deeply ever to hope forgiveness.

ALBERT FOLARTE.

Thus much of this history is narrated by its hero. I received it from his own hands in a manuscript I have translated almost literally, which will account for the French construction of some of the sentences. I will now proceed to relate the sequel.

Whoever has traversed from Guisnes to the picturesque little village of Ardengon, about seven miles east of Calais, cannot have failed to observe—in a cross road turning off opposite a representation of the Crucifixion rudely carved in wood, with a heap of miniature crosses strewed at its foot—a spacious house, having a garden of some extent, whose only boundary is a quadrangle of stately trees. That, reader, is the patrimonial residence of Albert Folarte. He is now happily settled for life, with Lisette as his helpmate. Madame Folarte still lives in peace and contentedness with her son. The cousin, whom we have called François, is now one of the most

popular writers in France, and several of his romances have been translated into English.

"Here," said Albert, as he gave me his manuscript, "are heads of the events I have just been relating. The disorder, hideous as it was, I have always looked upon as a fortunate one. By its agency, I saw the folly, wickedness, and heartless cruelty of the mad career I was running. The duel arrested the progress of a delusion that must have otherwise ended in incurable and total derangement: the shock dismissed my imagined attendant; whilst the quantity of blood taken from me, to ward off a fatal fever which hourly impended, prevented its return. The delusion effected a moral cure; the bullet and lancet a physical one; for they cured me of a horrible monomania."

AN ANECDOTE OF SHETLAND LIFE.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

It was a beautiful day last year, early in autumn, before harvest work in this northern region had commenced, that a young and merry party crossed the bleak hills of one of the remote Shetland Isles, from the most northerly dwelling of man in her majesty's dominions, towards the parish church—for so is here the custom—to witness the ceremony of marriage between two of their number. The bride was a lovely girl, in her nineteenth year. She was in a simple dress of white—white shawl, white satin ribbons in her neat cap, and the rather unusual finery for a cottage maid (a present, however), of white kid gloves. Her whole appearance was strikingly prepossessing; and in face, figure, and demeanor, would, I thought, have adorned a much higher station. Her bridegroom was a few years older, and their courtship had been even from the days of childhood. Some circumstances had occurred to defer their union for a few months beyond the time intended, but at length they stood before the minister who was to join their lot in one. Part of their landlord's family met them at church, to officiate as bride's-maid and man; and the whole party, including a son of a well-known and much-respected ornament of the law in Edinburgh, who happened to be on a visit to the island, soon retraced their steps to the hyperborean cottage, to spend the evening in dancing, and other amusements suitable to the occasion. Healths were pledged to the happiness of the youthful pair of course, but we rarely find intemperance sullying such meetings in Shetland. The newly united couple were poor in worldly goods, but he was a clever and adventurous fisherman, and she had been brought up to be frugal and industrious, and they had mutual love in strength and purity to light them on their path through "the world that

was before them." So, after a few days, they repaired to their future home, in the cottage of the bridegroom's father. It was about the same time this year I saw the youthful mother carry her first-born to church for baptism, though a little paler than when she stood in the same spot a bride; yet she looked all the more interesting. Once more she was in the same white dress; and I marked the blush of modest pride that flushed her cheek, as she sought and caught her father's eye, while the name of her mother was pronounced over her child. The responsive tear trembled in my own eye, as I marked hers filling, and my heart echoed the prayer that no doubt swelled in the young and happy parents' hearts.

Not many weeks afterwards, when the cheerful festivities of Christmas were just approaching, after many days of stormy unsettled weather, a calm lovely morning invited my favorite Agnes to visit her own father's house for the few short hours of daylight which this season affords. Every object was reflected in the calm bright mirror of the placid ocean, and the air was balmy as on a day in June. She took her child in her arms, and left her husband with his father and brother engaged on some little work of husbandry on their small farm. She called to him cheerfully as she passed at a little distance, to come for her before the evening darkened, and he returned an affectionate assent. Alas, for the young hearts severed then for ever!

Very shortly after Agnes's departure, some of their neighbors proposed to go to the fishing, and two lads from a little distance arriving, with their tackle and bait, without waiting for their own usual boat-fellows, as the forenoon was advancing, the father and two sons I have mentioned set off, in company with another boat, to the fishing ground, six miles off the north point of the land. They had nearly reached the spot, when a sudden storm arose. The tide was at the full, and the force of the north Atlantic rushed in with the speed of a whirlwind on the poor devoted crews. One of the boats was well-manned, and reached the land in safety; but in the little bark wherein was Agnes's husband, he and his brother were the only efficient men—their aged father, and the two lads above alluded to, composing all the crew. They were never heard of; the deep and turbid sea, doubtless, overwhelmed them; and till the day when the "sea shall give up her dead," how they met their fate can never be known.

We shall draw a veil over the sorrows of the heart-stricken survivors of the catastrophe—the aged and desolate woman bereft of her husband and both her sons; a destitute widow and large family of one of them; a youthful bride of one of the younger men; a despairing mother of the other, who has, in him, lost her only surviving stay, having two years ago, by a precisely similar catastrophe, had to mourn for husband, son, and son-in-law; and last, though not least, the poor Agnes, on whose little story I have been dwelling with melancholy interest. What were her feelings when the fierce and sudden storm arose, sweeping over the waste of waters she was gazing on? She believed her husband safe on shore! First came to her ear reports that

boats were gone to sea. Who were in them? When the one boat arrived, the hardy crew, utterly exhausted with the efforts for their lives, the alarm was raised, and very shortly it became evident that the other would never reach the land. The storm subsided almost as rapidly as it had risen; but its appointed work was accomplished; and under the all-wise direction of the Ruler of wind and waves, it had summoned to His dread tribunal the souls of these poor fishermen.

Poor Agnes; with what feelings shall I look on her pale expressive countenance, now clad in the weeds of heartfelt sorrow. She remains in the dwelling of her father, of which she was the pride and joy, and where she is now not the less tenderly cherished, because of her irreparable misfortune.

THE "DARNLEY JEWEL."

THE newspapers have lately been circulating the following account of this much-talked-of relic:—

"This very curious piece of workmanship of the 16th century, which formed one of the finest gems of the collection at Strawberry-hill, and which was purchased at the sale there last summer by Mr. Farrer of Wardour Street, for a large sum, has just been bought by her Majesty at the price, it is said, of 200 guineas. It was about to be sold to a foreign collector, who is in possession of the celebrated iron ring of the unfortunate husband of Mary Queen of Scots, when the good taste of her Majesty rescued it, and it is now amongst the royal jewels of England, as formerly it was amongst the royal jewels of Scotland. It is the identical jewel worn by Lord Darnley. It was made by order of Lady Margaret Douglas, his mother, in memory of her husband, Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox and Regent of Scotland, who was murdered by the party who opposed him in religion. The jewel, which is of exquisite workmanship, is of fine gold, in the form of a heart, about two inches long and nearly two inches in breadth. On the surface, which opens in front, there is a coronet, in which are three small rubies and an emerald. Under the coronet there is a sapphire in the shape of a heart, with wings of ruby, emerald, and sapphire. The coronet is supported by Victory and Patience. There are also two figures on the jewel, representing Faith and Hope. The robes of all these figures, which are very elaborate, are of ruby and sapphire enamelling. There is the following legend:—

"Sal obtain Victorie in yair Pretence,
Quha hopis stil constantly with Patience.

The coronet and little heart may be both opened up from below; within the coronet are three letters in cipher, "M. L. S.," with a crown of laurel over them. On the reverse of the coronet within are two hearts joined and pierced by two arrows, bound by a wreath with a legend, "Quhat we Resolve." When the little heart is opened, a skull and two bones are seen, and two

hands holding a label, from which hangs a horn with the rest of the legend, "Death sal dessolve." On the other side of the jewel is the sun shining on a heliotropium, or sunflower, beautifully enamelled, the moon and stars are also represented. There are a salamander in the flames, a pelican feeding her young with her blood, a shepherd, a traveller, a dog, and a bird, and a phenix, all emblematical, with a legend—

"My stait to them I may compaer
For you quha is of Bontes rare."

When the whole heart is opened, on the reverse are seen two men in Roman armor fighting; an executioner holding a woman by the hair with a cuttle axe, as about to decapitate her; two frightful jaws, out of which issue three spectres in flames. The figure of time is seen drawing a naked figure, supposed to be Truth, from a well; and a female on a throne, with a fire in which many crosses are burning. There are three legends, 'Ze seem al my Plesur,' 'Tym gaves al leir,' and 'Gar tell my Relaes.' The whole is exquisitely worked, and is one of the most extraordinary remains of the art of the age."

It cannot escape the notice of many of our readers, that there is a serious blunder in respect of chronology in this account. The earl of Lennox was killed four or five years subsequently to his son Lord Darnley, so that, if this jewel was made on the occasion of his death, it never could have belonged to the unhappy youth whose alliance to Queen Mary forms so dismal a chapter in our history. We take leave to remark, that the history of the jewel seems to require further elucidation.—*Edinburgh Journal*.

PEWS.

From Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*.

ONE of the religious controversies of the day, the merits of which we have not the slightest inclination to discuss, has been the means of bringing to light some curious records regarding the early history of church seats; a matter on which considerable obscurity has hitherto rested. We propose to cull a few of these notices from the various publications in which they appear.

The writers on this subject have divided it into two epochs—that before and that after the Reformation—the moot point being when pews, properly so called, were first introduced and generally used; but without discussing mere words, we shall commence by showing how worshippers were accommodated in early times, taking up the etymology of the term *pew* in our chronological progress.

In Anglo-Saxon churches, and in some of early Norman date, there was a stone bench running round the whole of the interior, except the east end; an arrangement sometimes continued even in decorated churches, as in Exeter Cathedral, and in late Tudor, as in North Petherton, Somersetshire, and in King's College chapel. This might be presumed to have been

intended for the accommodation of a part of the people attending worship; and perhaps it was so; although there is also some ground for supposing that it was, in a great measure, a mere peculiarity of architecture, some churches having the same kind of bench on the outside. It may be remarked, that its running round the whole interior, except the east end, is no disproof of its having been designed for the congregation, as might be supposed from the laity having latterly been forbidden to enter the chancel, for such a rule does not appear to have existed in the Anglo-Saxon church: at least such is the natural inference from the 44th constitution of King Edgar, published in A. D. 960: "And we ordain that no woman shall approach the altar while the mass is being celebrated." This, of course, implies that at any other time a woman might do so.

Judging from Anglo-Saxon illuminations, the people generally sat on low, rude, three-legged stools, placed dispersedly over the church. But a writer in the *British Critic** very justly observes, that sitting on the ground or standing were then much more common postures than now. "In a manuscript," says he, "in the Harleian Library in the British Museum, dated A. D. 1319, is represented Archbishop Arundel preaching to the people from a pulpit, raised about two feet from the ground, his cross-bearer standing by his side, and his hearers all sitting on the ground. A copy is given in Strutt's 'Antiquities.' In the 'Pictorial History of England,' after a short account of the rise of the mendicant orders, there is a drawing without date, but probably belonging to the fifteenth century, of a friar preaching from a movable pulpit. In this instance, the scene is probably not in a church, and the ground appears to be covered with branches of trees or plants; but still the posture represented goes to confirm the supposition of that being customary in churches." The usual covering for the floors of churches, and, indeed, of private houses in those times, was rushes.

Wooden seats appear to have been introduced soon after the Norman Conquest. In Bishop Grostete's injunctions (1240), it is ordered that the patron may be indulged with a stall in the choir. And in the twelfth chapter of a synod at Exeter, holden by Bishop Quivil in the year 1287, we read as follows:—"We have also heard that the parishioners of divers places do oftentimes wrangle about their seats in church, two or more claiming the same seat; whence arises great scandal to the church, and the divine offices are sore let and hindered: wherefore we decree, that none shall henceforth call any seat in the church his own, save noblemen and patrons; but he who shall first enter shall take his place where he will." Thus, it appears that the seeds of the modern system were sown in the church as early as the thirteenth century, for "noblemen and patrons" were allowed to have seats of their own. The next innovation presents itself as we advance nearer the Reformation. Wooden seats begin in some instances to have cross-bars by way of doors. In Bishop's Hull are some very fine and completely open

wood-seats, bearing date 1530; so there are in Crowcombe, Somersetshire, and Bourne, Cambridgeshire, both 1534; and in Milverton, Somersetshire (though very poor), 1540. That these seats were in some instances appropriated, is plain from the fact of initials being sometimes marked on them; as in Stogumber, and also in Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

We now come to the Reformation, when the change of the forms of worship almost necessarily implied a change in the arrangements for the congregation. The daily prayers, instead of being read at the altar, were now repeated by the minister in "a little tabernacle of wainscot provided for the purpose;" otherwise a reading desk. We soon after find allusions in our popular literature to pews, or *pues*, as the word was then spelt.* Thus, Shakspeare has the following line in Richard III.,

"And makes her *pue-fellow* with others moan."

Of a character in Decker's "Westward Hoe," it is said, that "being one day in church, she made moan to her *pue-fellow*." Bishop Andrews uses the expression in one of his sermons (1596); and in a supplication of the poor Commons addressed to Henry VIII., in 1546, on the subject of the Bibles lately put up in every church, it is complained, that "for where your highness gave commandment that thei should se that there were in every parish church within your highness's realm one Bible at the least set at liberty, so that every man might freely come to it, and read therein such things as should be for his consolation, many of this wicked generation, as well preests as other their faithful adherents, would pluck it other into the quyre, other into some *pue*, where poor men durst not presume to come."

That pews existed immediately after the Reformation, thus clearly appears; but a question remains as to the nature of the seats which were so called. Etymologically, a pew is any thing which gives support, or a seat of any kind. Was the sense of the term thus general in 1546, or did it refer to those particular enclosed or box-like seats which are now recognised in England as pews? It seems to us that, either now, or at least immediately after, the term had come to be restricted to such enclosed seats. And history makes us aware of reasons for such enclosures coming then into demand. The forms prescribed for worship were then rigid dictates of the law, against which many persons of puritanical tendencies were disposed, as far as they safely could, to rebel. The order, still to be found in the canons of the English church, that "when-ever, in any lesson, sermon, or otherwise, the name of Jesus shall be in the church pronounced, due reverence be made of all persons, young and old, with lowness of courtesy and uncovering of the heads of the men-kind, as thereunto doth necessarily belong, and heretofore hath been accustomed," was particularly obnoxious

* The etymology of the word is traced by Du-cange (Glossary, s. v. iii. 332) to the Latin *podium*, which meant, in the Latin of the middle ages, any thing on which we lean. From it the old French word *puy*, the modern *appui* (support), and the English *pue*, or *pew*, are derived.

to that party by whom it was considered as a sort of idol worship. Another injunction to which they objected, was that for standing up at the saying of the *Gloria Patri*. By having high enclosed seats, they were screened from the observation of those officers whose duty it was to report if any one disobeyed the behests of the law. The need for pews, thus commenced in the early days of the reformed church, was continued during the Stuart reigns, and it accordingly appears that pews were much multiplied during that period. About 1608, galleries were introduced into churches. In that year, St. Mary the Greater, at Cambridge, was *scaffolded*, that is, galleried. In 1610, a gallery was erected at the west end of the collegiate church of Wolverhampton, by the Merchant Tailors' Company. It rests on two arabesquely-carved up-rights, which join on to the piers; the upper part, as in most early instances, is banistered, and contains four panels, two bearing shields, and two inscribed with texts from Holy Scripture.

So well established were pews in 1611, that we find, from the following ludicrous entry, they were even then baized. In the accounts of St. Margaret's, London, is an item of sixpence, "paid to Goodwyfe Wells, for salt to destroy the fleas in the church-warden's pew." In the book of another London parish, a few years later, it is recorded that "Mr. Doctor has his pew trymed with green saie." From another record (1620), we learn that the sexes were separated in different pews, for a certain Mr. Loveday was reported for sitting in the same pew with his wife, "which being held to be highly indecent," he was ordered to appear, but failing to do so, Mr. Chancellor was made acquainted with his obstinacy. The matter was finally compromised by Mr. Doctor's giving him a seat in his pew; the comfortable luxury of "green saie" no doubt compensating uxurious Mr. Loveday for the loss of his wife's company. The march of comfort and decoration proceeded rapidly, as may be seen from a passage in a sermon preached by the witty Bishop Corbett of Norwich two years afterwards (1622). "Stately pews," he says, "are now become tabernacles, with rings and curtains to them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the word of God on: we have case-ments, locks and keys, and cushions, I had almost said bolsters and pillows, and for these we love the church. I will not guess what is done within them; who sits, stands, or lies asleep at prayers, communion, &c.; but this I dare say, they are either to hide some vice, or to proclaim one; to hide disorder, or to proclaim pride."* The reasons for heightening the sides of pews ceased with the power of Charles I., and from the civil war they gradually declined, until they reached their present comparatively moderate elevation.

It is generally understood, though we can

* Swift has illustrated the sleeping accommodation offered in pews by the following lines:—

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews:
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

present no certain authority on the subject, that fixed church seats scarcely existed in Scotland before the reign of Charles I. People were in the habit of bringing seats with them to sit upon in Church. It is stated that, at the riot in the High Church of Edinburgh, in 1637, on the occasion of introducing a liturgy, the chief agents in the tumult were servant women, "who were in the custom of bringing *movable seats* to Church, and keeping them for their masters and mistresses."* Humbler people brought little clasp stools for their accommodation, and it was such an article that the famous Jenny Geddes threw on that occasion at the dean's head—the first weapon, and a formidable one it was, employed in the civil war. The more formal seating of churches which now exists in Scotland, may be presumed to have gradually sprung up in the course of the few years during which that war lasted, a time remarkable beyond all that went before it for attendance on religious ordinances, and the space of time devoted to them, it being by no means unusual in those days to spend six hours at once in church. Very few notices of the church accommodation of this time are to be found; but it appears from the Presbytery records of Perth under 1645, that a dispute then arose between the magistrates and kirk-session of that town, "anent the unorderly extraction of a seat forth of the kirk." In the rural districts of Scotland, the seats of the established churches are generally divided amongst the land proprietors for the use of themselves and their tenantry; but in some of the large towns they are let by the magistracy, and are a source of considerable revenue.

The propriety of having a large part of the area of every church appropriated by affluent persons, who perhaps make little use of the privilege, has lately been questioned by a party of the English clergy; and an effort is now making to have pews everywhere abolished. The bishops of London and Hereford have declared for this object in their respective charges to their clergy.

POSTAGE CONVENTION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Monday's *Moniteur* publishes the Postage Convention between France and England, signed April 3, 1843.

The first *titre*, or chapter, establishes towns of the two countries, from which letters for one another are to be despatched. The French towns are—Paris, Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, Cherbourg, Granville, St. Malo, in the Channel. The English towns are—London, Dover, Brighton, Southampton, Jersey, and Guernsey. For the Mediterranean, the French post *bureaux* of transmission are—Paris, Marseilles, the office at Alexandria, Smyrna, the Dardanelles, and Constantinople. The English are—Alexandria, Gibraltar, and Malta.

The principal transmission of letters between the countries takes place between Dover and Calais, six days a week; the French Govern-

ment will send on the seventh day, weather permitting.

By the eighth article, the post-boats will continue their services without interruption, even in the time of war, until one of the Governments shall have signified its wish that the service should cease.

In ports where regular government steamers do not exist, private vessels and steamers may be employed to carry bags. For this purpose a post-box shall be put up on board the packet for the reception of letters.

There is nothing new in the regulation of the Levant correspondence, which continues to be transmitted three times a month.

Letters may be franked or not; and *lettres charges*, or particularly recommended, may be sent in both countries. The English Post-office is to pay to the French two francs for every thirty grammes of letters not franked; and in the same case the French Post-office will pay the English a shilling an ounce.

Letters from France to England, franked, will pay in France by the amount levied on French letters by the law of 1827. The letters from Paris, however, will pay but the tariff of Boulogne. Letters franked from England to France will pay five-pence per single letter, weighing half an ounce. (This, in addition to the tariff of Boulogne mentioned above, will make tenpence postage between England and Paris.)

There are especial charges for letters exchanged with St. Malo, Cherbourg, and Granville.

Journals of either country are to be delivered at the port of the country to which they are addressed exempt from duty.

Pamphlets may be sent by post from one country to another, paying in France as usual; in England one penny for two ounces; sixpence from two to three ounces; eightpence from three to four ounces; and twopence per ounce more up to sixteen ounces, beyond which weight the English Post-office will not receive them.

The following is Article 86, which relates to a point so much disputed, and which has involved English journals in some expense:—

"Art. 86. In order to insure reciprocally the integrality of the produce of the correspondence of both countries, the French and English Governments will prevent, by every means in their power, the transmission of correspondence by other channels than the post. Nevertheless, it is understood, that couriers sent by commercial houses or others, to carry accidentally a single letter, or one or more newspapers, may freely traverse the respective territories of both states, these couriers presenting the letter or the *Gazettes* at the first bureau of post, where the postage will be levied in the usual manner."—*Colonial Gazette*.

SERBIA.—Paris, May 2.—The affairs of Serbia are arranged. The Divan has conceded all the demands of Russia:—Prince Georgewitsch is to abdicate, his councillors and Kiamil to quit Serbia, and a new election to take place, probably in favor of Prince Milosch. An attempt was made at Milan to assassinate the Viceroy, which failed.—*Exam.*

* History of the Rebellions in Scotland from 1633 to 1660. Constable's Miscellany.

THE OXFORD TRACTARIAN SCHOOL.

From the Edinburgh Review.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Tracts for the Times*. By Members of the University of Oxford. 5 vols. 8vo. 1833–40.
2. *Church Principles considered in their Results*. By W. E. Gladstone, Esq., M.P. 8vo. London: 1840.
3. *Ancient Christianity, and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts*. By the Author of *Spiritual Despotism*. Vols. I. and II. London.
4. *The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice; or, a Defence of the Catholic Doctrine, that Holy Scripture has been, since the times of the Apostles, the sole Divine Rule of Faith and Practice in the Church, against the Dangerous Errors of the Authors of the "Tracts for the Times," and the Romanists*. By William Goode, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. London.
5. *The Kingdom of Christ delineated; in Two Essays, on our Lord's own Account of his Person and of the Nature of his Kingdom, and on the Constitution, Powers, and Ministry of a Christian Church, as appointed by Himself*. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 8vo. London: 1841.
6. *Oxford Divinity compared with that of the Romish and Anglican Churches, with a Special View of the Doctrine of Justification by Faith*. By the Right Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, D.D., Bishop of Ohio. 8vo. London: 1841.
7. *The Church of the Fathers*. 12mo. London: 1842.
8. *The Voice of the Anglican Church, being the declared Opinions of her Bishops on the Doctrines of the Oxford Tract Writers*. 12mo. London: 1843.
9. *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical; being an Inquiry into the Scriptural Authority of the Leading Doctrines advocated in "The Tracts for the Times."* By W. Lindsay Alexander, M.A. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843.

It may sound paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that with the disciples of the Oxford Tract School* we have no manner

* We have employed the term *Puseyism*, simply as the ordinary name by which a certain system of doctrines has come to be popularly designated, and by which it is therefore most readily recognised. It is not intended to imply that the reverend gentleman from whose name the term has been derived, would subscribe to every statement or opinion contained in the works of the school to which he belongs; but his own writings leave us no doubt, that in all the more important he cordially concurs. Still, we

of controversy. Their principles, logical and ethical, are so totally different from our own, that we feel it as impossible to argue with them as with beings of a different species. There may be worlds, say some philosophers, where truth and falsehood change natures—where the three angles of a triangle are no longer equal to two right angles, and where a crime of unusual turpitude may inspire absolute envy. We are far from saying that the gentlemen above mentioned are qualified to be inhabitants of such a world; but we repeat that we have just as little dispute with them as if they were. With men who can be guilty of so grotesque a *petitio principii* as to suppose that to those who question the arrogant and exclusive claims of the Episcopal Clergy, and who "ask by what authority they speak," it can be any answer to cite the words, "He that despiseth you despiseth me," and "whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted,"*—with men who think that no "serious" person can treat lightly their doctrine of Apostolical succession, and that if there be, it is to some purpose to quote the text, "Esau, a profane person, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright,"†—with men who can so wrest the meaning of common terms as to represent the change effected in the eucharistic elements by the words of consecration, to be as much a *miracle* as that performed at the marriage feast at Cana,‡—with men who are so enamored of the veriest dreams and whimsies of the Fathers, as to bespeak all reverence for that fancy of Justin and others, that the "ass and the colt" for which Christ sent his disciples, are to be interpreted severally of the "Jewish and the Gentile believers," and also to attach much weight to that of Origen, who rather expounds them of the "old and the new Testaments,"—with men who can treat with gravity the various patristic expositions of the "five barley loaves," which some suppose to indicate the "five senses," and others the "five books of Moses,"§—

should have preferred a name not derived from an individual, had we known of any such as widely used and as generally understood. The Oxford party, it is true, vehemently protest against being designated by any name, whether derived from an individual or not, which would imply that they constituted a particular school or sect, on the ground that their doctrines are *not* those of a school or sect, but of the "Catholic Church!" But in this we cannot humor them; they are in our judgment decidedly a "Sect," and nothing more.

* Tracts, Vol. i. No. 17, p. 6.

† Tracts, No. 19, p. 4.

‡ Br. Crit. Vol. xxvii. pp. 259, 360.

§ Tracts, No. 89.

with men who can lay down the general principle, that we are to "maintain before we have proved," "that we must believe in order to judge," "that this seeming paradox is the secret of happiness," "and that never to have been troubled with a doubt about the truth of what has been taught us, is the happiest state of mind,"*—these writers at the same time declaring that the *immense majority* of mankind are brought up in this same quiet reception of the most fatal delusions—with men who can believe that the true doctrine of Christian baptism will prove a preservative against forming either a Neptunian or Vulcanian theory of geology; and that the vertebral "column and its lateral processes" were designed to afford a type and adumbration of the cross†—with men who think the words τοῦτο ποιεῖτε εἰς τὴν ἐμὴν ἀνάμνησιν are the most *natural* words for our Lord to have used, if he meant to say "Sacrifice this in remembrance of me"‡—with men who can believe that St. Anthony's nonsensical conflicts with devils may not unworthily be compared with the temptations of our Lord in the wilderness, and that the grotesque portents with which his "life" abounds may be attributed to diabolical agency§—with men who can write or defend such a Tract as Number Ninety, and at once swear to the Articles and explain them away—with men who think that there is no reason to believe that "the private student of Scripture would ordinarily gain a knowledge of the Gospel from it;" and who "confess a satisfaction in the infliction of penalties for the expression of new doctrines or a change of communion"||—with men who can affirm and believe such things, and many others equally strange, we repeat we can have personally as little controversy as with those inhabitants of Saturn, who, according to Voltaire's lively little tale, have seventy-two senses, and have discovered in matter no less than three hundred essential properties. The powers of speculation of these gentlemen are either so much above our own, or so much below them—their notions of right and wrong so transcendently ridiculous, or so transcendently sublime—that there can be nothing in common between us. Thousands, we know, are ready to resolve the mystery of their conduct by saying, "Surely these men are

either great knaves or great fools:" but in the exercise of that charity which *hopeth* all things, we will not assume the former; and in the exercise of that charity which *believeth* all things, we will not assume the latter. We regard them simply as an unexplained *phenomenon*; we stare at them as at a new comet, devoutly hoping at the same time that they may be found to move in a highly hyperbolical trajectory, and that, having swept across our system, they will vanish and return no more.

It is not to them, then, that we address ourselves; but to the thousands of our readers who may have neither time nor inclination to peruse the voluminous works of their School. For their sakes we shall attempt something like a systematic exposition, once for all, of its principal doctrines, and they can then decide whether or not it is their duty to accept them.

It is now about ten years since the founders of this School set about achieving their great miracle of putting the "dial" of the world "ten degrees backward." Their first proceedings were comparatively moderate. They had arrived at the conclusion that the Church of England had become more "Protestant than the Reformation;" that she had somehow swung loose from her moorings, and had insensibly drifted with the tide to a point very different from that at which the pilots of the Reformation had anchored her; that the spirit of the English Church resides rather in the Liturgy and Rubric than in the Articles, and that the former ought to interpret the latter; that certain "great and precious truths" had nigh gone out of date, and that certain high "gifts" and prerogatives of the Church had come to be cheaply rated. They further thought that these "precious truths" required to be restored, and these high "gifts" to be vindicated.

To diffuse their views they commenced that remarkable series of publications well known by the name of the "Oxford Tracts;" at an early stage of which appeared Mr. Newman's *Via Media*, or middle road to heaven, between Romanism and Protestantism. This *Via Media* appeared to many nothing more or less than the "old Roman road" uncovered and made passable. What was thus early suspected was in due time made manifest. No matter how comparatively moderate the first pretensions of these writers; it was soon seen that their system of doctrine and ritual was fast assuming a form not essentially different from that of undisguised Romanism. Flushed with success, and forgetting all caution,

* Tracts, No. 85, pp. 85, 73; Br. Crit. No. 63, pp. 39, 83.

† Sewell's Christian Morals, p. 324. See, also, Tract No. 89, §§ vi. vii.

‡ Froude's Remains, Second Part, Vol. i. p. 91, etc.

§ Newman's Church of the Fathers, p. 360.

|| Br. Cr. No. 59, p. 105.

they rapidly developed, partly in the Tracts and partly in separate works, principles at which the Protestant world stood aghast. In a word, the system closely resembled that of Rome; it was, as geometricians say, a similar figure, only with not so large a perimeter.

They affirmed, as we shall fully show hereafter, that the Scriptures were not the sole and absolute rule of faith; that tradition was supplemental to it, and that what it unanimously taught was of co-ordinate authority; that a fully developed Christianity must be sought somewhere or other, (nobody knows where,) within the first (nobody knows how many) centuries; they spoke contemptuously of Chillingworth's celebrated maxim, and elevated that of Vincent of Lerins into its place: in defiance of the first principles of the Reformation, they advocated "Reserve" in the communication of religious knowledge, and avowed their preference of the ancient *disciplina arcani*;* they spoke in terms of superstitious reverence of the Fathers, and eagerly defended many of their most egregious fooleries;† they denied most contemptuously "the right of private judgment," and inculcated a blind, unquestioning acquiescence in the assurances of the Priest. As they had advocated principles which would justify nearly all the abuses of Rome, so they learned to speak of the abuses to which those principles had led in a new dialect—in terms which would have made the hair of Cranmer or of Ridley stand on end. They apologized for her errors, and, as they were bidden, "spoke gently of her fall." They were rewarded (significant omen!) with the friendly greetings of the Romanists in return; and condescendingly assured that "they were not far from the kingdom of God."‡ All this will be fully proved hereafter, if indeed there are now any who stand in need of such proof.

But their zeal somewhat outran discretion. They were not yet quite perfect in the art of poisoning. Instead of administering it in homœopathic doses, in invisible elements, by means of perfumed gloves or

sweet confectionary; their impatience could not brook the long delay required by so tedious a process. They exchanged the gentle decoction of laurel leaves for prussic acid; till, at last, in Number Ninety, which ought by right to be called the "Art of Perjury made Easy," they administered so strong a dose, that even the Ostrich-stomach of the Church could no longer endure it. She threw off the nauseous compound with a convulsive effort, and refused to take any further preparations from the laboratory of these modern "Subtles."

But though the Oxford Tracts were at length silenced by authorities unwontedly patient of scandal, the poison was too widely diffused to admit of any sudden and instant counteraction. Accordingly, in periodical publications of all sorts and sizes—in Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers, in flimsy Pamphlets and bulky Volumes, in letters, in dialogues, in tales and novels, in poetry, in congenial fiction and perverted history, in every form of typography, and in every species of composition—have the very same, nay, still more outrageous, doctrines been industriously propagated. Of this, too, we shall give full proof.*

Thus it was seen that the *Via Media*, instead of being a road running between Protestantism and Romanism, and parallel to both, branched off at a large angle from the former, and, after traversing a short interval of moss and bog, which quaked most fearfully under the traveller's uncertain tread, struck into that "broad," well-beaten, and crowded road which leads to Rome and "destruction" at the same time.

If the Oxford tract writers had strictly adhered to what appeared to be their original intention, as stated in the *Via Media*, it would have been difficult, at all events, for a clerical antagonist to know how to deal with them; as they, for similar reasons, would have found it equally difficult to know how to deal with *him*. While the Oxford party maintain that the spirit of the

* Nos. 80 and 87, Tracts on "Reserve."

† Tract 89, on "Ancient Mysticism," *passim*.

‡ "It seems impossible," says Dr. Wiseman, "to read the works of the Oxford divines, and especially to follow them chronologically, without discovering a daily approach towards our holy church, both in doctrine and affectionate feeling. . . . To suppose them (without an insincerity which they have given us no right to charge them with) to love the parts of a system and wish for them, while they would reject the root and only secure support of them—the system itself—is, to my mind, revoltingly contradictory."

* The Oxford Tract writers and their adherents have shown but small practical regard to that principle of unquestioning obedience which forms a prime article of their faith. They suppressed the "Tracts," it is true—an act of obedience, which, considering that they have since propagated the same doctrines with undiminished zeal, and even openly defended Number Ninety itself, the Bishop of Oxford has acknowledged, in a recent charge, with a gratitude which looks almost ludicrous. They seem to have understood the objection of their superior to be to the *title* of the books, not to the doctrines they contained—to the label on the bottle, not to the poison in it. Their obedience was of the same kind with that of the *dutiful* son mentioned in the Gospel, who said to his father, "I go, sir," but went not.

Church resides rather in the Liturgy and Rubric than in the Articles, their opponents plead that the spirit of the Church resides rather in the Articles than in the Liturgy and Rubric; and these last, if change *must* come, would fain have the latter brought into harmony with the former, rather than the former misinterpreted into agreement with the latter. Which of these two parties is more near the truth in its notions, we shall not particularly inquire. Never having ourselves sworn and subscribed an *ex animo* assent to 'all and every thing' contained in the "Articles, Book of Common Prayer, Rubric, and Canons," we feel at perfect liberty to admire and revere whatsoever we deem excellent in the constitution, doctrines, or ritual of the Church of England, without pledging ourselves to admire or revere all. Considering the circumstances under which the church was founded, the nation's recent escape from the grossest Popery—the prejudices which required conciliation—the different, and in some respects contradictory, interests that were to be adjusted—the explicit admissions of the most eminent Reformers, that they could not do all they wished, and that they were compelled to content themselves with doing what they could—we cannot wonder that some portions of the Articles and Formularies of the Church should be hard to be reconciled. As little can we wonder that those who have sworn an *ex animo* assent to "all and every thing in them," should, after so miscellaneous a feast, feel now and then a little dyspeptic. They may well be pardoned if they make some desperate efforts to show that they are not inconsistent; and even applauded, if they take the more rational course of recommending that any expressions which trouble conscience should be rectified and adjusted. Meantime, as it is impossible that inconsistency should itself be consistent, it is no matter of surprise that these two parties should feel it more easy to refute each other's opinions than to establish their own. One appeals to the Liturgy—the other to the Articles—each can prove the other partially wrong, but neither can prove itself wholly right. In a word, it is a war of reprisals; each takes out its "letter of marque," and proceeds to burn and pillage on its adversary's coast; and returning in anticipated triumph—finds equal desolation on its own.

Meantime, one thing is clear. The much boasted unity of the Church—that unity which Mr. Gladstone vaunts, and which Mr. Newman sorrowfully laments, is not to

be found,* (not *agreeing*, it appears, even as to whether they are *disagreeing*),—is something like the unity of chaos. There was but *one* chaos, it is true, but in that one there was infinite confusion.

Whether absolute unity be desirable, we have our doubts; that it is impossible of attainment, we have none. We see that the very men who have sworn assent to the very same documents, exhibit almost every variety and shade of theological opinion. From every zone, every latitude of theology, has the Church collected its specimens. Each extreme, and all between, is there; from the mere ethical declaimer who has successfully labored to expel from his discourse every distinctive trace of Christianity, except what may be found in the text and the benediction, to the fanatic who suffers "grace" wellnigh to exclude "morality"—from the most rigid Armenianism to the most rigid Calvinism—from high-church doctrines like those of Laud, to low-church doctrines like those of Hoadley—from a theory of the sacraments like that of Dr. Hook, to a theory of the sacraments like that of Mr. Noel.†

The *argumentum ad hominem*, however, with which the Oxford Tractists (had they restricted themselves to what seemed their *original* object) might have met their *clerical* opponents, is of no avail against those—whether in the Church or out of it—who have not sworn and subscribed an *ex animo* assent to her public documents; and further, as they have *not* restricted themselves to that object, but have affirmed doctrines and developed a theory essentially inconsistent with Protestantism, it is competent to every body to affirm that they do not of right belong to the Church of England, though they remain within her pale, and most unworthily eat her bread.

Of this any one may convince himself who will take the trouble to examine the Oxford Tracts *seriatim*—more especially those from Number Seventy to Number Ninety. But there are two facts more easily appreciable by the public. The first

* "In the English Church we shall hardly find ten or twenty neighboring clergymen who agree together; and that, not in the non-essentials of religion, but as to what are its elementary and necessary doctrines; or as to the fact, whether there are any necessary doctrines at all—any distinct and definite faith required for salvation."—*Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church*, p. 394. Again—"In the English Church, by itself, may be found differences as great as those which separate it from Greece or Rome."—P. 310.

† The reader may see this point more fully treated in our article on Gladstone's "Church and State," Vol. lxix. pp. 268-271.

is, that the *Tracts have been suppressed by AUTHORITY*—none can deny *that*. The second is, that the ablest and most influential Prelates have, in "Charges" and other publications, delivered their express testimony against them, in every tone of lamentation, reproof, rebuke: they do not disguise their mingled shame, sorrow, and consternation, that such doctrines should have been promulgated by clergymen of their own communion. Those who please may see this collection of testimonies set forth in one of the publications at the head of this article—"The Voice of the Anglican Church." Nor must it be forgotten that this series of testimonies derives additional force from the fact, that there is so much in the Oxford Tracts to gratify Episcopal vanity, and to strengthen Episcopal pretensions. Nothing surely but an imperative sense of truth and duty could have extorted them, in the face of the pleasing adulations with which the "Tracts" abound. It is hard to be compelled to strike the parasite in the very act of sycophancy; and frequent and most fulsome was the flattery with which these right reverend men were assailed. Their office and prerogatives were studiously magnified; they were addressed in the humblest tones of awe and veneration;* they were compared to the apostles, not only in their office and dignity—but (let not the reader smile) in their *sufferings*.† How pleasant for a worthy gentleman of princely revenue and baronial dignity, to be told that he is at the same time a sort of martyr, and may aspire to combine the character of prince and anchorite in his own proper person. We have much sincere respect for the Bench of

Bishops; but amongst the marks of "apostolical succession," we certainly had imagined that "privations and sufferings" were not generally included. We repeat, then, that our Prelates have done themselves much credit in so loudly condemning this new heresy. We only hope that they will act consistently with their protests in the discharge of their public duties, and in the employment of their private patronage.

In attempting to give some account of the principal opinions held by the new School, we do not mean to deny that some of them are held, *with certain modifications*, by many who would strenuously remonstrate against being classed in the same category with its founders; nay, we shall not charge all who avow a general coincidence with holding every one to the same extent. "Private judgment," proscribed as it has been, has been at work here too, and left these men little reason to boast of their unity. We shall content ourselves with developing the system as explained in the Oxford Tracts, and in works avowedly written in approval or defence of them.

Neither will our space permit us to attempt more than a general statement of the opinions in question. Some of the particular doctrines most in favor with the Oxford Theologians, we have already pretty fully considered;* and some others may, hereafter, come under our review.

1. These writers maintain, in its fullest integrity and extent, the doctrine of APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.† They affirm that the

* See the articles on Dr. Pusey's Fifth of November Sermon, (Vol. lxvi. p. 396.)—On Gladstone's "Church and State," (Vol. lxix. p. 231.)—On Tract Number Ninety, (April. 1841.)—On the "Right of Private Judgment, and Sewell's Christian Morals," in the Number for January, 1842.

† "Why should we talk . . . so little of an Apostolic Succession? Why should we not seriously endeavor to impress our people with this plain truth (!)—that by separating themselves from our communion, they separate themselves not only from a decent, orderly, useful society, but from THE ONLY CHURCH IN THIS REALM WHICH HAS A RIGHT TO BE QUITE SURE SHE HAS THE LORD'S BODY TO GIVE TO HIS PEOPLE."—(Tracts, Vol. i. No. 4, p. 5.)

"As to the *fact* of the Apostolical Succession, *i. e.* that our present Bishops are the heirs and representatives of the Apostles by successive transmission of the prerogative of being so, this is *too notorious to require proof*. Every link in the chain is known from St. Peter to our present Metropolitans."—(No. 7, p. 2.)

Dr. Hook says: "We ask what was the fact, and the fact was this: that the officer whom we now call a Bishop was at first called an Apostle; although afterwards it was thought better to confine the title of Apostle to those who had seen the Lord Jesus; while their successors, exercising the *same* rights and authority, though unendowed with miraculous powers, *contented themselves* with the designation of Bishops." It is the prerogative of men of this school

* "To them (the Bishops) we willingly and affectionately relinquish their high privileges and honors—we encroach not upon the rights of the SUCCESSORS OF THE APOSTLES [these are not our capitals]; we touch not their sword and crosier. . . . Exalt our holy fathers, the Bishops, as the representatives of the Apostles and the angels of the Churches, and magnify your office as being ordained by them to take part in their ministry."—(Tracts, No. 1, pp. 1, 4. Addressed to the Clergy.)

† "Again, it may be asked, who are at this time the successors and spiritual descendants of the Apostles? I shall surprise some people by the answer I shall give, though it is very clear, and *there is no doubt about it*—THE BISHOPS. They stand in the place of the Apostles as far as the office of ruling is concerned; and *whatever we ought to do, had we lived when the Apostles were alive, the same ought we to do for the Bishops. He that despiseth them, despiseth the Apostles.* . . . But I must now mention the more painful part of the subject, *i. e.* the *sufferings* of the Bishops, which is the second mark of their being *our living Apostles*. I may say, Bishops have undergone this trial in every age."—(No. 10, pp. 3, 5; also Vol. i, *passim*)

spiritual blessings of Christianity are, so far as we know or have any right to infer, ordinarily restricted to the channel of an Episcopally-ordained ministry; that no minister is a true member even of that ministry, unless found in the line of the succession—in other words, duly ordained by a Bishop duly consecrated; whose due consecration again depends on that of a whole series of Bishops from the time of the Apostles; that ministers not so ordained have no right to preach the gospel, and cannot efficaciously administer the sacraments, let them be as holy as they may; that all who are so ordained may do both, let them be as unholy as they will;* that, accordingly, Philip Doddridge and Robert Hall were no true Christian ministers, but that Jonathan Swift and Lawrence Sterne were. All this we know is very mysterious; but then, as the Tracts say, so are many other things which we nevertheless believe; and why not this? It is better “to believe than to reason” on such a subject; or believe first and reason afterwards. “Let us believe what we do not see and know. . . . *Let us maintain before we have proved.* This seeming paradox† is the secret of happiness.” Thus, seeing is not believing, as the vulgar suppose, but believing is seeing; and you will, in due time, know the “blessedness” of such child-like docility.‡ But it is necessary to dwell a little on the arguments of the oppo-

to talk nonsense; but really Dr. Hook abuses his privilege. It reminds one of what a lady said to Pelisson: “Really, Monsieur Pelisson, you abuse your sex’s privilege—of being ugly.”

* “The unworthiness of man, then, cannot prevent the goodness of God from flowing in those channels in which he has destined it to flow; and the Christian congregations of the present day, who sit at the feet of ministers *duly ordained*, have the same reason for reverencing in them the successors of the Apostles, as the primitive Churches of Ephesus and of Crete had for honoring in Timothy and in Titus the Apostolic authority of him who had appointed them.”—(No. 5 pp. 10, 11.)

† No. 85, p. 85

‡ “I readily allow,” says one Tractist on the doctrine of the Succession, “that this view of our calling has something in it too high and mysterious to be fully understood by unlearned Christians. But the learned, surely, are just as unequal to it. It is part of that ineffable mystery called in our Creed the Communion of Saints; and, with all other Christian mysteries, is above the understanding of all alike, yet practically alike within reach of all who are willing to embrace it by true Faith.”—(Vol. i. No. 4, p. 6.)

“It may be profitable to us to reflect, that doctrines which we believe to be most true, and which are received as such by the most profound and enlarged intellects, and which rest upon the most irrefragable proofs, yet may be above *our* disputative powers, and can be treated by us only with reference to our conduct.”—(No. 19, p. 3, *On Arguing concerning the Apostolical Succession*.)

site party, in order to do full justice to the hardihood of the required act of faith.

Whether we consider the palpable absurdity of this doctrine, its utter destitution of historic evidence, or the outrage it implies on all Christian charity, it is equally revolting. The arguments against it are infinite, the evidence for it absolutely nothing. It rests not upon one doubtful assumption but upon fifty; and when these are compounded together, according to Whately’s receipt for gauging the force of arguments, it defies the power of any calculus invented by man, to determine the ratio of improbability. First, the very basis on which it rests—the claim of Episcopacy itself to be considered undoubtedly and exclusively of Apostolical origin—has been most fiercely disputed by men of equal erudition and acuteness; and, so far as can be judged, of equal integrity and piety. When one reflects how much can be plausibly and ingeniously adduced on both sides, and that it would require half a volume only to give an abstract of the arguments; one would think that the only lesson which could or would be learned from the controversy, would be the duty of mutual charity; and a disposition to concede that the blessings of Christianity are compatible with various systems of Church polity. God forbid that we should for a moment admit that they are restricted to any one!

But this first proposition, however doubtful, is susceptible of evidence almost demonstrative, compared with that offered for half a dozen others involved in the integral reception of the doctrine of Apostolical succession. Accordingly, there are thousands of Episcopalians, who, while they affirm a preponderance of evidence on behalf of Episcopacy, contemptuously repudiate this incomprehensible dogma: of these, Archbishop Whately is an illustrious example.

The theory is, that each Bishop, from the Apostolic times, has received in his consecration a mysterious “gift,” and also transmits to every Priest in his ordination a mysterious “gift,” indicated in the respective offices by the awful words, “Receive the Holy Ghost;”* that on this the

* “Thus we have confessed before God our belief that, through the Bishop who ordained us, we received the Holy Ghost, the power to bind and to loose, to administer the sacraments and to preach. Now, *how* is he able to give these great gifts? *Whence* is his right? Are these words idle (which would be taking God’s name in vain), or do they express merely a wish (which surely is very far below their meaning), or do they not rather indicate that the speaker is conveying a gift?”—(Tracts Vol. i. No. 1, p. 3.)

right of Priests to assume their functions, and the preternatural grace of the sacraments administered by them, depends; that Bishops, once consecrated, instantly become a sort of Leyden jar of spiritual electricity, and are invested with the remarkable property of transmitting the "gift" to others; that this has been the case from the primitive age till now; that this high gift has been incorruptibly transmitted through the hands of impure, profligate, heretical ecclesiastics, as ignorant and flagitious as any of their lay contemporaries; that, in fact, these "gifts" are perfectly irrespective of the moral character and qualifications both of Bishop and Priest, and reside in equal integrity in a Bonner or a Cranmer—a Parson Adams or a Parson Trulliber.

Numberless are the questions which reason and charity forthwith put to the advocates of this doctrine, to none of which will they deign an answer except the one already given—that believing is seeing, and implicit faith the highest demonstration. What is imparted? what transmitted? Is it *something* or *nothing*? Is consecration or ordination accompanied (as in primitive times) by miraculous powers, by any invigoration of intellect, by increase of knowledge, by greater purity of heart? It is not pretended; and, if it were, facts contradict it, as all history testifies: the ecclesiastic who is ignorant or impure before ordination, is just as much so afterwards. Do the parties themselves profess to be *conscious* of receiving the gift? No. Is the conveyance made evident to us by any proof which certifies any fact whatsoever—by sense, experience, or consciousness? It is not affirmed. In a word, it appears to be a nonentity inscribed with a very formidable name—a very substantial shadow; and dispute respecting it appears about as hopeful as that concerning the "indelible character" imparted in the unreiterable sacraments of the Romish Church; of which Campbell archly says—"As to the *ubi* of the *character*, there was no less variety of sentiments—some placing it in the essence of the soul, others in the understanding; some in the will, and others *more plausibly* in the imagination; others even in the hands and tongue; but, by the general voice, the body was excluded. So that the whole of what they agreed in amounts to this, that in the unreiterable sacraments, as they call them, something, they know not *what*, is imprinted, they know not *how*, on something in the soul of the recipient, they know not *where*, which never can be deleted."

Again, who can certify that this gift has been incorruptibly transmitted through the impurities, heresies, and ignorance of the dark ages? Is there nothing that can invalidate Orders? "Yes," say *some* of these men, "error in fundamentals will." Others affirm it will not; but still, with that superstitious reverence for *forms* which ever attends neglect of the *substance*, declare that they may be invalidated "if the formalities of consecration have not been duly observed!" Either answer will serve the purpose. If error in essentials is sufficient to invalidate Orders, we ask—had the Romish Church so erred when you separated from her? If she had, her own Orders were invalid, and she could not transmit yours. If she had not, as you all affirm that nothing but heresy in fundamentals can justify *separation*, you are schismatics, and your *own* Orders are invalid.

What are the conditions on which the validity of Orders depends, or whether any thing can annul them* except some informality in ordination itself, our Anglican friends are very reluctant to state. That they do not insist on all those conditions of the Romish Church which made Chillingworth say, that "of a hundred seeming Priests, it was doubtful whether there was one true one," is certain; and it is equally certain that they are discreet in adopting such a course. The Fathers, indeed, often insist upon purity of life and integrity of doctrine as necessary to authenticate the claims of a successor of the Apostles; but it would not be convenient, with the ecclesiastical history of the middle ages spread out before us, to insist strongly on any such requisites; it being certain that in those ages there has been no lack of simoniacal, atheistical, and profligate Prelates; though, if simony, atheism, and profligacy will not annul "holy orders," truly we know not what will. The majority, therefore, seem to have determined that there is hardly any amount of doctrinal pravity or practical licentiousness which could repel the indwelling spirit of holiness—though, incomprehensible dogma! an error in the form of

* Mr. Gladstone thinks of nothing but the *forms*. He says: "Again, with respect to the darkness of the middle ages, I apprehend that the high and even superstitious reverence then paid to the office of the priesthood, tells positively and most strongly in favor of the succession, because it thus becomes so much the more highly improbable that *forms so sacred* should have been neglected, that unauthorized intrusion should have been either permitted or attempted."—Gladstone on *Church Principles*. (Chap. v. p. 236.)

See Tracts, No. 15. pp. 9, 10, 11, for some curious statements on this subject.

consecration may! Be it so. The chances are still infinite that there have not been flaws somewhere or other in the long chain of the succession—and though these may be few, yet as no one knows where the fatal breach may be, it is sufficient to spread universal panic through the whole Church. What Bishop can be sure that he and his predecessors in the same line have always been duly consecrated? or what presbyter, that he was ordained by a Bishop who had a right to ordain him? Who will undertake to trace up his spiritual pedigree unbroken to the very age of the Apostles, or give us a complete catalogue of his spiritual ancestry?

We can imagine the perplexity of a presbyter thus cast in doubt as to whether or not he has ever had the invaluable "gift" of Apostolical succession conferred upon him. As that "gift" is neither tangible nor visible, the subject neither of experience nor consciousness;—as it cannot be known by any "effects" produced by it, (for that mysterious efficacy which attends the administration of rites at its possessor's hands, is like the gift which qualifies him to administer them, also invisible and intangible,)—he may imagine, unhappy man! that he has been "regenerating" infants by baptism, when he has been simply sprinkling them with water. "What is the matter?" the spectator of his distractions might ask. "What have you lost?" "Lost!" would be the reply. "I fear I have lost my apostolical succession, or rather, my misery is that I do not know and cannot tell whether I ever had it to lose!" It is of no use here to suggest the usual questions, "When did you see it last? When were you last conscious of possessing it?" What a peculiar property is that of which, though so invaluable—nay, on which the whole efficacy of the Christian ministry depends—a man has no positive evidence to show whether he ever had it or not! which, if ever conferred, was conferred without his knowledge; and which, if it could be taken away, would still leave him ignorant, not only when, where, and how the theft was committed, but whether it had ever been committed or not! The sympathizing friend might, probably, remind him, that as he was not sure he had ever had it, so, *perhaps*, he still had it without knowing it? "*Perhaps!*" he would reply; "but it is certainty I want." "Well," it might be said, "Mr. Gladstone assures you, that, on the most moderate computation, your chances are as 8000 to 1 that you have it!" "Pish!" the distracted man

would exclaim, "what does Mr. Gladstone know about the matter?" And, truly, to *that* query we know not well what answer the friend could make.

It is true, however, that Mr. Gladstone, in his *Church Principles*, proposes to remove any such perilous doubts as may arise from the *historic* difficulties against the doctrine of succession, (on which we have said the less, as they are so unanswerably, as we think, urged in our Article on his first work,*) by nothing less than mathematical evidence! It is a novelty to find him *reasoning* at any time; and mathematical accuracy is indeed more than we looked for. But it is a perversion of language, and an insult to the human understanding, to talk of mathematical evidence in such a question. Though mathematical in form, the argument, treating it seriously and decorously, yields but a probable conclusion. By a novel application of the theory of ratios and proportion, he endeavors to show that, on the least favorable computation, the chances for the true consecration of any Bishop are as 8000 to 1. "If it be admitted," says he, "that regular consecration was the general practice, but only insinuated that there may have been here and there an exception through neglect, say, for example, 1 in 500—for argument's sake let us grant so much; upon this showing, the chances for the validity of the consecration of every one of the three officiating Bishops in a given case are, :: 500 : 1. For the validity of those of two out of the three, :: 500 × 500 = (sic) 25,000 : 1. For the validity of some one out of the three, :: 500 × 25,000 = 12,500,000 : 1. If, however, this be not enough, let us pursue the numerical argument one step farther, and, instead of taking the original chances at 1 in 500, let us reduce them lower than perhaps any adversary would demand; let us place them at 1 in 20. On this extravagant allowance, the chances in favor of the validity of the consecration of a Bishop who receives his commission from three of the order, are only 20 × 20 × 20 = 8000 : 1."† Be it so: this only diminishes the probability that, in any given case, the suspicion of invalidity is unfounded;—it still leaves the proposition untouched, that there is a probability that such invalidity exists, and, as no one knows where, the panic is not allayed. What is wanted,

* Art. on Gladstone's "State in its relations with the Church."—*Edinburgh Review*, Vol. lxi. pp. 263–268.

† Gladstone on *Church Principles*. Chap. v. pp. 235, 236.

is a criterion which shall distinguish the *genuine* Orders from the *spurious*. Alas! who knows but *he* may be the unhappy 8000th? According to Mr. Gladstone's theory, limited as his view of the subject is, no man in the Church of England has a right to say that he is "commissioned to preach the gospel," but only that he has $\frac{7999}{8000}$ parts of certainty that he is! A felicitous mode of expression, it must be confessed. What would be the fraction expressing the ratio of probability, on the supposition that simony, heresy, or infidelity, can invalidate *holy* orders, is—considering the history of the middle ages—far beyond our arithmetic.

But the difficulties of this puzzling doctrine do not end here. It is asked, how a man who is not a true Christian, can be a true Christian minister? How he, who is not even a disciple of Christ, can be a genuine successor of the Apostles? Whether it be not impious to suppose that God has pledged himself to impart, by *inevitable necessity*, the gift of the "Holy Ghost" to an unholy man—merely on the performance of external rites, and to qualify him for the performance of the functions of a purely moral institute, though still morally unfit? We can understand, it may be said, how, by the overruling Providence of God, a bad man preaching truth may do some good, if the hearer (a rare case) has both sense and honesty to separate truth from him who propounds it. But if he be ignorant of the truth, and preach "pernicious error," (as thousands so ordained have done,) we cannot conceive how his preaching can have the effect of truth, simply because he is "commissioned." Yet this, no less an authority than Mr. Melville asserts, in language as plain as the doctrine itself is mystical.*

In like manner, if it be supposed that the sacraments are only external signs of affecting and momentous truths, and that the benefit derived from them still depends on the moral and spiritual dispositions of the

recipient, we can understand that they may be beneficial even when he who administers them may be a bad man. In both the above cases, however, as the effect is a *moral* one, that effect will be proportionably diminished by the conviction of the worthlessness of the officiating Priest. This necessarily results from the laws of our moral nature. It is impossible to get the generality of men to revere that which their teachers practically despise; to obey precepts rather than imitate example. As all history shows, it is impossible long to maintain religion when the Priest is himself irreligious. But that, by a divinely-ordained necessity, some preternatural efficacy, itself certified by no evidence either of sense or consciousness, is conveyed through the minister merely *because* he has been episcopally ordained, (however wicked or worthless he may be,) and which is withheld when that ordination is wanting, (however worthy and holy he may be,) who can really believe? Nothing but the most express revelation, or the most undeniable effects, could attest it. And both the one and the other the advocates of the dogma are avowedly unable to indicate.

At these, and all other arguments, the supporter of the doctrine only shakes his head in awful warning, proclaims his horror of "rationalistic" presumption, and asserts, that by implicit faith alone can it be received. In this we believe him.

But is it, can it be true that Christians will be content to receive these strange conclusions? Are they willing to sacrifice even charity itself to an absurdity? Powerful as are the arguments on all hands against this paradox, none is so powerful with us as this. The advocates of the Oxford system, when they are destitute of arguments, (which may be represented as their ordinary condition,) are fond of appealing to our moral feelings; if we do not *know*, they tell us we may *feel* the truth of a certain conclusion. Without being, we trust, in the same miserable destitution of argument, we would fearlessly adopt their course on the present occasion. We *feel* that if there were nothing else to say, there is no proposition in Mathematics more certain, than that a dogma which consigns the Lutheran, the Scottish, and indeed the whole reformed Non-Episcopal clergy to contempt, *however holy*; and which necessarily authenticates the claims of every Episcopal Priest, *however unholy*—must be utterly alien from the spirit of the institute of the New Testament.

2. Equally extravagant are the notions

* Mr. Melville expressly affirms, "If, whensoever the minister is himself deficient and untaught, so that his sermons exhibit a *wrong system of doctrine*, you will not allow that Christ's Church may be profited by the ordinance of preaching; you clearly argue that Christ has given up his office, and that he can no longer be styled, 'the Minister of the true Tabernacle;' when *every thing seems against* the true followers of Christ, so that, on a *carnal calculation*, you would suppose the services of the Church stripped of all efficacy, then, by *acting faith on the head of the ministry*, they are instructed and nourished, though, *IN THE MAIN*, the given lesson be FALSEHOOD, and the proffered sustenance little better than POISON."

entertained by this School on the subject of the Sacraments. With them, they are not simply expressive rites, symbolical of religious doctrines, and capable of awakening religious emotion through the medium of the senses and the imagination;—they are themselves the *media* of a “supernatural grace,”—exclusively communicated, however, through the Episcopally-ordained minister. This supernatural influence is supposed to be conveyed in every case, in which secret infidelity or open vice offers no obstruction on the part of the subject of the rite. It is supposed to be actually conveyed, therefore, in every case of *infant* baptism, (the subject being there incapable of offering any obstruction,) and to involve that stupendous and mysterious change, called in Scripture “regeneration;” and which surely ought to imply, if we consider either the meaning of the term, or the nature of the institute, a moral revolution equivalent to an absolute subjection to the law of Christianity. In the eucharist, it is supposed that infidelity or unworthiness in the recipient may obstruct the “preternatural grace,” which nevertheless is, as it were, flowing through the Priest, and permeating the elements. Such a state of mind may operate as a sort of non-conductor to the ethereal and subtle influence. Meantime, it is most strange that this “preternatural grace,” which is represented as so scrupulous, has no objection to reside with the Priest, and act in, and by him, even though he should be, morally, ten thousand times worse than those to whom the rite is administered!

The doctrine of “baptismal regeneration,” is indeed held by many men who are far from approving of the Oxford movement. With the peculiar, yet, we must be permitted to think, consistent audacity of the new School, its advocates have carried it out to its uttermost extravagance.

It probably will not be doing injustice to the generality of the disciples of this School, (though they do not conceal that there are some differences,) if we further state, that their sentiments on the subject of the Sacraments are pretty generally represented by those of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman. The former contends that not only is the dread mysterious change called “regeneration,” effected in every case of baptism rightly administered; but that there is no certain hope of the pardon of sin wilfully committed after it;* and that he who

* “The Church,” he says, “has no second baptism to give, and so she cannot pronounce him (who sins after baptism) altogether free from his past sins.

has once so sinned, must live in perpetual and trembling doubt of his final safety. If so, one would think, that as Scripture assuredly has no express command on the subject, these men would be disposed to postpone the rite of baptism to a late period; instead of administering it to those who as yet have no sins to repent of, and leaving them to sin (as they assuredly must) with the knowledge that the only plenary antidote was improvidently wasted before they were permitted to have a voice in the matter. One cannot wonder, that if this doctrine be true, thousands in the much admired Church of the age of Chrysostom and Ambrose, should have thriftily put off the performance of this wonder-working rite to the very last extremity. Only think of the system. A child is baptized when a few days old; he commits a mortal sin when he is (say) sixteen years of age; he lives to ninety; and with the New Testament and its numberless promises in his hand, he is to spend nearly eighty years in perplexity and anguish, and die in doubt at last, though truly penitent, devout, and consistent; because somebody applied the baptismal water before he had any voice in the proceeding! But further, as all have committed sin after baptism, all are in the same predicament, and can entertain but a trembling hope of heaven! Can Christian men and women believe this hideous system to belong to the *Gospel*?

The difficulties of this subject have constrained Dr. Pusey to make the convenient Romish distinction between *venial* and *mortal* sins: although in the case of those who have committed “mortal” sin after baptism, he has not been able to hit upon a method half so sure and satisfactory as the “penances” and “indulgences” of Rome. In fact, Dr. Pusey does not see his way clear to any remedy. The doubt and the anguish are part of “the bitterness of the ancient medicine.”*

There are but two periods of absolute cleansing, baptism and the day of judgment.—(Letter to Bishop of Oxford, p. 93, 4th edition.)

If, “after having been washed once for all in Christ’s blood, we again sin, there is no more such complete absolution in this life—no restoration to the same state of undisturbed security in which God had by baptism placed us.”—(See also Tract No. 80, p. 46.)

* “What the distinction between lesser and greater, *venial* and *mortal* sins? or if *mortal* sins be ‘sins against the Decalogue,’ as St. Augustine says, are they only the highest degrees of those sins, or are they the lower also? This question, as it is a very distressing one, I would gladly answer if I could or dared. But as with regard to the sin against the Holy Ghost, so here, also, *Scripture is silent*. I certainly, much as I have labored, have not yet been

Again, with their peculiar views of the exclusive prerogatives of the episcopally-ordained Priest, they deny the validity of all baptism but their own; and in defiance of the law of their own Church, and of decency, charity, and common sense, often refuse to inter an infant who has not passed under their own patent process of regeneration. The consequence is, that they throw doubt (and many of them do not scruple to avow it) on the final state of the myriads of unbaptized infants.* Whether they are, as some of the Fathers believed, neither happy nor miserable—consigned to a state of joyless apathy, or condemned to eternal suffering—we are all, it seems, in the dark. We may hope the best, but that is all the comfort that can be given us. To a Christian contemplating this world of sorrow, it has ever been one of the most delightful sources of consolation, that the decree which involved even infancy in the sentence of death, has converted a great part of the primeval curse into a blessing, and has peopled heaven with myriads of immortals, who after one brief pang of unremembered sorrow, have laid down for ever the burdens of humanity. It has been the dear belief of the Christian mother, that the provisions of the great spiritual economy are extended to the infant whom she brought forth in sorrow, and whom she committed to the dust with a sorrow still deeper; that he will assuredly welcome her at the gates of Paradise, arrayed in celestial beauty, and radiant with a cherub's smile. But all these gloriously sustaining hopes must be overcast in order to keep the mystical power of "regeneration" exclusively in the hands of the Episcopal Clergy. All charity, all decency, all humanity, as well as common sense, are to be outraged, rather than the power of conferring some inconceivable "nonentity" should be abandoned.

able to decide any thing. Perhaps it is therefore concealed, lest man's anxiety to hold onward to the avoiding of all sin should wax cold. But now, since the degree of *venial* iniquity, [what is *venial* iniquity?] if persevered in, is unknown, the eagerness to make progress by more instant continuance in prayer is quickened, and the carefulness to make holy friends of the mammon of unrighteousness is not despised."—Pusey, cited by M'Ilvaine. See also Letter to Bishop of Oxford, p. 83, 4th edition.

* "But I will rather suggest the consideration of the vastness of the power claimed by the Church—a power which places it almost on a level with God himself—the power of forgiving sins by wiping them out in baptism—of transferring souls from hell to heaven, without admitting a doubt of it, as when 'baptized infants,' it is said, 'dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved.'"—Sewell's *Christian Morals*, p. 247.

As to the Eucharist; if the doctrine of the Oxford School, especially according to the latest "development" be any thing less mysterious or more intelligible than the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation, we confess we cannot perceive it. That there is some great ineffable change wrought by the formulas of consecration, we are expressly told, but what, is not explained.*

On the alleged mysterious efficacy attending the administration of the Sacraments at the hand of the privileged priesthood, (what their personal character is, it appears, little matters,) similar observations may be made as upon the mysterious "gift" handed down in ordination from hand to hand. What is it? Is it any thing which can be distinguished from a nonentity,—seeing that it is not cognizable by sense, consciousness, or experience? Take baptismal regeneration, for example. What is imparted—what effected? If any change be produced, it surely ought to be stupendous, in order to justify the application of such a term; and it surely ought to be *moral*, for moral excellence is the design of the whole institute. Yet we look in vain for any such effects, or rather for any effects at all. Millions of the infants thus annually regenerated, present in all respects just

* See Mr. Newman on Art. XXVIII., Number Ninety.

"As regards the Holy Communion," says even Mr. Gladstone, "our Church . . . does not feel that the solemn words of the institution of the Eucharist are adequately, that is, scripturally, represented by any explanation which resolves them *into mere figure*; and she fears lest the faithful be thus defrauded of their consolation, and of their spiritual food."—Gladstone's *Church Principles*, p. 161.

Again—"There is no one passage in the New Testament which alludes to the Eucharist *at all*, which is otherwise than most naturally consistent (to say the least) with the idea of its mysterious and *miraculous* character."—*British Critic*, July, 1842, p. 73.

Again—"What is the meaning of the popular phrase, 'the age of miracles?' Is there all the difference, or, indeed, any thing more than the difference between things seen and unseen (a difference *worth nothing* in faith's estimate)—between healing the sick and converting the soul—raising man's natural body and raising him in *baptism* from the death of sin? Is the wonder wrought at the marriage of Cana a miracle, *and the change which the holy elements undergo, as consecrated by the priest, and received by the faithful, no miracle, simply because the one was perceptible to the natural eye, while the other is discerned by the spiritual alone?*"—*British Critic*, Vol. xxvii. pp. 259, 260.

This transcends all. We always thought that the very essence of a *miracle* consisted in its appealing to the senses of those in whose presence it is wrought. "It is wrought in their presence," virtually says this writer, "and is as wonderful a miracle as raising the dead, only you cannot see it—a difference worth nothing in faith's estimate." For similar doctrine, see Tract 85, p. 95.

the very same qualities—physical and moral—with those who have not been subjected to the process. Visibly do they grow up, neither wiser nor holier, nor better than the less fortunate infant who has been subjected to the unavailing baptism of the Presbyterian minister, or to no baptism at all. Here an amazing spiritual revolution, to describe which metaphor and hyperbole are exhausted, is supposed to be effected, which yet leaves absolutely no traces behind it—whether physical or moral. Nothing less than Omnipotence is introduced to effect that, of which, when effected, we have not the slightest evidence that it has been effected!

Such mysteries as these, if received at all, must be received just in the same manner, and for similar reasons, with the doctrine of Transubstantiation; and we cannot wonder that those who have no scruple in receiving the one, should adopt views indefinitely near the other. In both cases we are called upon to believe that a stupendous change has, in millions of instances, been effected, without any evidence that there has been any, or rather with all the evidence that our nature is susceptible of, that there has been none. In Transubstantiation, we are commanded to believe that a great *physical* change has been wrought, of which our senses give us no information; and in baptismal regeneration, that a great *spiritual* change has been wrought, of which both consciousness and experience give us just as little.

But as was said of Apostolical succession, so we may say of the "sacramental doctrine" connected with it, that no *mere arguments* can be more conclusive against it, than the feeling that it shocks the whole spirit of the Christian institute.

3. But perhaps this consciousness is more strongly felt in relation to the views held by this School respecting the Church, than in relation to any other subject. According to these men, the Church of Christ is *VISIBLE* and *ONE*; and as the Church can exist only where "the gospel is truly preached, and its ordinances are duly administered," while these are exclusively and inseparably connected with an episcopally-ordained clergy; they deny the name and privileges of the Church to every community in which such a ministry is not found, and as freely concede them wherever it is.*

* "Do not we hover about our ancient home, the home of Cyprian and Athanasius, without the heart to take up our abode in it, yet afraid to quit the sight of it; boasting of our Episcopacy, yet unwilling to condemn separatism; claiming a descent

Apparently, scarcely any pravity of doctrine, any flagitiousness of practice, is sufficient to annul this title where these channels of preternatural grace are found—no purity of doctrine, no blamelessness of conduct, can justify its application to a community in which they are not found. But as this Church is also *ONE*, it might be supposed an insuperable objection that the Romish, Greek, and English Churches—which are acknowledged to be "branches" of the *true* Church, but which all exist in a state of professed separation from one another, nay, which have reciprocally anathematized one another—must be proved to be *ONE*. One would imagine that *UNITY* in any community, must imply unity of government and jurisdiction; intercommunion of its members, or at the very least, perfectly friendly relations between its several "branches." And so Mr. Gladstone seems at first to admit; but he afterwards discovers, when it is convenient to discover it, that union in the Church by no means requires, as one of its essential conditions, "the consciousness (!) and actual or *possible* communication of the persons united."

It would sadly perplex any ordinary understanding to comprehend how communities can be one, which are not only hostile, but mutually excommunicate. If unity may still be preserved in such a case, it would really seem that there *might* be devised some reasonable way in which Episcopalians and Presbyterians might be regarded as *one*. An unsophisticated mind would imagine, that if unity is not impossible amongst those who respectively acknowledge the Thirty-nine Articles and the Tridentine Decrees, it should be not altogether impossible for those who acknowledge the Thirty-nine Articles and the Confession of faith, to find one Church large enough to hold both. But such a man would only show his ignorance of theology. The terms of communion must be wide enough to embrace the whole Churches of Greece and Rome, for they have the Apostolical suc-

from the apostles, yet doubting of the gifts attending it; and trying to extend the limits of the Church for the admission of Wesleyans and Presbyterians, while we profess to be exclusively primitive? Alas, is not this to witness against ourselves like coward sinners, who hope to serve the world without giving up God's service?"—"Whatever be our *private* differences with the Roman Catholics, we may join with them in condemning Socinians, Baptists, Independents, Quakers, and the like. But God forbid that we should ally ourselves with the offspring of heresy and schism, in our contest with any branches of the Holy Church which maintain the foundation, whatever may be their *incidental* corruptions!"—(*Oxford Tracts*, Vol. II; *Records of the Church*, No. XXV. pp. 3, 8, 9.)

cession; but not a single Lutheran or Presbyterian community, for they have it not.

Hence the fraternal yearnings of our Anglicans towards the Greek and Romish Churches. Hence the language recently quoted, "that it is evident at first sight that there is much grace and many high gifts" in each of these communions—hence the declaration, equally arrogant and insulting, cited in the preceding note from the Oxford Tracts—hence the lamentations over the Reformation as an untoward event, and all but "a fearful judgment"—hence their eagerness to show, though at the peril of exposing their own Church to the charge of having been guilty of a detestable schism, that the differences between England and Rome are far from being so momentous as those between Anglicans and other Protestants—hence it is that we see them stretching themselves half over the gulf which separates them from Popery, to the infinite hazard of toppling into it, for the purpose of touching only the tips of the fingers of their new friends and allies. But it will not do; as long as the *separation* itself is continued, their arguments will all be futile. Either that separation was justifiable or not; if it was, then are the Churches of Rome and England two communities, not one—and Rome heretical; if not, still they are two communities, and not one—and that of England schismatical. If the latter be the fact, let those who maintain these views act like men of sense and honor—return to the bosom of the Romish Church, and not only subscribe, but carry out, the following declaration of the Editors of the "Ecclesiastical Almanac" for the present year: "It is by the constant action of this principle, as upon our theological opinions so upon our RITUAL and CEREMONIAL, and indeed upon every branch of our religious life, that we may hope to prepare ourselves for that *union* for which we sigh, and which we are so far privileged as to be permitted to hope for, and even to begin to look forward to. For THIS who would not pray and labor as for an *end*, before which all other objects of desire sink into infinite insignificance? For these poor pages, at least, the motto has long been chosen, and must be year by year repeated. God grant

* *British Critic*, No. 59, p. 1.—"We trust, of course, that active and visible union with the see of Rome is not of the essence of a Church; at the same time we are deeply conscious that in lacking it, far from asserting a right, we forego a great privilege. Rome has imperishable claims on our gratitude, and, were it so ordered, on our deference... for her sins, and our own, we are estranged from her in presence, not in heart."—*Ibid.* p. 3.

it may ever be its sole aim TO HASTEN THAT UNION, AND RENDER OURSELVES WORTHY OF ENTERING INTO IT."*

Meantime, is it not wonderful that those who are astute enough to discover that the Romish, Greek, and English Churches all form constituent parts of *One Visible Church*, merely in virtue of holding Apostolic succession and kindred Church principles, should not recoil at the bigotry of *un-churching* all the reformed Churches of the Continent—the Church of Scotland, and the communities of dissenting Protestants! But here, again, the Oxford men are but carrying out their views consistently, however absurdly. The Bishop of London, indeed, naturally shocked at the uncharitableness of the above views, has, in his "Three Sermons on the Church," entered his protest against them. We only regret that he has protested on principles which, whatever respect we may feel for his charity, leave us little room to congratulate him either on his consistency or his logic. It is hopeless to contend against the Oxford men on the principles which his Lordship has laid down. He does not escape from one of the real difficulties in which the hypothesis of Church principles involves him, and is, in effect equally uncharitable. For how does this Prelate argue? He affirms that *ordinarily*, Episcopacy, and an Episcopally-ordained ministry, are essential to the constitution of a true Church; but hesitating at the thought of consigning all the foreign Reformed Churches to "the uncovenanted mercies of God," as no part of the true Church of Christ, he frames for them a special exception, on the ground that their *individual members* have no choice, (there being no Episcopal Church to which they can join themselves;) while he consigns the Dissenting communities at home to the said "uncovenanted mercies," or to no mercies at all, (as the case may be,) because it is their duty to join the Church of England. How they can do so, if they conscientiously believe they *ought* not; and whether his Lordship, in saying they can and ought, be not constituting himself a judge of conscience, it may be wise in him to consider. But let that pass. It is plain, that on his Lordship's principles the foreign Reformed Churches are no true Churches; for though it is true that *individual members* of those Churches may not have had an opportunity of availing themselves of the inestimable advantages of "apostolical succession;" the churches themselves, (of which, and of

* *Ecclesiastical Almanac*, 1843, p. 5.

which alone, his Lordship is professedly speaking,) considered as entire communities, have had the opportunity any time within the last three centuries. They are therefore, as communities, no true Churches, however charitably his Lordship may be supposed "to hope" respecting individual members. But we will further try his Lordship's test by an additional instance, which he has done wisely to keep out of sight, although it lay at his very door. We ask, "Is the Church of Scotland a true Church?" If his Lordship answers in the affirmative, it must be for *some* reason: it cannot be because she embraces Episcopacy, for she repudiates it; it cannot be because she could not have effected reunion with the Episcopal Church, had she been so pleased;—nay, she has not only had Episcopacy offered, but thrust upon her, and has, doubtless, deeply sinned in wilfully rejecting it. It can then only be on the ground of her being established. But then a totally different criterion of a true Church is at once admitted; will his Lordship affirm that every Church *established* is a true Church? If, on the other hand, he says that the Scottish Church is *not* a true Church, then, for aught we can see, he may just as well go the whole length of his censured, but more consistent brethren of Oxford. We will submit another case to his Lordship, still near home. Let us cross the Irish Channel. Is the Romish Church there a true Church, and entitled to the allegiance of the people?—if not, it appears that it is possible that the criterion of an Episcopal ministry may fail; if it be, then it is at least as much entitled to a rightful obedience as the Anglican Church. If his Lordship says, No, because it is not *established*, he again introduces a criterion of a true Church inconsistent with his theory. Such are the inconsistencies in which this Prelate is involved. We thank him for his charity; but we cannot be content to hoodwink ourselves to palpable absurdities and inconsistencies, even in order to be charitable; and can only regret that he did not "find out a more excellent way" of rebuking that bigotry at which he is naturally shocked, and which we once more say, is a stronger argument against the errors of the Oxford school than any, or all besides. God forbid that we should deny the member of any community—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Independent, who holds the essential doctrines of Christianity, and is manifestly animated by its spirit—to be a member of the true Church! We feel that whom we dare not deny to be a "Christian," we dare

not deny to be a member of Christ's Church. We feel that the saying of Robert Hall commends itself at once to common sense, to the highest reason, and to the noblest instincts of our moral nature—"he who is good enough for Christ, is good enough for me."

Views so extraordinary as those on which we have commented—so unsupported by reason and so destructive of charity—ought surely to be authenticated by the clearest utterances of Revelation. Even then, it may perhaps be said that their reception would present greater difficulties than ever yet troubled an infidel; but strange to say, it is admitted by their very advocates, that one of the greatest difficulties connected with these doctrines is the *prima facie* evidence of Scripture against them; that they are not at all events on the *surface* nor explicitly stated, but are to be *developed* out of mysterious hints and ambiguous whispers.* Further, the very *texts* on which they exhaust every art of exegetical torture to make them speak their mind, sound, when thus interpreted, so cold, constrained, and frigid, that they acknowledge, again and again, that these doctrines cannot be established by Scripture alone; and they therefore discreetly call in the authoritative voice of tradition.

4. It is, then, a further dogma of this School, that the Scriptures are *not* the sole, or a perfect rule of faith; that they are to be *supplemented* by tradition; that they furnish at best but the germ of an imperfectly developed Christianity—which is to be found full-blown and perfect somewhere, (no one can tell where,) in the third, or fourth, or fifth, or sixth century, or some century still later; and that the Fathers have much to tell us of undoubted apostolical authority, which the Apostles themselves have failed to tell.

Infinite are the disputes which such a theory instantly gives rise to. In essence and principle it in nowise differs from that of Rome, (for it affirms both a *written* and an *unwritten word*;) it differs only in the pleasant and gratuitously perplexing addition, that it is impossible to assign the period within which the circle of Catholic verities may be supposed complete—the period when the slowly developed church-system became ripe, but had not yet become rotten. The unity of faith which is thus sought, is farther off than ever; for the materials of discord are enlarged a thousand-fold.

1. There is the dispute as to whether

* No. 85, *passim*.

there be any such authoritative rule of faith at all; and this alone promises to be an endless controversy.

2. Even if we were to admit the possible existence of such a rule, the uncertainty in its application would preclude the possibility of its being of any use.

3. Even if men in general are told that they need not inquire for themselves, but just receive what their "authorized guides" choose to tell them, private judgment is still pressed with insuperable difficulties; for alas, we find that the "authorized guides" themselves, in the exercise of *their* private judgment, have arrived at very different conclusions as to what is Catholic verity, and what is not. It is very easy for Mr. Newman to talk in magniloquent phrase of that much abused abstraction, the "Church;" and to represent his system of "Church principles" as one and complete in every age. But when we inquire *which* is that Church, *what* are the doctrines it has delivered as the complete circle of verity, and who are its infallible interpreters, we find those whom these authorized guides proclaim *equally* authorized, at endless variance;—Romanists, Greeks, and Anglicans, differing in judgment from each other, and from themselves. In a word, we find the "Church" is just Mr. Newman or Dr. Pusey—not unbecomingly disguised in the habiliments of a somewhat antiquated lady, and uttering their "private judgments" as veritable oracles. What can one of these "guides" say to "a brother guide," who declares, "I adopt your principles, and it appears to me and many others, that on the same grounds on which you contend for the apostolical succession—that is, on the authority of the ancient Church—I must contend for the celibacy of the clergy?" Or to another who declares, "on our common principles I think there is good reason to admit the invocation of saints, the worship of images, the doctrine of the efficacy of holy relics, the monastic institute, to be of apostolical origin?" Or to another, "it appears to me that the doctrine of purgatory is but a *development* of the doctrine which justifies prayers for the dead?" Or to another, "you will not go beyond such and such a century in determining your Catholic orthodoxy; I think the limit ought to be fixed a century later, or two centuries, or three?" What can he reply? He may perhaps say, "*We* can show when your doctrines came in." "Ah!" he replies, "so it appears to *you*; but it appears to *me*, that on the same principles another person may show when your fa-

vorite doctrines came in; for I do nothing more than adopt your principles of 'expansion' and 'development'—of improving 'hints,' of harmonizing apparent contradictions, and so on; and my doctrines are thus brought out as clearly as those for which you contend. There is no greater apparent discrepancy between my favorite doctrine and those of the Fathers of the third century, than there is between those you extract from the Fathers of the third century and the Scriptures." "But *we* decide otherwise." "But who are *we*?" is the instant and scornful reply.

Such is, in fact, the inevitable course which the controversy is taking; till at last thousands of Anglicans are contending for the system of the fourth or fifth century, and even there feel that their footing is insecure.

This variety of result is inevitable. 1. The very elements from which this Catholic system of theology is to be collected, are in a great degree doubtful;—intermixed with forgeries; disfigured by interpolations, erasures, mutilations; so that it has transcended all mortal skill to settle the patristic canon. 2. What one man receives as genuine, another rejects as spurious; and endless is the controversy as to which is right. 3. The works themselves, spurious and genuine, are most formidably voluminous, written in different languages, and each of them *dead*. 4. They contain much of universally acknowledged error, and a pleasing assemblage of obscurities and contradictions. 5. Some are dark with curious subtleties, and others as much disguised by rhetorical exaggerations. 6. Owing to these and other circumstances, it is possible for very different controvertists to prove from them very different conclusions, and to wage an interminable war of citations and counter-citations. The Romanist brings forward a citation:—"you are to consider the rhetorical mode of reasoning of these venerable men," exclaims the Protestant. The Protestant countercites—"you are not to forget," says the Romanist, "that it was said in the heat of controversy, when it is so natural to deal in unlimited propositions." The Romanist is ready with another; "the writing is not genuine—most probably a forgery," shouts the Protestant—"all critics allow it to have been at least grievously interpolated." To a fourth it is said, "it is an interpolation of the Greeks." To a fifth, "it was foisted in by the Latins." To a sixth, "the passage is corrupt; there are five different readings, and twice as many renderings." To a seventh, "it is a contradiction only in ap-

pearance; we can easily harmonize the statement." To an eighth, "though it be only a *hint*, you are to consider the '*reserve*' of the early Church." To a ninth, "true, that passage says so, but here is another from the same author, directly in the teeth of it:" and so on forever.* Such is the unity to which the guidance of tradition has ever led, and will ever lead us; and of this the present controversies—the goodly array of books which stand at the head of this article—and the many others which might be added to them, afford a signal and irrefragable proof. Unity! Babel itself is but a faint image of this "confusion of tongues."

But the advocates of tradition profess to have discovered an unfailing directrix in all difficulties, in the far-famed rule of Vincentius Lirinensis—that we are to believe what has been delivered EVERYWHERE, ALWAYS, and BY ALL: "QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UBIQUE, QUOD AB OMNIBUS TRADITUM EST." This rule sounds plausible, but on examination will be found to involve, for reasons already hinted, most complicated difficulties in its application; and is about as serviceable as a certain guide-post, which assured the traveller that when it was *under water*, that road was impassable. This, however true, would not prevent his being drowned before he made the discovery. When we come to examine the rule, we find that if we take it *without* limitations it is a manifest absurdity; and if we take it with all the limitations it requires, it becomes as manifest a nullity;—not to mention that, at the very least, it leaves open the question, who is to *determine* what has been thus delivered "always, everywhere, and by all?"—a question not very easy of solution, when we reflect that both Romanists and Anglicans profess to receive it, and yet reach widely different results.

But to consider the rule itself. We will not here refine, as some have done, and say that it is ambiguously expressed; that it *may* be so interpreted as to imply that we are to receive all that has ever been delivered for truth; in a word, that we are to believe error and truth, heresy and orthodoxy, contradictions and paradoxes—such a creed as may well be supposed too much

* The Archbishop of Dublin has well illustrated this subject:—"The mass of Christians are called on to believe and do what is essential to Christianity, in implicit reliance on the *reports* of their respective pastors, as to what certain deep theological antiquarians have *reported to them*, respecting the *reports* given by certain ancient Fathers, of the *reports* current in their times concerning Apostolical usages and institutions."

for even a Montanist or a Marcionite. We will take it for granted that it means, that that *only* is to be received for Catholic verity which has been affirmed by all conjointly, at all times, and everywhere. But taken even in this sense, we have, at the very outset, a notable instance of what is called reasoning in a circle. For when it is asked—"Is the word '*all*' to be taken absolutely?" The answer is—"By no means." "Who are the '*all*' then?" Answer—"The Orthodox alone." "And who are the Orthodox?" "Those who hold what has been delivered by '*all*.'" This is limitation the first. But now, let us suppose this difficulty evaded by some subterfuge, and the authorities to which appeal is to be made otherwise determined. We proceed to ask then—does this rule mean, that whatever is delivered for truth must be expressly asserted by all whom the advocates of the rule itself invest with a vote? Are we, for example, to look for the whole circle of affirmed Catholic verities in the writings of the apostolical Fathers? "No," must be the reply, "it is sufficient that they do not contradict them. Their silence must be supposed to give consent." To this it might be replied, that this is at once to abandon the rule, or rather to take for granted the very thing to be proved; while we have a sufficient explanation of the *silence* of these earliest Fathers in the fact, that it was impossible for them to anticipate, and therefore to condemn all the absurd innovations and corruptions which after ages would bring in. They were no prophets; Clement could not anticipate the vagaries of a Tertullian, nor Polycarp predict those of an Origen; any more than Cranmer could have supposed that such a peculiar logician as Mr. Newman would, at the distance of three centuries, arise to prove that the Articles might be explained away. This, then, is limitation the *second*. It is *not* necessary that all that we are to believe should be expressly affirmed by all who are included in the circle of authorities; that is, we are to believe much which *non ab omnibus traditum est*. But if the supposed argument drawn from their silence be of any avail, then let us consider with what weapons we are to combat the Romanist, who is continually playing off against us this very stratagem. Why may not *he* urge, on behalf of transubstantiation, (which undoubtedly for many ages could boast the *ubique et ab omnibus*), the same apology for the silence or the ambiguous utterances of earlier Fathers, as our Anglicans urge for many of those novelties

which are not to be found in the Apostolical Fathers? To both or neither is the course open—to say that Christianity was a gradually developed system; that it does not appear in its perfect proportions till some ages after the Apostles had gone to their rest; and that we are not to wonder that many Catholic verities are very slightly noticed, or not at all, in the earliest age. Thus these parties may endlessly refute each other, but mean time, by that very dispute the boasted rule is shown to be a nullity. But if we are to believe nothing but what is affirmed BY ALL, AT ALL TIMES, EVERYWHERE, then any one of those whom they themselves challenge as orthodox, will do as a standard as well as the rest—Clement of Rome, for example. If they say, “True, but nevertheless there are many things which, though he did not assert, he *would* have asserted had he written about them, or thought of it,”—this is again to abandon the rule, and to substitute conjecture for it. If it be said, we imagine all believed these things, because later writers generally testify they did, we again reply, this is to imagine and not to prove, and will do as well for the Romanists as for you; for of course each succeeding age will take care to authenticate its own corruptions; and, right or wrong, vouch for its predecessor. Thus, if we may believe the Papists, Peter was first Bishop of Rome; and if the Oxford Tractists, prayer for the dead is an Apostolical tradition. But we come to a third limitation. When we ask—“But is it true that the dissent on *any* point, on the part of any one of those whom you deem in the main orthodox—as Clement of Alexandria, for example—is sufficient to invalidate that article?” The answer is—“No, certainly;” but then what becomes of your *quod ab omnibus*? for there is hardly an article, (if we except those great fundamental truths, which we can at once extract from the Scriptures without any thanks to these worthies)—there is hardly one of the opinions which you peculiarly patronize but is denied by some of them. Answer—It is not necessary that Catholic verity be asserted by all absolutely, but only by the “*greater part*.” Limitation the *third*;—set down, then, that *omnes* means the “*greater part*.” But we have not yet half done with the difficulties of the rule: we here come to a curious problem of limits. It is said that it is not necessary that each article of faith should be admitted by all those who are included in the circle of authorities, but only by “the *greater part*.” Pray, how much “*greater*” is this “*greater part*” to

be? Will a bare majority of one, or two, or three, or half a dozen, or half a score, be sufficient? or if not, of how many? What is to be the ratio of suffrages which shall determine *that* to be Catholic truth, which otherwise would be no truth at all? And if the judgments of different men differ as to what this ratio ought to be, (as they needs must, where there is nothing but caprice to determine them,)—who is to be the judge as to whose judgment is to be received? Even supposing that impossible point decided—who is to be the judge as to what opinions have or have not the requisite majority of authorities to back them? But yet again, if a bare majority, or any thing short of unanimity, will be sufficient, are you prepared to receive any of those doctrines or usages which are sustained by an *equal* majority, with any one of those you enjoin upon our belief? If so, this precarious rule will compel you to go much further than you have hitherto gone—if not, you have gone much too far. The doctrine of the Millenaries, now universally abandoned, and explicitly condemned by you; the administration of the Eucharist to infants; the celibacy of the clergy; the monastic institute; superstitious reverence for relics; the worship of the saints; the monkish miracles; and what would be quite as hard for *you* to digest, the popular election of Bishops and their voluntary support, can plead as large an amount of authority to sustain them, as many of those tenets which you enjoin upon us. He who wishes to see this subject fully handled may consult Mr. Isaac Taylor’s able and elaborate work, entitled *Ancient Christianity*, on which we shall presently offer a few remarks. He plies the Oxford Tractists with this argument very fairly, and shows, in our judgment conclusively, that they are shut up to one of two courses; either to *develop* their system much further, (for which, if we may judge by recent demonstrations, they are fully prepared,) or retrace their steps to the principles of the Reformation.

Once more; as it is a part of the rule that what we are to believe must have been not only universally received, but *always*, that body of truth must have been as perfect in the earliest times as the latest; there is, therefore, no occasion to go lower than the first age—that is, to the Scriptures themselves, and honestly to apply the rule to them. That the truth was subsequently received by greater numbers, or was more widely diffused, is nothing to the purpose, and does not affect its integrity. The base

of a pyramid may be enlarged; but as every section of the pyramid parallel to it, cuts off a precisely similar pyramid, so if the body of doctrine we are to receive has been *always* the same—it was just the same in the Apostolic age as in the fifth century, or in our own, and we may as well stop there. Thus a perfectly fair application of this much vaunted rule, issues most unexpectedly, but most legitimately, in allowing us to defer to the exclusive authority of Scripture; and with this fresh limitation we are willing to abide by it. The Apostles shall be our *omnes*, their writings our *ubique*, and their age our *semper*. "But," says the Anglican, "though it is true that the body of truth has always been the same, and is therefore entire in the Scriptures, it is not on the *surface* there—it is five hundred fathoms deep—it must be *developed*; they contain but hints which require *expansion*." In the first place, this is begging the very question; and in the next place, it is just what the Romanists tell us, who, adopting the very same rule, and using no greater artifice of *expansion*, "expand" the system of the Scriptures into the system of Trent.

But further still; will these imitators of Rome, in borrowing Rome's own rule, apply it fairly to *all ages* of the Church? Will they take the *semper* absolutely? "No, by no means," is the reply; "for how should we confute the Romanists, who truly allege that during many ages doctrines have been professed, universally and by all, which we deny?" What then, we ask, is your *semper*? Within what limits is *always* to be confined? "That question does not admit of an answer," says Mr. Newman; "we had better not perplex ourselves with it: 'the era of purity' cannot be determined within less than 400 years; it was not 'much earlier than the Council of Sardica, A. D. 347, nor so late as the second Nicene Council, A. D. 787!'" What a curious solution of a historical problem, which brings us somewhere within 400 years of the truth, and leaves the rule of Vincentius of uncertain application, within that very period in which the doctrines and practices were *developed* on which the very gist of the controversy depends! However, as limitation the *last*, let it be noted that *semper* means not *always*, as some foolish people imagine; but some time between 347 and 787 years.

Thus the rule which Vincentius Lirinensis has delivered with so much gravity and solemnity, amounts to this—that we are religiously to receive all doctrines, which some unknown persons have, in some unde-

termined places, delivered for truth at some uncertain periods! But the rule becomes yet more flagrantly absurd, as less epigrammatically delivered by himself. It then sinks into the most contemptible of truisms; for he takes care, as Dailé has remarked, to fence his proposition with so many limitations, that if they could but be all complied with, he must be an infidel indeed who would refuse assent to it. He tells us, in his own inimitable style, that "he speaks not of any authors, but only of such as having piously, wisely, and constantly lived, preached, and persevered in the Catholic faith and communion, obtained the favor at length, either to die faithfully in Christ, or else had the happiness of being crowned with martyrdom for Christ's sake;" he further adds, "that we are to receive as undoubtedly true, certain, and definitive, whatsoever all the aforesaid authors, or at least the greater part of them, have clearly, frequently, and constantly affirmed, with an unanimous consent, receiving, retaining, and delivering it over to others, as it were jointly, and making up all of them but one common and unanimous council of doctors." Whence it appears, as Dailé has fully shown, and not without a touch of humor unwonted in him, that "all that Vincentius here promises us is no more than this, that we may be sure not to be deceived, provided that we believe no other doctrines save what are holy and true. This promise of his is like that which little children are wont to make, when they tell you that you shall never die if you but always eat." So that to the inquiry—"What is the Catholic faith?" it appears that we are at liberty to reply that it is the doctrine of those who have "*piously, wisely, and constantly* lived, preached, and maintained to the death—the Catholic faith;" or, at all events, of the *greater part* of such. A truly cautious conclusion!

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the extravagant claims which our modern lovers of antiquity prefer on behalf of the Fathers. It is true that Mr. Newman, by way of obviating the argument arising from their unspeakable weaknesses and extravagances, assures us that it is not their individual authority, but their concurrent testimony, to any point of doctrine and ritual, which sanctions it as of Apostolical origin. But then, as it is difficult to say how far it may be necessary to draw upon these holy men, or how far their poor credit will serve to give currency to the preposterous doctrines for which they are made responsible, it is as well to accredit as

much of their worthless paper as possible. If there be a concurrence of a majority, their authority is then infallible; if only of a considerable number, the most egregious puerility ceases to be such; while the opinion only of one, though it may appear downright craziness to common sense, is to be treated with silent veneration. Throughout the Oxford Tracts, and more especially in Number Eighty-Nine, (On the Mysticism of the Fathers)—a besotting and besotted veneration is constantly inculcated towards them.* Many of their most extravagant absurdities are not merely palliated, but lauded:—even their inimitable vagaries in the way of allegorical interpretation, are seriously recommended to our devout attention; and we are told to inquire whether we have not lost much by renouncing the system which led to them. The tone of reverence, which is every where maintained and enjoined, is evidently designed to perplex the understanding of the ignorant and timid, (an artifice in common use with this School,) and to foster the belief that the Fathers are too *sacred* to be dealt with as merely human authors. No matter how childish, how ludicrous the fancies which provoke our laughter, these writers shake their heads and say, "Beware how you despise things that *may* be sacred."†

* "A devout mind will probably at once acknowledge on which side, in the present question, the *peril of erring will be greatest*. The question is like that of the general evidences of religion; a person who would go into it *with advantage*, should be imbued *beforehand* with a kind of natural piety, which will cause him to remember all along, that *perhaps when he comes to the end of his inquiry, he will find that God was all the while really there*."—(Oxford Tracts, No. 89, p. 5.)

† After vindicating the patristic system of allegorical and mystical interpretation as a *system*, and fearlessly justifying it in some of the most extravagant instances—as, for example, in those absurd fancies in which the Fathers persisted in discovering types of the cross and baptism in every mention of *wood* and *water* in the Old Testament—as in the *rods* which Jacob stuck in the *troughs* before Laban's sheep, or the *staff* with which he passed over the *river Jordan*, or in the *ladder* which he saw in a dream—(on which the Tractist actually makes the following inconceivably silly remark, "This example is not irrelevant, since a ladder is part, so to speak, of the furniture of the cross;")—after all this, pursued at great length and with most edifying solemnity—the writer makes this frank statement—"Some examples have been given above: examples purposely selected, many of them, as the likeliest to startle and scandalize a mere modern reader; and something, it is hoped, has been done towards showing, that in those cases, at least, the holy Fathers well knew what they were about (?); that they proceeded in interpreting Scripture on the surest ground—the

The author of the Tract in question is even so infatuated as to express his regret that the selections from the Fathers to which the people have been occasionally treated, are such as to give the reader a too favorable opinion of them; that is, that the Editors of such selections have exercised some discretion, and extracted only the better parts of these authors. "But the very circumstance," says he, "of such selections being made with a view to modern prejudices, shows that they can do no more than palliate the evil. When a reader passes from specimens of that kind to the whole body of any Father's writings, he is apt to feel as if he had been unfairly dealt with, and is inclined rather to be the more intolerant of the many things which he is sure to meet wit, alien to his former tastes and habits of thought."* He proceeds, therefore, to expose more freely the (in popular opinion) more questionable "sayings and doings" of the Fathers; in the hope, no doubt, that the public, on becoming familiarized with, may be enamored of them; and this Tract, in which so much that is whimsical and delirious in the Fathers is not only apologized for, but cited with applause, may be considered as a sort of tentative experiment—a test of the patience and stupidity of the English people.†

We, too, share in the author's hopes, that the public may no longer be restricted to the more "select" portions of the Fathers. We differ widely in our anticipations of the effect of throwing open the doors of this storehouse of learning. We are convinced that the plain good sense of the Eng-

warrant of Scripture itself in analogous cases."—(No. 89, p. 40.)

"But in order to *appreciate rightly* the Fathers' reasoning in such places, we ought, of course, to recollect, that its force lies in the accumulation of instances. It is not necessary that each *anecdote*, taken by itself, should be a complete type of the evangelical truth, at which the sum of the whole points: e. g., though a person questioned the *distinct* allusion to any Christian mystery, in the account, taken singly, of Jacob using rods to influence the breed of Laban's cattle, still it must come in as one among many examples, to show how constantly the Almighty employed that material, which was to be the instrument of redemption, as a conveyance of temporal blessings to his chosen people (!)"

* No. 89, p. 8.

† "It is a subject," he says, "which scholars in general have, perhaps, been apt to treat over lightly, not to say profanely; so that, in speaking of it, a person insensibly falls into the apologetic tone; but the more we really come to know and think of it, the more deeply, perhaps, shall we feel, that even that tone is inexcusable presumption, compared with what would become us in making mention of those who come nearest the Apostles, and had, in greatest perfection, the mind of Christ."—(No. 89, p. 38.)

lish people would immediately resent the attempt to blind and delude them; and reject with abhorrence that idolatry of the Fathers, to which they are invited to degrade themselves. We thank the Oxford divines for having projected and partly executed a "library of the Fathers," and heartily bid them go on. The only thing we fear is, lest they should not give us those unique specimens of madness and folly, which the patristic literature supplies. If they will not, we trust that others will. It will be easy to furnish a "Supplement" to the "Library;" and we confidently anticipate that we shall be able to say of this appeal to the Fathers, what Chillingworth says of a certain argument of his opponent: "though it may seem to do you great service for the present, yet you will repent the time that ever you urged it against us." We are convinced that nothing more is needed than the indiscriminate exposure of an impartial sample of the works of these unparalleled writers to the popular gaze, to obliterate that feeling of traditional reverence with which they are regarded. The drunken Helots never taught the Spartans a more wholesome lesson of temperance than the inimitable antics of these holy men would teach the present age the folly of deferring to them as our spiritual guides; and still more of investing them under any conditions with the authority of Scripture. It is impossible, however, to help wondering at the infatuation implied in thus throwing open to public gaze the "treasures" of the Fathers. These writers had better by half adhere to their wiser maxims of "reserve in the communication of religious knowledge." But whatever be the motive, we rejoice at the step they have taken. It will be singular should they in this way become the iconoclasts of their own idols, and by a sort of righteous retribution, the reformers of their own errors. The task of freely exposing the errors and absurdities of the Ancient Church, has in a certain degree been performed by Mr. Taylor in his "Ancient Christianity," on which we must here offer a few remarks. The work has more than the author's usual excellences, and fewer of his characteristic defects.—There is less of the indistinct haze and magniloquent common-place, which are too often found in his other writings; while the earnestness of controversy has certainly improved his manner—leaving him less leisure for the false glare and *splendida vitia*, which so commonly taint his style. Here, however, as elsewhere, he is often exceedingly prolix: of simple energy, of the art

of saying much in few words, he seems to have but a faint idea. But these are small matters; and it is a duty to notice some others which are not trivial. One is the almost offensive egotism by which he has stated his claims to be considered nearly sole champion in this great cause; another is the perilous concessions which, in his first Number, he was induced to make, and which he has since, in almost every page, been compelled virtually to retract. As to the first, it is amusing to find him cutting off first one body of religionists, and then another—some parties *in* the Church and all *out* of it—as quite incapable of encountering champions of such redoubted learning, and all but invincible prowess, as the new Knights of Oxford; and then modestly naming himself as one who may be deemed not insufficiently equipped for this glorious adventure. He lays great stress not only upon his familiarity with patristic literature, but upon his having access to a complete collection of the Fathers! We have no doubt that there are many men, both in the Church and out of it, who have a knowledge of this peculiar species of literature quite sufficient to qualify them to take part in that good work in which Mr. Taylor is engaged; and we know that access to the Fathers is not altogether a singular privilege. Whether he has assumed this tone from an unconscious tendency to magnify the importance of cherished and solitary studies, or whether from a desire to impress his readers with a deep conviction of the difficulty of the achievement which he proposed to himself, we know not; and most assuredly we should not have alluded to the topic, were it not that it tends to strengthen the delusion which the tone of the Oxford Tractists was all along calculated to produce, that they were monopolists of some peculiar sources of information, and that none but persons of the profoundest erudition could be presumed to be in possession even of the data on which to form an opinion of the soundness or unsoundness of their views. This we must be permitted to designate sheer delusion. It is true that patristic literature had been little studied by the mass of educated persons, but it was from an impression (and a correct impression, too) of its general worthlessness. Nor were the data on which that opinion had gradually diffused itself scanty or insufficient. Though the Oxford Tract writers insinuated that that impression was the result of ignorance, and suffered themselves to speak contemptuously of those who had not merely a

knowledge of such writers as Chillingworth, and Daillé,* but had studied the Fathers quite long enough to convince them that they were not worth studying longer;—though they thought it a sufficient answer to a Whately or a Shuttleworth, to insinuate that they were mere sciolists in patristic literature, because they had been too wise to waste life in reading little or nothing else; yet is it quite certain that every nook of this vast field had been explored again and again, and the results fully given to the world, in works which were written long before Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman were born, and which will be read long after they are forgotten. More especially is it true, that, in relation to that dogma of the new School now under consideration, ample materials for forming a judgment were long since provided in works on the Romish controversy. Daillé was no sciolist; Jeremy Taylor was not, it is presumed, deficient in learning; Chillingworth was no schoolboy; Stillingfleet and Hall were not to be despised;—all these and many others had learning quite equal to that of any of the authors of the Oxford Tracts; and in powers of reasoning and argument, and, we will add, a love of truth, were immeasurably their superiors. Mr. Taylor is indeed pleased to say, that “Whatever analogies may seem to connect the doctrines of the Oxford Tracts with Popery, the difference between the two is such, as those must certainly be disappointed who, hastily snatching up the rusty swords and spears of the Reformers, rush, so accoutred, upon the Oxford divines.”† But we have no occasion to confute this statement; for the progress of the controversy, and a more correct appreciation of its bearings, have compelled him to confute it himself. “By explicit avowals, or implied approbation, or in the mode of delicate allusion, these writers,” says he, “in their various publications, have at length taken to themselves every thing in Romanism which is of earlier date than the close of the fifth century;”‡ and he further tells us, “Romanism, and nothing else, has become the subject of the great argument which the Oxford Tract writers have ori-

* Even Daillé himself does not escape the same sort of depreciation. It is thus the writer of the Tract on “Mysticism” allows himself to speak of that truly learned man:—“By his skill in rhetorical arrangement, and by a certain *air* of thorough command of his subject, which he has been very successful in assuming, he became at once the standard author for all who took that side of the question.”—(No 89, p. 1.)

† *Ancient Christianity*, No. 1, p. 18.

‡ No. 4, p. 5.

ginated. Candor now scarcely demands that the alleged distinction between the Anglo-Catholic Church system and the faith and worship of the Tridentine Council should any longer be much regarded. This difference, be it what it may, affects no fundamental principle.”*

We wonder that Mr. Taylor did not see this from the first. Though particular points disputed between the Romanists and Protestants are different from those in question between the Anglicans and their opponents, yet the general principles in controversy are the very same; and the great dogma now under consideration—the authority of the Fathers, and the value of Tradition—had often been subjected to the fullest investigation. The vagueness of the rule of Vincentius Lirinensis, and the uncertainty of tradition, are as clearly asserted and demonstrated by Jeremy Taylor, (a writer in some respects fondly claimed by the Oxford School,) as they could be by Isaac Taylor. But further: we affirm that the very same views which Mr. Taylor maintains, had in substance been given to the world in works which had no special reference to the Popish controversy. In Mosheim’s *History*, and still more in his *De Rebus Christianorum ante Constantinum*,†—a work of the most extensive and searching erudition,—practically the same conclusions are drawn respecting the early and wide-spread corruptions of the Church. None will pretend that Mosheim had not learning, and none but an Oxfordist that he wanted judgment. Precisely the same conclusions are established in the writings (though less calm and impartial) of Jortin, and of Conyers Middleton. But why do we say all this? Merely to dissipate the illusion that the Tractist champions are in possession of some exclusive treasures of knowledge;—an illusion which we think the first Number of Mr. Taylor’s work would go to confirm. We ridicule the notion that none are competent to form an opinion on the present controversy, unless they have given a “lifetime” (which Mr. Newman says it requires) to this species of reading. Any plain man, with the Bible in one hand, and Chillingworth, Daillé, and Mosheim in the other, need not fear to pronounce on the truth of the *principles* asserted by the Anglicans. Is it necessary

* No. 8, Vol. ii. 379.

† Of a portion of this work, an excellent translation (a little too wordy, perhaps,) has been given to the world by Mr. Vidal. The first volume appeared in 1813, the third in 1835. We shall be glad to see it completed.

to read through the Koran and all its commentators in order to pronounce on the claims of Mahomet; or to toil through the absurdities of the Talmud before being qualified to say that the Rabbis are not to be trusted?

But Mr Taylor has also run into a more serious error. He has been pleased to claim a certain indefinite "authority" for the Fathers; and has suffered himself to speak most strangely of the celebrated maxim, "that the Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." What this authority, over and above that which may be yielded to any other human beings, may be, he nowhere distinctly informs us. He asserts that "divine Providence has connected the later with the earlier Church by a link which can never be severed; and which connexion implies a general duty of acquainting ourselves with the records of the early Church, and of *yielding such a specific deference* to its testimony and judgment as is not to be claimed for the Church of any later period."* Again: he says, "it has been nothing so much as this inconsiderate 'Bible alone' outcry, that has given modern Popery so long a reprieve in the heart of Protestant countries."† He appears to lay much stress on the old fallacy, that we depend on the Fathers for ascertaining the canon of Scripture itself; and hence would seem to infer that we are in fact dependent on them for a great deal more. Much has been founded on this argument, yet most illogically. We do certainly admit the Fathers to be witnesses to the fact, that in their day such and such books were received as of undoubted apostolical authorship; just as we admit their successors of any succeeding age to be "witnesses" that they also had the same books. They are witnesses of a "fact;" and, as they had eyes and ears, we have no reason to distrust them. But we need not enlarge on this subject; and the less, that whatever mysterious and inexplicable authority Mr. Taylor may claim for these men beyond that of any other witnesses, he has taken effectual care to dissipate the illusion in the course of his work. In truth, the impression that he must leave on every reader's mind is, that more unsafe guides it is impossible to follow. He expressly says, (and there is much more to the same purpose,)—"in proving them to have grossly perverted the Gospel, and to be amongst the worst guides which the Church can follow, we are driven to the

necessity of producing evidence which no motive less imperative would have led us to bring forward."* In this, and the preceding case, we appeal from Mr Taylor's first thoughts to his second.

We should also probably differ from Mr. Taylor in relation to the *date*, extent, and *rate* of progress of certain corruptions; and in some instances cannot but think he has damaged his cause by overstating it. It would also have been as well had he refrained from citing some authorities of doubtful quality; though, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, we do not know what his opponents could fairly reply. He has been assailed, for example, for having made use of Athanasius's "Life of St Anthony;" yet Mr. Newman, in his "Church of the Fathers," admits its *substantial* authenticity, and deduces from it some most edifying conclusions.

In spite of these, and some minor defects, we cannot but regard Mr. Taylor's work as a most valuable contribution to the cause of Scriptural Christianity; and, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, most creditable to his talents, energy, and learning.

The Fathers will receive, and ought to receive, just the degree of respect that we should pay to any other men, and no more; that is, their authority will be in proportion to their knowledge, good sense, freedom from prejudice, honesty, and opportunities of forming a judgment. It may be supposed, indeed, that the last circumstance, considering their proximity to the Apostolic age, would give them a decided superiority over every other class of writers; but it is very possible that their disadvantages in *other* respects may depress their authority in the greater number of cases below that even of a third-rate student of Scripture of a later age—just as a man with bad eyes may not see an object so clearly at fifty yards, as another with good ones may see it at half a mile. Now, almost all the Fathers had very bad eyes; and, what is worse, they attempted to remedy the defect by still worse spectacles. On this point the reader will find some admirable remarks in Dr. Shuttleworth's treatise on Tradition.

The reason of this phenomenon is not far to seek. Many of the Fathers, indeed, were men of unquestionable genius, and of large erudition (such as it was); and small portions of many of their writings may be read with profit. But they were all

* *Ancient Christianity*, No. 1, p. 46.

† *Ibid.* No. 1, p. 56.

* No. 5, p. 26.

more or less tainted—most of them deeply—with the false maxims and pernicious prejudices which characterized their day; and from the influence of which, without being more than human, it was impossible that they could be free. This is no disparagement to their genius or their learning, any more than it is disrespectful to Descartes or Kepler to affirm, that having been early imbued with false principles of science, they constructed theories which we do not feel bound to reverence, because we reverence the *men*. We can separate Descartes from his “vortices,” and Kepler from his fanciful analogies between the laws of the planetary system and the “five regular solids.” In like manner we may well despise the *interpretations* of Origen, without despising Origen himself.

That Christianity should be fearfully corrupted, and that at no remote period from its origin, was not only natural, but inevitable, unless a series of perpetual miracles had been wrought to prevent it. Brought suddenly into contact with many systems of false philosophy, and of the most degrading polytheism, and attracting converts from all nations and all ranks, was it likely to be received and retained in its perfect purity? Falling on such a million-sided surface as the humanity of that day, it was impossible that the heavenly light should not undergo all sorts of refractions;—let down into such a pit of mephitic vapours, it was impossible that the lamp of truth should not burn dim. Christianity did much for its converts, doubtless; but it could not, and did not pretend to release them from all their prejudices and ignorances. It was perfectly natural, it was to be expected, that in a thousand cases the *new* principles should rather enter into combination, according to the ordinary laws of mental affinities, with the *old*—than that they should wholly repel them. The philosopher could not absolutely forego his lifelong speculations, nor the polytheist the habits of an ingrained idolatry; and thus, at a very early period, we find attempts to reconcile the doctrines of Christianity with the speculations of the Oriental and Grecian Schools; and to complicate and corrupt the ritual of the new religion by luckless imitations of that of the old. “Such,” remarks Mr. Taylor at the close of an eloquent passage, which we much regret that our limits do not permit us to give entire—“such were the antagonist principles, in contending with each of which the holy religion of Christ triumphed in each instance, and in each was trampled upon; conquered, and

was conquered; diffused light and health, and admitted darkness and corruption.”*

It is thus and thus only that we can account for the rapid corruption of the Christian faith; and the extraordinary facility with which the best of the Fathers admitted the most monstrous extravagancies and the most silly puerilities. We can on *this* ground, indeed, palliate their errors and compassionate their foibles; but to set them up as *guides*, does appear to us the most extraordinary fatuity. Guides! A very moderate *course* of patristic allegories, conceits, visions, legends, miracles and superstitions—of Barnabas and Hermas, Origen, Tertullian, Jerome, and Ambrose—will be quite sufficient to reclaim any sane mind from such abasement; while, if we were to judge by any *spicilegium* of their errors, collected out of that menstruum of insipidity and common place in which they usually float, we should imagine that we had got into the company rather of a set of Bedlamites than of Christian sages; and should be unable to conceive the reason of that reverence with which they are regarded, except on that principle of the ancient Greeks, which connected insanity with inspiration; or that which dictated the custom of the Mahometans, to worship and reverence as saints those who are fairly out of their senses.

And yet these are the men whose authority, when they are tolerably unanimous, is to be considered as co-ordinate with that of Scripture—from whose single opinions we are to dissent with the greatest caution—and to whose *keeping* Divine Providence has committed an unwritten revelation. “And so He may have done,” it is said; “for it is not the errors and absurdities of the Fathers for which we contend, but the apostolic truths of which they were the depositaries.” But is there no difficulty in believing that the freight of immortal truth should have been committed to such leaky and rotten vessels?—that God, designing to give a Revelation, would purposely and intimately mix it up with a mass of impure metal, leaving mankind to smelt it as they might? Truly, if this theory be correct, it may well be said, that “we have the eternal treasures in earthen vessels!”

This difficulty is still further increased if we consider the *character* of that portion of Revelation for which these men are the vouchers—the *nature* of the dogmas superadded to the Bible. The question is, whether the Christianity of the third, fourth, or

* *Ancient Christianity*, No. 1, p. 129

fifth century is a *development* or a *corruption* of the Scripture system—a natural growth or a cancerous enlargement? We believe the latter; but assuredly nothing could warrant us in believing the former, except the most obvious harmony between the Scriptures themselves and these supposed additions to it. But it is acknowledged that no such obvious harmony is to be found;—that the doctrines contended for are not easily reconciled with the Scriptures—that apart from the patristic authority no one would have suspected them to be there—that there is very much at the least which appears to contradict them—that the tone and spirit in which the relative importance of the several elements of religion are spoken of, appear to be entirely alien. One would imagine, therefore, that nothing less than a Revelation as clear, as express, and as miraculously authenticated as the Scriptures, would be sufficient to justify our reception of these additions. Can we then believe that they would have been committed to such men as the Fathers are proved to be, and mixed up with their acknowledged errors, follies, and superstitions? Ought not this circumstance alone to make us suspect, that the *soidisant* additions to Revelation are more probable corruptions of it?*

The interval between the Scriptures and the very best of the Fathers is so immense, that not a few have testified that it forms to them the most convincing proofs of the inspired origin of the former; it being, in their judgment, absurd to suppose that any man—much less a number of men—could have composed such a volume as the Bible, in an age in which their immediate successors, many of them possessing undoubted genius and erudition, and having the advantage of their light to walk by, could fall into puerilities so gross, and errors so monstrous. We could sooner believe that Jacob Böhmen could have composed the "Novum Organum," or Thomas Sternhold the "Paradise Lost."

But the more intimate this conviction, the deeper ought to be the indignation that any man should attempt to exalt the Fathers, either singly or collectively, to the same level with the Scriptures; or attempt to divide their exclusive and paramount authority with that of a set of men on whose pages are so legibly inscribed the marks of error, absurdity, and fantastic raving.

* On this subject the reader will find some truly philosophical observations in Mr. Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*. Nos. 2 and 3. See particularly pp. 180-190.

Yet this has the Oxford Tract School done. It has done more. Without, we hope, designing it, it has, by way of shielding the palpable contradictions and fabulous legends of the Fathers from contempt, suffered itself to speak of the Scriptures in language which cannot but tend to diminish reverence for them, and to give no little advantage to infidelity. In one of the most gratuitously offensive of the Tracts (No. 85,) it is argued that if the Fathers apparently contradict one another, so do the Scriptures;—if many of their statements are unintelligible and revolting to reason, there are many in the Scriptures which are equally so. And then it is added, that if the Scriptures are nevertheless true, so may the system dependent on the Fathers be true. With the accustomed *suppressio veri*, the writer has carefully concealed two essential points: the first is, that the reason why we receive any apparent contradictions or startling prodigies in the Scripture, is not on account of their *antecedent* probability; but on account of the many and convincing proofs, of an independent character, that the Scripture is of Divine origin. Give us the same evidence for the Fathers, and except where they really contradict one another, (which they do very plentifully,) we will receive them too. The second is, that there is the widest possible difference between the miraculous narratives of Scripture and the idle legends of the Fathers—not less in the *character* of the events themselves, than in the *tone* and *manner* of the writers. These writers have gone yet further. We have seen it recently asserted, that there is as much reason for rejecting the most essential doctrines of Christianity—nay, Christianity itself*—as for rejecting their "Church principles." That, in short, we have as much reason for being infidels as for rejecting the doctrine of Apostolical succession. What other effect such reasoning can have than that of compelling men to believe that there is nothing between infidelity and Popery, and of urging them to make a selection between the two, we know not. The author of Tract Number Eighty-five, calls his argument a "kill-or-cure remedy." We believe that it will kill in either case. But even in the sense in which the author uses these words, we are persuaded it will "kill" far more than it will "cure." Not a few will say, "We accept your reasoning; you are a learned man, and we will believe as you say, that you have no more to say in behalf

* *British Critic*, No. 63, Art. II. p. 75, 76.

of the Scriptures than in behalf of your Church principles; and as we see that what you have to say for the last is little enough, you will excuse us for rejecting Christianity altogether." Indeed, we fully expect that, as a reaction of the present extravagances—of the revival of obsolete superstitions—we shall have ere long to fight over again the battle with a modified form of infidelity, as now with a modified form of Popery. Thus, probably, for some time to come, will the human mind continue to oscillate between the extremes of error; but with a diminished arc at each vibration; until the gravitation of eternal truth shall at last prevail, and compel it to repose in the centre.

After all, the greatest enemies of those "good but greatly erring men," the Fathers, are their modern idolaters; who, by exaggerating their claims, compel us to prove them unfounded. Most certain is it, that they do not invest either themselves or the church to which they belonged, with the authority which their modern admirers would fain attribute to them;—a point which the reader will find abundantly proved in Mr Goode's ample citations from them. Daillé has a striking passage on this point, from which we extract a single sentence: "I am firmly of opinion that if these holy men could now behold from the mansions of blessedness . . . what things are done here below, they would be very much offended by the honors which men confer upon them much against their wills . . . or if from out of their sepulchres, where the relics of their mortality are now laid up, they could but make us hear their sacred voice, they would, I am very confident, sharply reprove us for this abuse, and would cry out in the words of Paul, 'Sirs, why do ye these things? we also were men of like passions with yourselves!'"

In concluding this part of the subject, we may remark that it is a suspicious circumstance, that the authority of "tradition" did not maintain the unity of the faith and the integrity of doctrine, to secure which their writers would restore it. No sooner did the ancient Church assume that perfect form to which the Oxford theologians would assimilate the modern, than it degenerated into Popery: it no sooner became ripe, according to their notions of ripeness, than it became rotten. Of course, we have no difficulty in accounting for the phenomenon; there was continuity in the whole process. That the sun which had long been setting, should go down, and

leave darkness behind it, was natural; but how it came to plunge at once from the zenith into the ocean, may well surprise us. Two things, however, are clear. One is, that this marvellous rule of faith is no security at all against corruption; secondly, it appears that in the only experiment ever made of its efficiency, it instantly ended in it. Its advocates can be consistent only in arguing that Romanism is not a fearful corruption, but, like the Church of the fifth century, still a harmonious development. To this it is coming.

5. We had intended offering some observations on the views propounded by this School on the important subject of "Justification," and the related topics. But our space warns us to forbear, and we must content ourselves with referring to the able discussions in the volume by the Bishop of Ohio. Suffice it here to say, that the views in question approximate indefinitely to those of Rome;—at least, if there be any important difference, it depends on the most subtle refinements and the most unintelligible distinctions. Mr. Newman's "Lectures" on the subject form one of the most curious specimens of cloudy metaphysics ever given to the public. Most unfairly is reason dealt with by this School. In general, they dispense with it altogether; when they *do* appeal to it, it is only to mock it with incomprehensible subtleties. Of the two, we decidedly prefer their mysticism to their metaphysics; we had rather be called upon to exercise faith without logic, than be insulted by a logic which can be received only by faith. It at least saves much fruitless effort to understand what we, after all, discover is not to be understood.

6. In addition to all this, many individual writers, and some of the public organs of this School, have put forth a variety of opinions and statements, the general tendency of which cannot be mistaken. They together constitute Romanism, almost perfect in its organs and lineaments, but of Lilliputian dimensions. We shall give them miscellaneously.

The tracts on "Reserve" openly plead for a method of exhibiting Christianity, or rather a method of *vailing* it, which strongly reminds one of the Romish Church. The writer contends for the ancient *disciplina arcani*, by which the more awful mysteries were "reserved" for the initiated; but amongst these, with a plenitude of extravagance to which the ancient Church affords no parallel, he includes even the characteristic doctrine of Christianity, and

vehemently denounces the "explicit" and "prominent" exhibition of the Atonement.* He casts high scorn on all the present "utilitarian" methods of doing good—on cheap churches and cheap Bibles. He disapproves of the attempt to bring the church to every man's door; and seems to think that an empty church, provided it cost enough and the services be sufficiently magnificent, will, by a sort of *opus operatum*, be of "incalculable efficacy."† In open defiance of the command to "preach the gospel to every creature," and to proclaim the truth "whether men will hear or whether they will forbear;" in equal defiance of the Apostles themselves—he assures us that it is an awful thing to make known the gospel to those who are ignorant of it, lest we involve them in deeper condemnation.‡ We must not give a Bible, we presume, unless we are beforehand guaranteed that it will be rightly used; a plan very much like that "utilitarian" benevolence which buttons up its pockets, and will not bestow a farthing till quite

* No. 80. "Sect. 5. On the necessity of bringing forward the doctrine of the Atonement."—Its "explicit and prominent" exhibition "is evidently quite opposed to what we consider the teaching of Scripture, nor do we find any sanction for it in the gospels. If the Epistles of St. Paul appear to favor it, it is only at first sight." "In all things it would appear that this doctrine, so far from its being what is supposed, is in fact the very secret of the Lord, which Solomon says 'is with the righteous,' and 'the covenant,' not to be lightly spoken of by man, but which He will show to them that fear him."

† "For if the erection of churches, which, from commodiousness and easiness of access are to invite, and from their little cost partake more of a low contriving expediency than of a generous love of God, is to do the work of religion, then is it more easy to win souls than Scripture will warrant us in supposing;" and he adds "that we have to fear lest, rather than doing good, we be breaking that holy law which hath commanded that we give not that which is holy to the dogs."—(p. 69.)

"The effect of the Church as a witness, though in a manner silent and out of sight, is something very great and incalculable, of which I would adduce the following instance. Before the Reformation the Church recognized the seven hours of prayer. However these may have been practically neglected, or hidden in an unknown tongue, there is no estimating what influence this may have had on common people's minds secretly."—(P. 73.)

‡ "Much of what is here said may be applied to an indiscriminate distribution of Bibles and religious publications. We must not expect that the work which occasioned our Saviour and his disciples so much pains, can be done by such means. We have rather to look with awe on these new dealings of Providence with mankind..." "That the unprepared cannot receive the 'truth,' is the appointment of God; but our attempting to act contrary to his mode of acting may be productive of evil."—(P. 70.)

sure that the "object is worthy." The utilitarian thus reserves his money as the writer of the Tract would reserve his Bibles. Alas! for St. Paul and his ignorant colleagues; we fear they must have incurred much guilt, and occasioned much, by proclaiming the gospel without sufficiently considering whether it would be rightly received or not. They seem to have been but poorly provided with the doctrine of "reserve;" or, if they had it, they assuredly "reserved" it. It is evidently also the opinion of this writer, that it is better to leave the heathen in utter darkness than attempt their conversion by any "unauthorized" methods or irregular zeal. Men had better, one would suppose, die of their spiritual maladies than be cured empirically—had better not go to heaven at all, than go there by any other route than the *Via Media*. But to proceed to other facts.

After stating the early or original opinion respecting Purgatory, the writer of the tract professedly against the Romish doctrine says, "taken in the mere letter there is little in it against which we shall be able to sustain formal objections."

Prayers for the dead are openly justified. The practice, says Mr. Newman, "is Catholic, and apparently Apostolical."

While the Tracts on "reserve" advocate a very cautious and measured communication of religious truth, a sort of compensation is to be given in the shape of multiplied symbols. It is but the exchange of one sort of instruction for another, and effects a great economy of time, breath, and labor. As the philosophic exile found

"Sermons in stones and good in every thing,"

so the stupid rustic is to study celestial wisdom in a system of symbols; though, as all history proves, he is more likely to learn superstition than religion from them. If the "Priests" are to be in a measure "dumb"—*n'importe*, for the very "stones in the wall" are to "cry out," emblazoned as they are to be with the characters of a hieroglyphical religion. A Journal devoted to the sect, has given us its views on the subject in an article on "The Church Service." We there find the cross called a "sacramental sign"—"a holy efficacious symbol." Yet, with the exquisite prudery of the new doctrine of "reserve," the writer does not approve of the crucifix in churches. "Doubtless," the reader will say, "because it is so easily abused to superstition." No such thing. "We are no advocates of the crucifix, at all events in the open way in which it is commonly

exhibited abroad. Even pictures of the same solemn subject strike us as irreverent, *and should at least be always veiled*. And we would not hazard an unqualified objection even against the crucifix as an object for very private contemplation, under certain trying circumstances; say, for instance, *a surgical operation*. The crucifix openly exhibited, produces the same sort of *uncomfortable* feeling with certain Protestant exposures, in preaching the mystery it represents." But with equal refinement, the writer highly approves of the *image* of the cross, and he hopes the time will come—golden age!—"when no English church will want what many possess already, the image of the cross, in some place sufficiently conspicuous to assist the devotions of the worshipper. Let us multiply the same holy and efficacious emblem far and wide. There is no saying how many sins its awful form might scare, and how many evils avert."* "With the cross," proceeds the writer, "should be associated other Catholic symbols, still more than itself *παραστάς αὐτοῖς*. For these, painted windows seem to furnish a suitable place. They should at all events be confined to the most *sacred* portion of the building. Such are the lamb with the standard; the descending dove; the anchor; the triangle; the pelican; the *Ιχθὺς* (fish), and others. Perhaps the two or three last mentioned, as being of most recondite meaning, should be adopted *later* than the rest." To these the writer is prepared to add more, when the right time shall come. For ourselves we doubt whether, in our present state of deplorable spiritual ignorance, the anchor and the triangle may not prove too much for us.

In the same spirit, this writer laments the absence of anointing at Baptism and Confirmation, as the "loss of a privilege;" and rejoices in the perpetuation of the custom in the coronation service, as nothing less than an "example of providential care over the Church." Can superstition go further? He elsewhere tells us that there should be "more special decorations of the church on Festival Days; altar coverings and pulpit hangings of unusual richness; or the natural flowers of the season, woven into wreaths, or placed according to primitive custom on the altar. These should be chosen with especial reference to the subject of the Festival." "White flowers," proceeds he with infinite gravity, "are most proper on the days consecrated to the Virgin, as emblematic of *sinless* purity;

purple or crimson upon the several saints' days (*except* St. John the Evangelist, and perhaps St. Luke,) to signify the blood of martyrdom; and on All Saints' days and the Holy Innocents, white should be intermingled as a memorial of Virgin innocence." "We deprecate," proceeds this exquisite spiritualist, "*forced* flowers, which look artificial; but we believe that, with a *little management*, natural flowers of the proper colors may be found throughout the year. It is *difficult to conceive* a more suitable occupation for the Christian population than that of cultivating flowers for such a purpose, and afterwards arranging them." Thus the practice would be in equal degree an encouragement to piety and market gardening.

Neither are the chandlers forgotten: "two lights should be placed upon the altar." "These," he thinks, "should be lighted, else they do not *so well* signify the truth, *Christus lux mundi*." Truly we think they but indifferently express this truth, whether lighted or not; but he does not press this point, though disposed to think it "truly Anglican."

When we consider not only the number and variety of these proposed "embellishments," but the importance attached to them, and the solemn tone in which they are spoken of, it is impossible to doubt whither we are tending. If the views of such writers prevail, they must lead to an entire subordination of what is spiritual to what is ceremonial—and religion will degenerate into abject superstition. No wonder that the country is infested by not a few young "priests," raving about *their* apostolic succession; founding the most absurd pretensions on their mere sacerdotal character, though backed neither by experience nor wisdom; boasting of the thaumaturgic powers they can exert in the administration of the sacraments; contending, not for the faith once delivered to the saints, but for wax candles, altar cloths, chaplets, crosses, crucifixes, and mummeries of all kinds;—at the same time, modestly consigning all Protestants out of the Episcopal pale, either to perdition or the "uncovenanted mercies;" in a word, exhibiting zeal indeed, but zeal that is utterly unacquainted with any other of the Christian graces—zeal that is not even on speaking terms with knowledge, faith, or charity.

The Bishop of London, we regret to say, in his recent "Charge," has done not a little to fan the zeal in behalf of ceremonial. Though in great part condemning the Oxford Tractists, and severely repro-

bating their most dangerous innovations, he yet gives such space and importance to certain trumpery matters of ritual, that we are not surprised his "Charge" should have been claimed on the whole as a triumph by the Oxford party. If we have been rightly informed, his Lordship has expressed his displeasure that what he designed as a condemnation of that party, should have been so misconceived. He is the only person, we suspect, who will feel any surprise on the subject. When we see him expressing such anxiety that the Rubric should be closely adhered to—laying so much stress on the merest trifles—more severely censuring those who do not punctiliously keep to the Rubric, even in points virtually obsolete, than those who make *unauthorized* additions to it—discussing with so much gravity matters of pulpit etiquette and clerical costume—expressing his wish that all his clergy should preach in *white*, though it appears he had enjoined those of Chester to preach in *black*—affirming that he sees "no harm" in the two wax candles, *provided*, strange reasoning! they are *not* lighted—sagely declaring his approval "of the arrangement lately adopted in several churches, by which the clergyman looks to the *south* while reading prayers, and to the *west* while reading lessons"—it is impossible not to regard him as too nearly allied in spirit to those whom he condemns. We sincerely thank him, however, for his unequivocal censure of the most comprehensive and poisonous errors of the Tractists, and shall not ungraciously ask whether it might not have come sooner.

But to resume. Not less significant is the altered tone in which these writers speak of those errors of Popery, which they still admit to be such. There is as great a difference between *their* tone and that of the Reformers, as between the playful tap of a coquette's fan and the vigorous stroke of a boatswain's lash. The invocation of saints, these writers content themselves with calling "a *dangerous* practice, as tending to give, often actually giving, to creatures the honor and reliance due to the Creator alone." Of the worship of images, which they soften into "honor paid to images," they say only that "it is dangerous in the uneducated, that is, of the great part of Christians." Yet they profess to be following Bishop Hall. The Bishop of Exeter truly remarks, that Bishop Hall calls the first of these practices "a foul superstition;" and of the second, says, "not merely that it is dangerous to *some*, but *sinful*

in all." One of these writers elsewhere calls these and other things "uncatholic peculiarities." But other and more recent writers have gone further, and almost adopted an apologetic tone. The *British Critic*, after having described some of the most childish and absurd superstitions of the middle ages—implying the grossest idolatry—merely remarks—"Much there was which sober piety cannot sanction; but let us not forget what was holy and religious on account of *incidental* corruptions." As well might a polite physician assure some patient crusted over with leprosy, that he feared he was laboring under a slight cutaneous eruption!

Equally significant are the approximations to Romish usages and practices in other instances. The Tracts recommend to private Christians the dedication of particular days to the religious commemoration of deceased saints; and have furnished a model service in honor of Bishop Ken, after the pattern of an office in the breviary of a Roman saint. The Journalist just quoted goes further, and is evidently inclined to think that the saints know of our prayers, and sensibly feel the compliment of commemorations. "Days and places," says the writer, "specially dedicated to the saints, are means to us of communion with them. They not only remind us of them, and lead us to contemplate their lives, *but they give us a special interest in the prayers which those blessed spirits offer up day and night before the throne.*"*

Many of this School are in ecstasies with the riches of the Romish and Parisian Breviaries. They have also for several years past furnished their followers with an "Ecclesiastical Almanac," in which the minute rules of the Romish Church are quoted, as a guide to individuals. Some of them openly plead for the restoration of Monasticism; and others have not obscurely expressed their predilections for the celibacy of the clergy. The Reformation, as already mentioned, is spoken of as all but a fearful judgment: we are told that the "*unprotestantizing* of the National Church" is an object well worth all the hazard and bitterness which may attend the attempt; that "we must recede more and more from the principles, *if any such there be*, of the English Reformation."† Mr. Fronde's too famous exclamation is adopted by not a few—"Really, I hate the Reformers and the Reformation more and more!" In perfect accordance with all this, the Revolu-

* Oct. 1842.

† Br. Cr. No. LIX. p. 45.

tion of 1688 is called "rebellion;" while, as we have recently seen, some have put the copestone on the whole system, by expressly denying the Right of Private Judgment, and vindicating the maxims and practices of persecution.

We must now notice some of the general characteristics and tendencies of this School.

1. It is a very suspicious circumstance, that the whole system tends to the increase of the power and glory of the EPISCOPAL CLERGY. This is the case with the principal doctrines themselves,—apostolical succession, the thaumaturgic efficacy of the sacraments as exclusively administered by *them*, the restriction of the name and privileges of the "Church" to the communities in which *they* exercise their functions. The same result may be calculated upon, in proportion as Christianity is transmitted into a religion of rites and symbols. As such rites and symbols become the objects of awful veneration and superstitious dependence, (as they are sure to do, conjoined with the convenient system of "reserve," and the inculcation of an "implicit faith,") the people will look to the hierophants who perform, or exhibit them, as the very arbiters of their eternal destiny.

Such a tendency is further fostered by the blind, unquestioning acquiescence in the Priests' *dicta* which these writers so strongly enjoin. Their deluded victims will do well to remember the old and quaint saying, that "though they may believe by proxy, they must be damned in person."

The same general tendency is observable, if we consider how earnestly—almost exclusively—these doctrines are insisted upon by the writers of this School. Marvellous, indeed, is the difference in this respect between the Apostles and these *successors* of the Apostles. The former are intent—almost exclusively intent—on those great themes which render the gospel "glad tidings;" the latter, almost as exclusively, in magnifying their office;—the former absolutely forget themselves in their flocks; the latter wellnigh forget their flocks in themselves:—the former, if they touch on the clerical office at all, are principally intent on its spiritual qualifications and duties; the latter on its prerogatives and powers.* To hear these men talk, one would imagine that, by a similar ὡς πρῶτον πρότερον with that of the simple-minded monk, who "devoutly thanked God that in his wisdom he

had always placed large rivers near large towns," they supposed the Church of Christ to be created for the sole use of the clergy; and the doctrine of "apostolical succession" to be the *final cause* of Christianity.

The tendency, in question is most suspicious; but we are far from charging the chief founders of this School with the sordid aims of priestcraft, although we cannot help thinking that, with many of their followers, an *unconscious* bias in this direction affords the true solution of their conduct. Some of them, we fear, are not altogether unconscious of the bias.

2. The next characteristic of the system is, that it tends to rob Christianity of its chief glory as a spiritual and moral institute, and to render it a system of mere formalism—to substitute for the worship founded on intelligent faith, a devotion which is a species of mechanism, and rites which operate as by magic. The doctrine of Apostolical succession itself, is neither more nor less respectable than that of the hereditary sanctity of the Brahminical caste; while the prayer-mills of the Tartars afford a fair illustration of the doctrine of sacramental efficacy. The stress laid on rites and symbols, and outward observances, and the attempt indefinitely to multiply them, tend the same way. It is true, that as religion appeals to every part of a man's complex nature, rites and symbols have their use, and are not to be neglected. Still, whether they be beneficial or not, will entirely depend on the place they hold in the system. The Divine Founder of Christianity, as if in wise jealousy of a tendency which may be so easily abused, has confined the ceremonial of his religion within the strictest limits: while no element of our nature which can be subordinated to religious use is wholly neglected, each is appealed to only in the precise degree in which it can be rendered tributary to the great object. Would that all who have taught this religion had taken this significant intimation of superwisdom as their guide! As the history of corrupt religion shows, nothing is more difficult than to prevent the material from corrupting the spiritual—the senses and the imagination from assuming an undue influence. Let the balance be destroyed, and the ritual and symbolical is immediately substituted for religious sentiment and emotion. Let rites and symbols be multiplied, perpetually insisted upon—made unduly prominent—and spiritual truth will be forgotten; they produce an effect on the great doctrines which they are professedly employed to illustrate, analogous with that

* The first volume of the Oxford Tracts contains no less than eight distinct papers on "apostolical succession" alone.

which a minute system of casuistry produces on our views of morality. Let but the great principles of a noble and ennobling system of Ethics be sincerely received, and human nature may be safely left to determine the modes in which they are to be applied in particular cases ; it will choose to take counsel of what is great, generous and magnanimous, rather than ask just how much is scrupulously lawful. But let the casuist come with his scale and weights, or his foot-rule, and determine within how many grains an action is of being strictly unlawful, or how far, to an inch, we may proceed in a certain direction without committing crime ;—under what circumstance a man may consider himself not absolutely compelled to do what his noblest instincts tell him he ought to do, and in what way he may obey the letter of a law and violate its spirit ; and the essence of morality is gone—it is well if even the *form* be retained. It is much the same with Religion and its ritual. Let but the great doctrines be fully and adequately received, and little need be said on the ritual ; it will adjust itself. But if a man be taught (especially after acquiescing in the doctrine of “reserve,” and being told that implicit faith will answer the purpose very well) to gaze in stupid wonder on an exhibition of rites and symbols, whether it be on the gorgeous and solid magnificence of the Romish Church, or the mimic gilt and tinsel of our Puseyites—let him be taught to make much of wax-candles burnt at noon-day—the cross of the crucifix—painted windows—garlands of flowers, triangles, and fishes—vestments, black and white—pulpit-hangings and altar-cloths—postures and attitudes—and his religion stands a chance of being about as much worth as that of him who was thus praised by Dr. Johnson : “He never passes a church without pulling off his hat—this shows he has good principles.” Let his attention be principally or much directed to these things, and the process of degeneracy is inevitable. It was so with the ancient Church, which we are now so earnestly exhorted to take as our model. No one can read the writings of the Fathers without feeling that they gradually became more intent on the circumstantialia of religion than on the essence of it ; more solicitous about the modes in which religious duties should be performed, than about the spirit of them. It is all over with religion when this is the case. The process of corruption is soon complete. The next thing is to count our prayers—to measure the value of devotions solely by their frequency, their length by

the dial, or their number by the beads—to consider that if a man is holy who says a hundred prayers a-day, he is twice as holy who says two hundred ; and that if he who fasts four-and-twenty hours has some merit, he who fasts eight-and-forty has twice as much.

3. Another signal characteristic of this School is its disposition to vilify and traduce *reason*. They do well to hate it ; for, as Hobbes well said, “when reason is against a man, a man will be against reason.” Reason, they feel, is their implacable foe, and blinded indeed it must be before it will admit their pretensions. “My Lord Understanding’s house,” says John Bunyan, “was too light for the Prince of Darkness, and he therefore built a high wall to darken all the windows.”

In inviting us to lay down our reason, they remind us of the wolf who counselled the sheep to get rid of their watch-dogs. Their constant plan is to inveigh against the sin of “rationalism,” as they call it, in relation to the “mysteries,” of religion—by which they mean any tendency to question *their* dogmas. They thus avail themselves both of the prejudice against the first term, and of the awe inspired by the second. That there are “mysteries” both in philosophy and religion about which it is irrational to speculate, is true ; but we receive them, though not on intrinsic, yet on *sufficient* evidence ; and reason is still judge as to whether that evidence be sufficient to justify their reception, though it be not able to speculate on the mysteries themselves. The existence of God is a great mystery ; but if we do not admit it, we must admit manifold contradictions and absurdities :—the permission of evil is a great mystery ; but it would do us no good to deny its existence as a matter of fact :—Christianity is itself full of mystery ; but we receive it on proofs so manifold and various, that we feel it impossible to resist them. Give us similar reasons for believing “apostolical succession,” and we faithfully promise that it is not its being a *mystery* that shall startle us. But to hoodwink our reason, and receive any absurdity without examination, because some piece of solemn inanity shakes his head, and assures us it is *too awful* to reason about, is not to be tolerated. Yet this is the continual artifice employed to protect the “Church principles,” and imposes, we have no doubt, upon thousands. We have already adduced some remarkable specimens of this species of logical artifice. “Beware how you *rationalize* on these great truths,” is the constant cry—“how much

better is it to obey than to speculate—to believe than to reason!" A plain understanding would say—"Both very well in their place, reverend sir; what God hath joined together let no man put asunder: I think it better to believe than to reason, when I have *reason to believe* that God has spoken; I think it better to reason than to believe, when I have *reason to believe* that it is only Dr. Pusey or Mr. Newman." In fact this artifice is itself the highest insult to reason, since it involves a quiet assumption of the whole question in dispute—namely, whether the mysteries of the Oxford Tract School are supported by the evidence which proves that they are worthy of being believed *in spite* of their transcendental character. Of course the Papist uses the same plea for his transubstantiation. Doubtless even the Egyptian priest of ancient times often used the same plea, when he had to defend the divinity of "cats and onions" against the rationalists of those days, at whom he would unquestionably shake his head, and tell them how superior after all was faith to logic! About as reasonable is the defence which the Oxford writers employ, and about as reasonable the dogmas for which it is resorted to. "The first principle, or universal axiom," says Mr. Taylor, "of modern revivers of Church principles, is the abjuration of that integrity of reason to which the inspired writers always appeal, and of which they enjoin the exercise and culture. * * * To doubt is a sin. To adduce evidence, given in relation to common facts of history, and to judge of it according to the common rules of historical inquiry, is to be a 'rationalist.' To distrust the pretensions of St. Dunstan, or the genuineness of the 'True Cross,' is an offence as grievous as to reject the Trinity; both are *disobedience*!"

4. Amongst other characteristics which belong to these writers in common with the Romish Church, we must reluctantly include a tendency to the use of "pious frauds." Let not the reader be startled. We do not charge them with such wholesale forgeries, such magnificent crimes, as those which were perpetrated and justified by some of their venerated Fathers. As their whole system is Romanism in miniature, so it is in this respect also. They do not, as the ancients did, write books, and inscribe them at once with some venerable name to make them pass current. They do not draw a bill of doctrines, and indorse it with the name of Cranmer, Ridley, or Hooker.—Neither do we charge them with actual in-

terpolations of ancient works. Such things cannot well be managed in these days of "unreserved communication of knowledge." There is as much difference in point of audacity between the "pious frauds" of ancient days and the humble imitations of Oxford, as between open burglary and petty larceny—between forgery on a large scale and passing a bad sixpence. But with the little arts of fraudulent misrepresentation, they do in our judgment stand chargeable. They are well skilled, as Mr. Taylor expresses it, "in packing their evidence," and "in schooling their witnesses." They can leave out, if they do not put in—insulate a plausible sentence or two from a qualifying or refractory context, and manage commas and colons to admiration. Some ingenious examples of this literary *joinery* may be found in M'Ilvaine's work, (p. 232.) For instance, they cite a passage from the Homilies, which appears not unfriendly to a doctrine they affirm; but on reference to the original, it is found that they have taken only the *beginning* and *end* of the paragraph, the intermediate part which they have *omitted*, being altogether *against it*; but no breaks—asterisks—dots—or other indications—are employed, to suggest that there has been any solution "of continuity" in the citation; on the contrary, the *disjecta membra* are represented as so immediately connected, that they are separated only by a semicolon! Similar traces of unfairness are most conspicuous in their construction of those curious things they call the *Catena Patrum*, by which they attempted to prove something like a catholic consent of "testimony, on the part of the writers in the later English Church," to their peculiar doctrines. Some of these citations are absolutely nothing to the purpose; others most vague and indistinct; others, rent from their context, are made to convey a meaning never designed by their authors; others may be confronted by citations from the very same writers equally or more explicit the other way; while the many divines of opposing sentiments are passed by altogether. Such is the argument from *consent*. On the same principles it would be the easiest thing in the world to construct a *Catena* on the *other side*—and in fact we have seen more than one equally conclusive. But we need say no more on this point, Mr. Goode having so effectually exposed the attempt that even his reviewer now abandons it. "In whatever way," says Mr. Goode, "we may be enabled to account for it, certain it is *that truth has been sacrificed*, and the authority of great

* *Ancient Christianity*, No. 6, p. 225.

names pleaded in behalf of a system in no respect entitled to such protection."

Of the unscrupulous use by these writers of the vulgarest arts of sophistry, we need say nothing. Enormous examples of *petitio principii*, *suppressio veri*, and almost every other species of logical delinquency, have been given in preceding articles, or in the present. But examples of all will be found in Number Ninety itself; that singular monument—not *ære perennius* certainly, for it is "brass" itself—of logical pettifogging.

We question, however, whether these writers have not derived still more service from that obscure, imposing, and truly Delphic style, of which, as Archbishop Whately says, the "effect is to convey at first to ordinary readers a striking impression, with an appearance of being perfectly intelligible at the first glance, but to become more obscure and doubtful at the second glance, and more and more so, the more attentively it is studied by a reader of clear understanding; so as to leave him utterly in doubt, at the last, which of several meanings it is meant to convey, or whether any at all." * * * This is especially the case with the tracts on "Reserve" and "Mysticism," of which it may be truly said that they seem to have been written after preferring, and obtaining, a plenary answer to that prayer—

"Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show—half veil the deep intent."

The one writer is most "reserved on reserve," and the other most "mystical on mysticism." Seldom is any thing said plainly and absolutely, but, with a perpetually tortuous and guarded expression. Scarcely two sentences are found together without a "so to speak," or "as it were," or "if so be," or "it may be after a certain secret manner," &c. Thus, endeavoring to prove our Lord's systematic concealment of his miracles, the writer on "reserve" says of the feeding of the five thousand, "even here it would appear as if there was *somehow* a sort of *secret* character about the miracle." Another specimen. "Notwithstanding that a spirit of true charity has a natural desire to communicate itself, and is of all things the most expansive and extending, yet in all such cases [of good men] we may still perceive the indwelling of Christ in them, still seeking, *as it were*, to hide himself; for I think they are all marked by an inclination, as far as it is possible, of retiring and shrinking from public view." "The Fathers," he

tells us, "suppose that our blessed Lord is, *as it were*, throughout the inspired writings, hiding and concealing himself, and going about (*if I may so speak reverently*) seeking to whom he may disclose himself." There are numberless passages of this kind, which may mean any thing the interpreter is pleased to imagine; although in reality they contain nothing but very pious-sounding nonsense, which would have been quite in character in Jacob Böhmen or Emanuel Swedenborg.

Thus, "so to speak," and "as it were," the author often seems to say *something*, when in reality, and without any "so to speak" or "as it were," he says *nothing*. His style perpetually reminds us of Bardsolph's explanation of the word *accommodated*. "Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing."

Should any be disposed to charge us with treating grave subjects over-lightly, we have to reply, *first*, that we sincerely believe that this is just one of those cases in which the maxim of Horace applies,

"Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res;"

secondly, that we recommend the objectors to a careful perusal of the Eleventh of Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales*, in which he shows *Qu'on peut réfuter par des railleries les erreurs ridicules*; *thirdly*, that amongst the Christian privileges of which our opponents would deprive us, we trust they do not intend to include what Ben Jonson calls our "Christian liberty of laughing" at what is laughable; *fourthly*, that if they would have us repress our mirth, it must be by exhibiting a system of doctrines less irresistibly comic; and *lastly*, that we are perfectly aware that the artifice of inculcating "an awful and reverential manner" of treating absurdities such as those on which we have animadverted, is the approved receipt, as the history of all superstition shows, of sanctifying, in the estimation of the timid and the credulous, the most enormous deviations from truth and common sense. Nor is it amongst the least causes of the disgust we have felt in perusing the writings of this School, that their authors, even while propounding doctrines which are equally insulting to the Bible and to human reason, and defending them by methods which are disgraceful to morality, have yet been able to maintain that sanctimonious air, that pious gravity,

which distinguish certain writers of the school of Loyola.

We must not conclude without pointing out to the reader the works which, in our judgment, furnish the best confutation of the tenets of the Oxford School. These are, Archbishop Whately's *Essays on the Kingdom of Christ*, (a truly admirable work;) Goode's *Rule of Faith*, which is learned and full; M'Ilvaine's *Rome and Oxford*, and Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*—of both of which we have already spoken; and Mr. Lindsay Alexander's learned and able work, just published, entitled *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical*.

Meantime we await the progress and issue of the great contest without apprehension. Terrible as are these hurricanes of controversy, pernicious as may be their immediate effects on the faith of some and the temper of many—they serve from time to time to purify the atmosphere, and render it salubrious. Let us but be true to ourselves, and we have no fear lest we should be "re-involved," to use the strong language of Milton, "in that pitchy cloud of infernal darkness, in which we shall never more see the sun of Divine Truth again, never hope for the cheerful dawn, never more hear the bird of morning sing."

Let us never forget that Christianity was planted, and has grown up, in storms. Discussion is always favorable to it, and has ever been so. Let the wintry blast come. It will but scatter the sere leaves, and snap off the withered branches; the giant tree will only strike its roots deeper into the soil, and in the coming spring-time put forth a richer foliage and extend a more grateful shade.

THE AERIAL MACHINE.—"What think ye, Tammas, o' this new faughet project o' fleein through the air like a wild duck; is'na it a maist extraordinary thing, man?" "Naething vera startlin' about it ava, Archie. Auld as I am, I expect to live to see the day ween, wi a wee steam-engine aneath my oxter, and a pennyworth o' coals in my coat pouch, I mak a tripe to Kalmarneock, and come back within half an hour! Wonderfu'! naething would surprise me noo-a-days, gift it warena an advertisement frae the man in the moon, o' furnished lodgings to let, or a project to a big half-way house atween his domicile and the yerth."—*Scotch Paper*.

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CLEVERNESS.

A TALE BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

It would be difficult to picture a more delightful village than East-court; its fine old manor-house, combining the architecture of half a dozen reigns, bound together by ivy, the growth of at least two centuries; its straggling grotesque houses, with high gables and tall chimneys, fenced along the road by broad yew hedges, cut here and there into various patterns—owls, and peacocks, and arches, where small birds had nested time out of mind.

Yes; East-court was a pleasant village. There was, in the centre of a sort of common green that flanked one side, a pond, large enough to entitle it to the dignity of being termed "a lake." But the people of East-court having originally been an unambitious race, were satisfied that the pond should be simply called a pond—and a beautiful pond it was. Two noble willows extended their branches nearly to the water's midst, and a clump of mingled holly, and tapering feathery birch, was so beautiful in its growth and color, that an artist once came ten miles to sketch it; a fact which the old landlord of the "Three Bee-Hives" repeated several times each day of his life, forgetting altogether, good old soul, that every one in East-court was aware of a circumstance so flattering to the beauty of their long-loved home. The cottages at East-court were so disposed, as to add to the effect of the larger dwellings—pretty white and brown erections; the walls as white as lime and labor could make them; and the dark-brown thatch nearly covered by those sweet and beautiful climbers which belong of right to the cottage homes of England. On the very summit of an abrupt conical hill, that sprung up suddenly at the back of the manor-house, was a wind-mill, with wide-extended arms and snow-white sails; and at the foot of the hill on the other side, guarded by some venerable trees, stood East-court church with the adjoining parsonage-house. There were but few shops at East-court, for the village was only three miles from the country town. But the very shops partook of the picturesque character of this truly English hamlet; and many persons declared that there never was so quiet, so venerable, and yet, withal, so cheerful a village as East-court, or, as the very old people called it, "East-court o' the Hill."

It might well be a cheerful village; the gentleman who resided in the manor-house was a magistrate, and landlord of every adjacent dwelling. He was, in all acts of love and charity, a second Sir Roger de Coverley; and had a brother, a physician, who had one wing of the old manor-house fitted up as a surgery and dispensary; but he never took fee for advice, or payment for medicine, from any human being; feeling—at least so it would appear, from the alacrity with which he dispensed both—that he was under particular obligation to all who took his prescriptions, and was never happy after a baby was born in the parish until it was vaccinated. It was rare indeed, to meet with such

men as the squire and his good brother. Well might East-court be the very paradise of English villages. I have said nothing of the rector; but certainly, unless he had carefully labored in, and pruned and trimmed his vineyard, the old would not have descended to their graves with such hope and humility, nor would the young have lived together in such peace and good will. For the rest, a dancing, music, and a species of drawing master, who combined drawing and writing together, made each the round of the neighborhood once a-week: thus the simple-minded people imagined that the means of "a polite education" were safely secured to their children; and the village school was under the immediate dominion of the parish-clerk and his wife, and endowed in every way by the lord of the manor, so that the peasant class were considered well provided for as to their sources of information. I could say a great deal more in favor of East-court and its inhabitants as they were about fifteen years ago, but perhaps have detailed enough to create an interest for them, and may be permitted to pass on to the day on which a story connected with its inhabitants may be considered to open.

"A new family, a rich and respectable family, did you say, Isaac, wanting the Deerstone house, where Mr. Rowley died?" inquired squire Russel of East-court, of his land-steward Isaac Heywood.

"Yes, your honor," replied Isaac bowing; "a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Diggons by name, three young masters, two young misses (doll-looking young things), seven servants, a tutor and a governess."

"Diggons," repeated the squire, who had a little leaning towards aristocratic names; "Diggons; it is not an old name, Isaac, though it may belong to respectable people."

"Certainly, sir; he's a fine gentleman, and wears chains and rings; a fine gentleman, and has (his man says) a great library, for his lady is very clever; indeed, his man says, they are an extraordinary *clever* family."

"We never, I think, had a family of that description, Isaac, in the village," answered Mr. Russel, after a pause. "I cannot say I like people who appear more clever than their neighbors. However, this is perhaps a prejudice, and we should guard against prejudices. We will look into the references."

The references were looked into, and Mr. Diggons was found an eligible tenant for Deerstone. The arrival of the "clever family" occasioned more than the ordinary commotion, for they brought with them various things that the good people of the village had only heard of in an obscure manner—chemical apparatus, electrifying machines, various astronomical instruments; in short, some of the older and simpler people regarded Mr. Diggons very much in the light of a necromancer, and the small, pale, acute-faced tutor as his familiar—something or other which they did not like to name.

When every thing was settled, and every one got used to every thing, Mr. Russel and his brother, Mr. Graham Russel, agreed that the Diggonses were a good set of people, eaten up with a desire to be celebrated, which of course

prevented its accomplishment; leaving town where they were nobodies, to reside in the country, where they hoped to be "somebodies;" at the very least, laboring to acquire conversable knowledge of abstruse sciences, not being particular *who* approved, as long as approbation was bestowed; unable to persevere to the amount of being informed, and yet having a smattering of every thing. Bating this eager thirsting after admiration—not after science for its own noble sake, but for the gaping admiration of the many—the family were kindly, cheerful, and hospitable people; not selfish, either, in their pursuits, but willing to inform others. Three or four self-thinking inhabitants of East-court agreed with Mr. Russel and his brother in their rational estimate of the new family; but the many opened wide their mouths, and gave their "most sweet voices" in applause. The Diggonses were pronounced to be the most "talented people in England!" Science has many triflers in her train; and certainly amongst them she numbered every member of the Diggons family; from Mr. Diggons, who trifled with all the sciences, down to pretty little pale Elizabeth, who sighed and smiled over a miniature galvanic battery.

On the left hand side of the village, commanding a view of the green, the huge pond, and the picturesque cottages beyond, was a pretty cheerful-looking house; "happy" you would have called it, for inanimate things can be so placed, so garnished, as to look happy. The draperies within the windows were of white muslin trimmed with blue silk lace and fringe; and the trellis-work outside was almost concealed by the wreaths of flowers that owed their luxuriance and beauty to much care and a warm southern aspect. There was an ample bow window and several other long narrow ones, that seemed playing hide-and-seek among the roses and myrtles that were always in blow; and the chimneys were tall and square, and the gables very high. There was also a conservatory, and you could see that, besides plants, it contained several birds of splendid plumage. In short, the outward appearance of the dwelling combined so much that was tasteful and expensive, the looker-on was assured there was both wealth and taste within the latter, keeping the former in subjection.

This house had the quaint name of East-in-Rest, why, I know not, and no one at East-court seemed to think it strange. It was almost as large, and of the same date as the manor-house, and had been, time out of mind, inhabited by the same family, once as numerous as honorable, but now dwindled down to a widow and two children—a boy and girl. The lady was still lovely, her children beautiful; the boy, tall, fair, and handsome, but whose movements partook of the irregularity and languor of ill, or at least delicate health; the girl was also fair and delicate, but with an energy and decision of character marking every movement, that deceived even her mother as to her bodily strength. When the "clever family" came to reside at Deerstone, Alfred Erris was nearly seven, and Lucy between eight and nine; and as the two children clung together, gazing at the evolutions

of a good-natured macaw, who invariably exercised himself to amuse them, Mrs. Diggons might almost be excused, when returning Mrs. Erris's visit, for the encomiums she injudiciously passed on their beauty.

"Well, Mrs. Erris, you may certainly be proud of their beauty," she exclaimed; "I never saw two such darlings—loves—quite. I should so like my son Robert to paint them; he does such charming things. There is no doubt but if he chose, he could be an R. A. in three months."

"Alfred draws a little," said Mrs. Erris.

"A little!" repeated Mrs. Diggons. "My dear lady, at his age Robert copied the cartoons; but I do not wonder at your spoiling such angels. I assure you I had plenty of struggles with myself ere I could make my boys and girls work. I lost the flower of the flock about five years ago—died, sweet child, in six days of brain fever! A wonderful memory he had, poor darling; could repeat poetry for two hours by my watch, when only eight years old." It never occurred to Mrs. Erris that this killed him; but she said that though Alfred could not do *that*, he, too, had an excellent memory.

"Which," said the lady, "you must work. Memory, of all things, must be cultivated; but I do not wonder at your spoiling such an angel."

Mrs. Erris assured her that she did not "spoil" him, and in proof thereof, asserted that he could repeat a great number of Watts's hymns.

"Watts's hymns!" answered Mrs. Diggons, with an irreverent sneer at the purest child-poetry in any language, living or dead; "such a creature as that should be able to repeat orations from Shakspeare and Milton."

"In time," said Mrs. Erris, making a secret resolve that he should do so immediately, and beginning to think that she had really neglected his education.

"Is he fond of the languages?" continued the lady.

"He has commenced Latin, and learnt French and English together orally, I may say," replied the abashed mother.

"Only commenced Latin!" exclaimed Mrs. Diggons in a compassionate tone. "Well, to be sure, he will never *want* it, as they say; but I should have an ambition to see such a noble creature as that 'far on' in every thing; but, perhaps, if he is not much advanced in languages, he is 'well up' in the sciences."

Mrs. Erris was a timid, gentle woman, very anxious for her children, and fearful lest they should grow to think she had not done her duty.

"Indeed," she replied, blushing, "he hardly knows the meaning of the word. His taste leads him to study; but my good friend, Doctor Graham Russel, says his brain is already too large, and insists so much on air and exercise, and out-door amusements, that my dear boy is backward, rather, in absolute study; not that he is ignorant; he knows the names of all the trees and flowers, the"—

"The botanical names?" mildly suggested Mrs. Diggons.

"No; the homely English names and their uses," replied the widow; "remember, he is only seven years old."

"Well, well," ejaculated the lady; "I can perfectly understand Dr. Russel's prejudice; he has arrived at that time of life when men look at improvements suspiciously, because they are not of their time. He is an old man; and if I had minded our family physician even in poor Elizabeth's case, ma'am, she'd have been a disgrace to me; that unhappy curve in her spine, he declared arose from her sitting so closely to the harp, and she was obliged to recline; but during the three years she laid upon a slightly inclined plane, *she never missed a single lesson*, nor did I yield her any indulgence—never suffered her to have an amusing book. 'No,' I said to the physician; 'since she cannot go on with the harp, she shall be remarkable at something else;' that was my ambition, to have remarkable children. Her nature was soft and gentle, but we hardened it with mathematics and algebra."

This, at the moment, startled Mrs. Erris. She thought of the deformed girl, and her pale, anxious, thoughtful face, from which every ray of joy seemed banished. She had struck her, at first, as being the only one of this "clever family" who was not superficial. Such had been her first impression. But, Mrs. Diggons's manner was imposing in more senses than one; and the timid, retiring mother, who had really done her duty by not overtasking, and yet sufficiently exercising the infant intellect of her children, felt bitter self-reproach while her new neighbor enumerated the acquirements of her offspring, without calling to mind that one of them had fallen a victim to brain fever, while another was deformed for life.

Alfred and Lucy Erris were invited to spend a day with the family at Deerstone; and—instead of the canter on the pony, the race on the upland lawn, the whoop and merry play, which is the healthy relaxation of healthful children, and which they had expected with an interest which was a pleasure in itself—there was a grand show-off of science, a parade of hard names, a display of precocious understanding, or rather its distorted shadow, which rendered Alfred and Lucy uncomfortable, and Alfred for the first time in his life thoughtful of display, and straining after effect which rendered him unnatural. Mrs. Erris, who dined there, felt thoroughly ashamed of her children. One young Diggons painted, another excelled in languages, another made crude poetry, which, though correct in numbers, was without idea; and as to the "ologies," hard words, and parrotted sentences, there was no end of them! Poor Mrs. Erris wondered why she had suffered her beautiful boy—who looked like a Grecian statue amid plaster and rough stone images—to display his ignorance, and innately resolved to adopt Mr. Diggons's plan, and abridge his hours of relaxation and exercise, that he might "make the most of time"—a duty doubtless; but let *how* the most can be made of this gold from God be ascertained, before the vainest and most injurious of all vain glories, that of making "show-children," is attempted.

In accordance with her determination, Mrs. Erris dismissed her son's tutor (whom Mr. Diggons had pronounced "merely a classic") for one who was "classical and scientific"—a hard

stern man, with an iron constitution; and directed Lucy's governess to "keep her at work" under the tutor's direction. There was no difficulty in making these children study—no difficulty in getting them to rise in the morning; their docile and intelligent minds were open to receive and fertile to produce. In natural capabilities, they were far superior to their showy neighbors; and their moral and thinking qualities were far beyond those of Mr. Diggons's offspring. Alfred was indeed a boy of the noblest qualities, entering into the spirit of history, comprehending and analyzing, idealizing, too, until his dry hot hand, flushed cheek, and throbbing brow, would have warned any teacher of feeling and observation that it was time to lay by the book and the pen, and away into the bright fields, and among the joy-giving and health-giving beauties of nature. And yet this tutor loved the boy; he delighted in him, because he delighted in learning, and because he felt no expressed fatigue in poring over the world of knowledge, which delighted him more and more every day. He knew that he was the only son of an ancient house, and that much depended on him; and he thought how fine it would be to see him carry the highest honors at Oxford—to feel that he would be more distinguished by his talents and his learning, than by the ordinary position he would hold in society by virtue of his family and his wealth.

Lucy was with her brother in all his tasks, taming down her wildness of spirits to assist his labors, and stimulating his exertions, which were any thing but childish. The "clever family" were a fair example of the fashion and display of information; their minds even were not half drawn into the exertion; they imitated rather than labored. This was particularly the case with the healthier portion of the family, who, like their parents, were superficial; but Albert and Lucy had hearts, feelings, and intellect of the finest texture, an intense love of study, an appreciation of the beautiful, a desire to excel, which, being once awakened, never again slept. They were precisely the children whose minds should have been strengthened rather than taxed, and whose bodies should have been invigorated by air, exercise, and much rest. Mrs. Erris, astonished at their progress, which she was vain enough to exhibit to the Diggonses, partly from gratitude that *they* had roused her to urge forward her children, was so delighted at the rapidity with which Albert mastered every difficulty, that she desired to make Dr. Russel confess that she was right and he was wrong, as to the management of her son especially. Since the commencement of her new system, she had but one conversation on the subject with him, and that had certainly left a painful impression on both their minds. She framed, however, some trifling excuse for calling at the manor house; and after a brief interview with the squire, who had been so much annoyed at her obliging her son to forego his pony exercise to devote more time to study, that he was cold and even stately to the widow of one he had loved like his own child, she sought the doctor in his favorite conservatory.

The doctor was cold enough also, but one of

his peculiarities was his being unable to persevere in any thing like coldness towards a lady.

"I wanted you to dine with me to-morrow, my good friend," she said; "indeed I wished our lord of the manor to come also, but he has received me so strangely, that I had not the courage to ask him."

"We are two old-fashioned old men, my dear Mrs. Erris," replied the doctor; "but somehow you have got new-fangled of late, and we should not be able to avoid finding fault, one of the bad habits common to old friends: so that, perhaps, under these circumstances, it is better for us to stay away."

"I know what you mean," answered Mrs. Erris gently; "you allude to Albert and Lucy. I want you to come and judge for yourself; I want you to *see* how they are improved; that, in fact, is all I desire. I want you to examine the children of your old friend, and I think you will be satisfied that I have done my duty."

"I am quite satisfied you have *intended* to do your duty, my dear lady; quite satisfied of that; and if it had not been for the stimulus given to your maternal vanity by the arrival of this 'clever family,' I am certain you would have continued blessing and being blessed; not over-tasking, but permitting your children's minds as well as their bodies to strengthen while they grow; but we shall not agree upon the matter, my dear Mrs. Erris, so perhaps we had better not talk of it; we shall certainly not agree upon the subject."

"You were the friend my poor husband valued most on earth," said Mrs. Erris, after a pause; "and I cannot bear that you should labor under any false impression. I assure you neither Lucy nor Albert are ever driven to their tasks."

"So much the worse for children of their rapid yet delicate natures. If they had a disinclination to study, it would prove that their individual minds were not of a quality to injure their bodies; but the zeal for study requires to be regulated."

"And Mr. Salon does regulate it," said the mother.

"By increasing it," replied the doctor. "The structure of these precocious minds is easily disorganized. It has always seemed to me as extraordinary as unjust, that parents and teachers bestow double the pains upon what are termed *clever* children to what they do upon those who are dull of comprehension; whereas the heavier minds could be wrought with decidedly more safety, and in nine cases out of ten would produce, if not a richer, certainly a more abundant fruitage."

"But," urged Mrs. Erris, "you are arguing as if my children were suffering from too much mental exertion. I assure you the contrary is decidedly the case; they are full of life, full of energy. Mrs. Diggons said she never saw any thing in her children like the energy with which my children apply."

"I dare say she did not," replied the doctor. "In the first place, your tutor imparts *knowledge*, not its semblance; and in the next, your children have really a panting after information, a gasping for the beautiful and the ideal, a natu-

rally poetic temperament, which destroys ten for the one it crowns. I remember Albert restless in his cradle, and weeping at melancholy music; and as to Lucy, the difficulty with her was always to keep her tranquil. You have, my dear lady, applied excitement where you should, in my humble opinion, have removed it."

"But would you have had them grow up in ignorance?" inquired the lady.

"That is so like a woman," said the old bachelor, smiling sadly; "jumping from one extreme to the other. I talked of undue excitement, and you immediately fell back upon extreme ignorance; an excitement is the destruction of health and strength, and is to mind the very pestilence of education. The children were doing very well, learning as much as at their age they ought to learn without forcing—that is all that children should do."

"But some learn more quickly than others, my dear sir."

"So they do; some require keeping back, others bringing forward, but, with both, *time is the only safe developer and strengthener*. I never knew an instance where a precocious child was not the better for being kept back. It is positively offensive to come in contact with those forced children; to find mammas and papas absurd enough to mistake indications of talent for talent itself, and treating you to little miss or little master's poetry or prose. Well, my dear lady," he added, ashamed of his pettishness, "I have at least to thank you for your patience; you have listened to me, and I thank you. I will go, if you please, to-morrow, if it were only to prove how I value your forbearance; but just look at our flowers and this new forcing-house, which, I think, you have not seen, and which our gardener would have, because the clever family have one." Mrs. Erris looked at the flowers; the doctor having set aside the subject they talked of, she knew would not return to it; so she admired the plants, and the good old gentleman's anxiety for Lucy and Albert was for a few minutes obliterated by the interest he felt in his favorite flowers. On leaving the conservatory for the forcing-house, they found the gardener busied with some plants that had been placed upon a stand; amongst them was a white moss rose, its green leaves fading; the buds, through whose soft moss the faint streak of white was more or less visible, hung their heads, from their feeble and seemingly twisted stems.

"It won't do, Tom—all your care won't do now," said Dr. Russel to the gardener; "if you had been content to urge, not force the plant forward, it might have lived and flourished in the conservatory. Now it is gone—gone for ever."

"It was so beautiful, sir," said the man; "I never saw any thing more beautiful. I didn't like to be out-done in early flowering by Mr. Diggons's gardener, and got more heat on; and I'm sorry to say this is not the first plant that has served me so; the blossoms have dropped off many; so that, after all my care, and though willing to *sacrifice the plant for one good flowering, it won't always give that, but die away—right away.*"

"The rose would have been healthy enough in the conservatory, I suppose," said the doctor.

"Bless you, sir, it would have lived long enough to make a timber tree if I wanted it; but such fierce forcing cuts them off even before they blossom. It's a principle in nature, sir; my old governor never would have any thing forced beyond nature. 'Thomas,' he used to say to me, 'let us help nature; let us assist the old gentlewoman as well as we can—she deserves it of us; and it is our duty, as well as our interest, to keep friends with her, for there's one thing certain, she won't stand no nonsense.' He was a plain-spoken Scotchman, sir; but, like all of his country, he had a great acquaintance with nature."

The doctor made no further observation; but a glance at Mrs. Erris showed him that her face was bathed in tears.

INDIA AND CHINA.—THE overland mail from India, with dates from Calcutta to the 23rd March; Bombay, April 1st; Canton, 22nd February, arrived in town on Sunday. The importance of the Indian news is limited to the fact already made known by the telegraphic despatch, of the annexation of Scinde to our Indian empire. In Hyderabad, the capital of Scinde, treasure and jewels amounting, it is said, to one and a half million sterling, have been discovered. Doubts have been entertained if this treasure trove is to be considered prize-money. The matter has been referred to the Queen in Council. In the mean time, the Governor-General has declared Scinde to be a British province, abolished slavery therein, and appointed Sir C. Napier to be Governor; and also declared all transit duties abolished, and the Indus open to the ships of all nations. Scinde is said to be a most fertile district, which, when cultivated, will repay every cost tenfold, and render the territories of the Indus something like the banks of the Ganges.

The Governor-General was at Agra. He has ordered the celebrated Somnauth gates to be locked up there. Bundelkund remained still in an unsettled state, some disturbances having occurred along the frontiers of Cutch, facing Scinde; but the rest of India was tranquil. Dwarkanauth Tagore has been excluded from his family caste, in consequence of his repeatedly eating with "the unclean Europeans."

The most conflicting accounts were circulated respecting the state of Cabul. Akhbar Khan is no longer popular there, and another was said to have seized the government. Dost Mahommed was going back from Lahore to Cabul, but it was not known how he would be received there. He wished to be aided by the Sikhs, but they did not seem inclined to give him any assistance.

The interest of the Chinese news is almost exclusively of a commercial nature. Doubts are said to exist of the durability of any arrangement now entered into. The Chinese were busy in repairing all their forts, and in strengthening their positions in the different places attacked last year. Trade was dull, but was expected to revive speedily.—*Court Journal.*

For the Eclectic Museum.

THE PRESS AND THE AGE.

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

From the Vierteljahrs Schrift.

TRANSLATED BY F. A. STRALE.

In the good old times, a hundred years ago, or so, a vast deal less was printed than at present. People did not read as much as they now do, but they talked a great deal more. The organ of the Press, as it is now called, was comparatively in the helpless state of a chrysalis, while the organs of speech were developed in full vigor, by their volubility in furnishing the prattle, pot-eloquence, sycophancy and gallantry of the age. The Frankford Post arrived only twice a week; the Bremen Intelligencer of Wit and Science appeared only once a month; but yet often enough to serve throughout the holy Roman Empire, in the nightly orgies of the Academicians, or at the tea-table of the literary epicure, as the accredited guides and oracles in questions of general interest, natural phenomena, and standards of taste and talent. How much sense and nonsense, how many sallies of wit and of vain conceit, were not wasted on the desert air, in discussing the passing events of the day; such as the bloody strife between Frederic and Maria-Theresa, the paper-war between Bodmer and Gotsched, the elevation of Madame Pompadour to the throne, and Christian Wolf's recall to Halle, the severe winter of 1740, and Lord Anson's voyage around the world. The same exhalations ascend from the heads of men in our day, like steam produced by the contact of water with iron at a white-heat, but an infinitely greater portion of the component particles are precipitated daily, and in thousands of places, in the shape of types on paper. From this important change in the intellectual atmosphere of the world, proceeds in truth almost every thing, whether it be for the better or for the worse, in great matters or in trifles, which distinguishes the age of the semi-weekly snails-post (Schnecken-Post), the bag-wig, and of demonstrative philosophy, from the age of steam, kid-gloves and absolute ideas; from the age marked by the mighty impulse given to science and art, the revolution effected in the views of both rulers and people, and by the controlling power of public opinion; as well as by the great schism which has supervened between theory and invention, between the right of conscience and the cravings of mind, the desolation and yet sober awakening of the masses, together with

that practical egotism of individuals, which so strangely belies the philanthropy of theories and the charity of institutions.

Literature, in those days, was merely a sprinkling, a passing cloud, from behind which the cheering rays of the social sun burst forth the merrier; in our times, she shrouds the heavens in thick and portentous gloom, and were any one to represent this reading generation by a flock of geese, who forgetting their lively cackle in the storm, with contemplative gravity look up askance to the heavens; the comparison, if not very refined, would at least be an apt one, as predicable of a social state, where so much more is written and read than spoken, where familiar and cheerful intercourse is struck with the palsy, and very many of the social virtues, besides old-fashioned and honorable gallantry, have become defunct. Whence come the wild notions of many scribbling and reading women, but from their much reading, from their peevish habit of shaking the fruit off the tree of knowledge, and from the fact that the busy and abstracted lords of creation, do not so much after the old fashion pay their submissive homage at the shrine of beauty, by flowery speeches and wire-drawn compliments; that they do not every moment offer incense to the ladies as to their acknowledged and petted little despots, who by the fundamental laws of nature are disqualified from holding a seat and giving a vote in the graver councils of men.

In those days, when a man delighted in his own cogitations on passing events, he generally brought them to some gossiping market; he looked about for people to whom he could unburden his political weather-wisdom, his scientific projects or his artistical enthusiasm. That which now goes by the name of Society, consists of two classes: one, writing down their thoughts on politics, commerce, sciences and arts, while the other read what these have written. Interchange of thought through the medium of conversation, has only this in common with that carried on through the medium of printing, that they produce no result, abstractedly considered; for after all, every thing which at each succeeding moment is embraced under the heads of science, literature, political economy and the whole domain of research, is surely nothing else but the sum total of all the great and little accounts, which are constantly adjusting between millions of great and little individuals.

In an age where every body is writing; where words appearing in a book are fre-

quently hardly weighed more scrupulously than in daily colloquy, the writer will doubtless be permitted also to scatter on paper a few thoughts on the aspect of the existing era; thoughts which in the good old time he would have wasted in talk, while now, having the comfortable assurance, that no one will contradict him, while writing, he can think himself to be in the right, until he sees some criticism of his pages, and afterwards too.

The Press is that main engine of development, which for three centuries, uninterruptedly and in a progressive ratio of speed, is carrying the human race towards some goal yet undiscernible and unknown. It has left mankind, what they ever were; but it is a leaven (*Gährungs-stoff*) which has given a characteristic scope and direction to that momentous disjunction which is going on between us and antiquity, and has infinitely multiplied energies and relations, and then again simplified them. With the art of printing commenced a new era in the culture of the human mind, which before had enjoyed a holiday of two thousand years, since acquiring the accomplishment of writing. The Press is a machine embodying an idea, by whose developments, the heirloom of History itself, so to speak, has been re-constructed, to the effect that it incessantly throws off the antiquated materials of power, of thought and of passion, descended from our forefathers, in ever varying, ever increasing, ever bolder, finer and more elaborate patterns. As manual labor was the productive genius of the primitive and middle ages; so machinery is of modern times—but still it is the same genius which is at work. We are so accustomed to the common, all-pervading vehicle of thought, to the ability of scanning every movement in the worlds of matter or of mind, that it is with no small difficulty we are able to place ourselves in a bygone age; and the superficial thinker is utterly at a loss to comprehend the intellectual greatness of certain periods which were destitute of the present facilities for disseminating and interchanging ideas. The noiseless tread of the historical muse, led onward only by traditional legends, strikes us as gloomily as unearthly steps in the haunted chamber of Ugolino; while an old man would become bewildered with terror in beholding how, by the necromancy of printing, the hidden workings of the times are unmasked, how the levers and shuttles pass and repass with inconceivable swiftness, the wheels buzz and fly, the woofs are reeled off, and everywhere images and designs

unfold themselves in the remotest perspective. Once, the country-village was comparatively lively, and vocal with the commotion of debate; as has been said, even a hundred years ago, there was comparatively much more tale-telling and less printed news; while now, with the newspaper in his hand, the citizen quid nunc holds converse with every portion of the habitable globe, in the crowded coffee-room, or in the rail-car, without bestowing a single word on his neighbor, to give a jog to the intellectual faculties of either.

Mankind, when they had no printing, were divided in detached groups, each of whom enjoyed its own immunities and characteristic identity. Their thoughts and affections occupied the space of these hallowed inclosures, leaving the surplus, if any, to make excursions into the fields of nature and of religion. At first, indeed, before they were merged in states and kingdoms, communities resembled some isolated galvanic elements, within the contracted spheres of which, the affections and aspirations of the soul were forever gamboling in self-exhausting gyrations. Time gradually added other elements; but slow was the progress which men could make in knowledge and power through the mere instrumentality of tradition and manuscript, both indifferent conductors, and the battery, though its multiplied parts endowed it with increasing force, soon wore itself into decay. Then the Press at once became the communicating medium of the ethereal fluid, and by its infinitely superior adaptedness, raised the civilized world to the proud eminence which it now occupies on the heaving galvanic pile of mind, which seeks to outstrip the farthestmost bounds of the very heavens.

Every unit, whether great or small, from the individual to the state or the nation, feels itself, in the midst of the whirl and commotion of conflicting powers, identified in its thoughts, purposes and actions, as a part of one undivided whole, and all may perceive how the materials of fate are disposed of in the fervent heat incident to the concentration of their powers at the poles of the ever-working battery; and how thus destiny is every instant evolved, be it through the agency of man himself, or be it in his despite. It is pre-eminently this universal sensitiveness of the body social, this ever present consciousness of historical dignity, which stamps the present century as differing so strikingly and essentially from the last, so faintly acted upon by the Press, and which renders it so diam-

etrically opposite to the earlier ages of the world. Every pleasing and noble feature in the aspect of our times, as well as every equivocal and fatal distortion, springs from this psychological revolution; from this source flow all those schemes and efforts in state, in science and in art, which characterize the present generation.

Even long after the invention of printing, comparatively but a very few privileged individuals were enabled to watch the course of the world, to confront and measure the events which passed before their eyes, by the past, as recorded on the page of History, thence to draw definite conclusions, to set the horoscope of the city, the state or the age, and to announce all this to their contemporaries. With the progress of this "black art" the feelers of society became proportionably more numerous and acute, its vision into futurity sharpened, and the one half of what is now printed is made up of judgments abstractedly pronounced by this conscientious and self-criticising age, whether in a sober mood, or misguided by passion, on the past, present and future. It happens, however, in the arena of literature, as it does in the British Parliament. There, every speech being directed to the chair, the speaker is the focus, or rather the centre of all the radii of debate, and in a somewhat analogous manner every author or scribbler, in all his plans or strictures on the affairs of the world, addresses himself to the Public, that presiding hydra, which holds *in terrorem* the power of life or death in its grasp, over all Magazines, Journals, and Gazettes. The Public and the Speaker—both much less speaking, than spoken to—have no perceptible influence over the issue, the result of the debate; the same as in judicatory assemblies, a thousand valuable or silly thoughts fall to the ground, and that which is finally effected, often has no relationship, either to the efforts of genius expended, or to the end contemplated; so the assertions and demurrers, the demands and the refusals, the triumphs and the lamentations of the political press, are daily set at naught by the executive tribunal of History. The universal development of the go-ahead principle, which in modern times has been so wonderfully accelerated, is chiefly the effect of the inherent and ever augmenting power of the press; and consequently, while the plot thickens, while so many conflicting phenomena appear, while what is past, as well as that which is yet to come, arouses the most opposite passions; the energies of the press receive increased stimulus,

and the bustle among claimants and objectionists, among the contending masses, and in the consultations among Savans at the couch of diseased humanity, grows ever louder and more confused. Nothing can transpire in any of the provinces of metaphysics, politics, religion, art, trade or science, which does not produce manifold and heterogeneous results, in a society rendered thus sensitive through the agency of the Press. Where one sees only health and safety, another scents a gangrene; the identical fact calls up to the imagination of one a series of the most flattering images, to that of his neighbor it portrays nothing but the rake's progress—to one the beginning of a felicitous consummation—to the other the beginning of a gloomy end. The one cannot comprehend how it is that the world does not advance more readily, universally, or in this, and that and the other particular quarter, where genius such as *his* applies the lever. Another is astonished again to find his transcendent abilities baffled, and like Jonah becomes fretful at the failure of his prophecies; but is not the less positive, that with such elements of discord and destruction within, the world *cannot* long hold together. All admit, however, even those who draw the most favorable auspices for the future from the present, that with the present striking advance of certain elements of power, other certain elements which caused the peculiar bloom and glory of departed ages, have become extinct; but while A beholds in this deficiency, or rather substitution of energies, the prognostics of a universal dissolution, B adopts it as merely another round in the physiological ladder of the species.

Those faculties of man, by which in observing, experimentalizing, analyzing, dissolving, and again combining, condensing and making deductions, he penetrates deeper and farther into outward nature and into his own, have manifestly been exalted and enlarged through the revolution effected by the press. This is more especially apparent in the great strides which the present age has made in the various departments of natural science.

The rich and fair legacy of learned lore, transmitted from antiquity, even within the precincts of natural philosophy, was preserved during the middle ages by a few men of towering genius, and, though with considerable drawbacks on the one hand, it obtained on the other some slow and unequal acquisitions. The single-handed thinker and seeker after truth, cramped and fettered by authorities, could make but feeble,

unproductive, and withal hazardous exploring expeditions into the hidden chambers of nature's laboratory; and consequently the efforts of genius either soared away into the clouds, or else diverged into the winding and obscure paths of a labyrinth, where arose on some circumscribed basis of experiments, the speculative structures of the theosoph, the astrologer and the alchemist. The seeds of science, so vigorously deposited by the ancients, were barely kept scathless during the iron-age. The press prepared the soil to receive the seed, and scattered it abroad; it speedily produced a thousand-fold, and now the entire domain of civilized life, is clothed in luxuriant verdure, and a stately crop of true knowledge, hides, if it cannot choke, many a rank weed, the seed of which the press has, in its heedless race, also dropped. The same thought, which called forth a general interchange of mind, gave to science the principle of vitality, no longer of a stunted growth, a stagnant vegetation, and this vitality and growth kept exact pace with the increase of books. Once, the science of natural philosophy was a rigid, compact mass, easily scanned and mastered by one mind. Mathematics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Botany, Physic and Metaphysics, lay all huddled together in the brains of the Doctor mirabilis. In proportion, however, as the magic circle, which the press had thrown around the philosopher and thinker, became more and more intensely electrified with this vitality, the mass became more fusible, and the materials of science more redundant. Soon it could no longer be scanned, much less mastered by individual minds; it separated into ever various fragments and ramifications, each of which required its master workman, and thus was set on foot that division of labor, that unfailing distribution, that constant gathering and re-issuing (*Wieder-abgeben*) of materials, which at the present day gives to the activity of genius a feature so much resembling a mathematical concatenation of productive mechanism, or rather of a fraternity of skilful insects. That which instinct effects in the little community of bees, a general wakefulness and sharp-sightedness bring to pass in the Republic of Science—all that has been done at every point, and all that is yet to be done. Inspired by the common impulse, the student knows as by intuition, which flowery chalice he must crush in order to extract the purest honey; cell is added to cell as by rule and compass in the prolific hive of scientific literature, and

the young brood of new discoveries are carefully nursed and fed after the most approved rules of dietetics.

The natural sciences are the boast of the age—yes, and in their alliance with industry, have made it arrogant. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that the achievements of the human mind, subsequent to the laws established by Keppler and by Newton, as yet have made but very few stages in its boundless career. Here the prospect is lost in distance; the re-actions on society, the re-modelling, emancipation and ennobling of the whole system flowing from a conquest of nature's forces, in great things or in small, in the aggregate or in the abstract, it is impossible to compute. But when this new movement first became apparent, about fifty years ago, after the great and important discoveries had been made in chemistry and in physic, mankind were affected somewhat in the manner of a man who for the first time travels on a rail-road. Though mounting the car very cautiously, and apprehensive of not being able to endure the rapid motion, he soon becomes reconciled to the novelty, and in a little while begins to suggest that the speed might very well be increased, without either inconvenience or danger. Just so people spoke then, in verse and in prose, in half jest and full earnest, of the gigantic undertakings of mind, of the flight of Icarus, and *pennis non homini datis*. But soon one became accustomed to the rushing locomotive of science, whose scintillations were as many seeds of the *utile dulce*; and now the faction of science and the multitude cried out vehemently to the other multifarious arts, *fa presto*, and the impatience to gain and to enjoy infinitely outstrips the sober and legitimate march of improvement. One prominent example will suffice; in *that* we may see reflected all the phantastic expectations, anticipations, misconceptions, misconstructions and fallacies through the medium of which one generation throws a halo of imaginary glory over the darkness of those yet unborn.

Mankind have scarcely succeeded in moving over the surface of their planet at the rate of forty miles per hour, scarcely do they anticipate with any degree of certainty, that the rail-road will infuse a renovated nervous system into the body social, before they grasp, no one can tell how many degrees higher, and pant for the immediate realization of the antiquated hobby, which so often is honored with fruition only in our dreams: they would fain fly on

the wings of the wind. Almost any one among us has some friend or acquaintance, who is enthusiastically taken with the idea of the thing, and who marvels, that earnest and united measures have not long since been adopted for its accomplishment. He tells you, this speculative son of Apollo, this Phaeton, that to mount into the clouds, to career about securely among and above them, and to defy the tempest, may well be considered as premature and chimerical: but that it would be enough to have the power to sail above the surface at the elevation of only a few feet, with the desirable command of ease, security and speed, in order to supersede roads and every conveyance by land or water, and yet without encroaching materially on the prerogatives of tolls and custom-houses. He means to say, that *he* could do all this, if he only had sufficient mastery over the sciences, especially chemistry and mechanics!—As it is, he stops at taking shares, without delay, in the aerial metallic packetship which is constructing at Nuremberg. But the Nurembergians do not hang people, &c.

Such fancies and experiments, by which the solution of the problem is so confidently and incontinently expected to be realized, indicate a misconstruing of those laws of our nature, which govern every new-born idea, but more palpably every notable invention, which obtains a "local habitation and a name," which possesses a distinct and characteristic existence, and which has advanced from the first dim conception in which it originated to its consummation, or rather its safe delivery through the process of an ascending scale of development in successive and harmonizing stages. The invention of locomotives and rail-roads as a general means of conveyance is yet in its infancy; but it is a very promising and precocious babe. No matter if it does not realize all that it now promises, still it must in the course of its farther development grow in importance and influence, it must reach a maturer age and experience, and when it finally shall be overtaken by some new, yet unheard of, and sublimer vehicle of speed, and be thrown aside in the grand lumber-room of History, it will only share the fate incident to ourselves. When we have become thoroughly trained and formed in the school of experience, we are worn out, and pushed aside with buoyant insolence, by some younger aspirant who continues our work with fresh ingenuity, and thinks himself so much greater than ourselves, because he stands

on our shoulders. Rail-roads resemble the blood-vessels, which are here and there apparent during incubation in the shapeless mass of an egg; as far as they are complete, they only point out the future channels for the circulation of the fluids and the shape and position of the limbs. As no one, without previous knowledge, can form a correct idea of the full grown animal, from the confused embryo of the chicken while in the egg, so we probably can form no adequate conception of the fashions which the world may yet put on, in connexion with the new locomotive power, and no one knows whether his fancy-sketch on this point, will prove too excursive or too circumscribed. Until the Rail-road as a distinct system, recoiling upon itself, becomes the ladder of improvement, and has continued such for a longer or a shorter period, men will not, if ever, learn to fly, or turn their skill to great account. True, every thing in our day develops itself more rapidly; even inventions enjoy a short life and a merry one, ripen quicker, drop off earlier than formerly; but with all this high-pressure, the old tracks and precedents of advance, of perfectibility, remain of necessity; and even our modern wonders of creative genius obey those laws which govern the whole kingdom of art. It will do no harm, if, bearing this reflection in mind, we not only look down upon our progenitors, but also endeavor to look up to posterity.

Every new discovery or important step gained in the march of improvement, calls up to the imagination the most pleasing images. At last, having had its day, it presents itself to the understanding only in a chastened, may be a pitiful form. At the outset, it is a revelation, a marvel; replete with life, comfort and beauty, and improvement is hardly conceivable. Seen from a distance, the same object appears flat, cumbersome and clumsy; with all its elaborate appendages, but of little use, and to the unreflecting it seems inexplicable that people did not directly hit upon those improvements, which are now appreciated at a glance, and which, having been adopted, every body thinks himself competent to have made. Thus when riding in the most commodious and well-appointed carriage, we look behind us with a feeling of pity mingled with contempt, not only on the chariot in which Telemachus visited Menelaus, but on the coach, the body of which hung on leather-straps; a lumbering, gilt and bedaubed machine, like a ferry-house or a lion's cage, dragged slowly and obsti-

nately over the rough and jagged pavement, or through the bottomless roads; ponderous, rickety, tasteless and ridiculous. How many lessons of experience, how many fruitless trials, how many discoveries in mechanics, in chemistry, in the use of metals, &c., were not needed gradually to effect the metamorphosis of this patriarchal piece of finery, into a whole family of present splendid, light and elegant equipages—coaches, Berlins, chairs, britschkas, tandems, quitrins, tilburies, &c., &c. Look at them: strength and compactness united with lightness; capaciousness with neatness, in the most ingenious manner imaginable; seats, and steps, and handles, all placed with scrupulous anatomical nicety, calculated to meet every position and motion of the occupants; every thing in most perfect equipoise and harmony—a very complicated piece of mechanism—and yet apparently so simple. Only by persevering training and industry, could the rude and unwieldy limbs of that primitive monster, be transformed into those graceful, slender, pat and pliant forms of the present carriage, and which has bequeathed its most prominent virtues on the passengers' car rolling on iron. And this car, with its inanimate phantom team, becomes in its turn an obsolete monster! Yes, the age will and must arrive, which will look back on the *ne plus ultra*, the vaunted gem of our polish, the rail-road, just as we look back on the first attempts of our forefathers to obviate the jolting of a clumsy wagon on a bad road. It will then seem perfectly in keeping with such bungling contrivances, that hundreds of people were at once maimed or killed outright, though the bungling contrivance itself may be wondered at; and a future generation will as little covet the car in which Dumont D'Urville was burned to death, as we do the coach in which Henry IV. was assassinated.

The steamer of our day has aptly been likened to heavy ordnance, at its first invention. After knowing how to put powder and ball into metallic cylinders, and fire off the charge, the whole mystery of gunnery seemed at once exhausted. The greatest effect was expected only from the largest caliber, and thus an invention remained in its infancy, which has but slowly followed in the track of military science, until it has reached to our shrapnels and the Paixhan guns. Long experience, many and often very dearly purchased experiments, were needful, before the true proportions of length, thickness, strength and

bore of the several kinds of ordnance were satisfactorily ascertained, the problem solved how to ensure the greatest effect simultaneously with the quickest manœuvres in the field; before the art of killing masses of men with despatch and precision, to annihilate them *secundum artem*, and with finished elegance, as it were, was brought to its present pinnacle of perfection. Very probable it is, that mankind now use the power of steam with no greater skill than they once did the powder; and the steam-boat, which we think so smart a thing, has yet to run through many long years of apprenticeship. Our steam-boat constructors and captains will not appear any wiser to their grandchildren, than the gunners and sappers which figured in the war of Schmalcalden do to our engineers. The four-and-twenty-pound carronade, which, if exploding, kills every body around it, and the mighty steamer "President," of several hundred horse power, which perished with every soul on board, equally indicate in their respective spheres, how far the artificial energies, as yet found out, may most profitably be applied, when directed by moderation. It is intrinsically the province of *time*, generally a long time, to elicit from any agent in nature's arsenal its true character, its domestic habits, so to speak, its virtues and its vices; to enlarge and multiply it by division and subdivision, to produce the greatest effect with the smallest outlay of means; to simplify and perfect its parts, to make them lighter, more fitting, more convenient and ornamental, until one transcendent idea shall supersede another, whose embodiment will seem a wonderful improvement to us, and to posterity again quite uncouth and imperfect.

Thus, in every age, the arts and inventions are like some curious tree, whose intertwining branches promiscuously bear buds, flowers, fruit, and empty shells, on the same twig. But never has this tree of life glowed in more luxurious verdure than at present. Its sap, circulating with accelerated vigor, throws out forms and productions hitherto unknown. This rapidity and exuberance of vegetation is, however, the result of the league which science and art have, on the principle of mutual advantage, so systematically entered into, in these days of universal utilitarianism. Invention was indeed always, in the main, the foster-child of science; but so long as science herself had nowhere gained a firm footing, and looked forward to no definite and final purpose, achieving

her conquests only accidentally, her benefits were also fitful, partial, and anomalous. But towards the close of the last century, science rallied; she burst the fetters of authority, of faculties, and cathedræ, and struck with equal vigor into a two-fold track: one winding upwards, that of ideas and conceptions; the other lateral, that of application and execution. On the other hand, the trammels of guild were loosened or thrown off, whether gently or rudely; the hankering after established notions changed more and more into an eagerness after novelty, which science stepped in to gratify. The phenomena in both directions developed themselves conjunctively; it was chiefly, however, the fresh impulse imparted to chemistry by the help of the acids and of the galvanic pile, which broke down the barriers of science, and called her into activity and life, from the student's closet and the lecture-room into the work-shop, and vice versa; since when, a reciprocal and systematic productiveness has become more and more apparent.

But while the arts thus assiduously followed the foot-marks of science, she herself seems to have entered upon a new era, silently ushered in by concomitant circumstances. The effect of the phenomena incident to electricity and magnetism, the closer observation of the laws of light and heat, the discovery of a universal polarity and of the stoichiometrical relations of bodies, had materially altered former theories on the energies of nature, and the occupancy of space by matter. For some time, the most surprising discoveries have appeared, in rapid succession, which leave altogether in the shade those theories of the hidden powers of nature, in their most subtle and diminutive operations, which were broached fifty years ago. The phenomena of electro-magnetism and of magnetic electricity, in a great measure still enigmatical; the remarkable results elicited by attempts to measure the hitherto unmeasurable velocity of the lightning and of the electric spark; the all-important discoveries with regard to the chemical and physical properties of different rays of light; the certainty that whole wide-reaching species of the rocks and minerals of the earth, consist of the remains of animalculæ, thousands of which are imbedded in a grain of sand scarcely visible to the naked eye; the microscopic investigations made into the internal structure of animals and plants; the harmonious motion of many of the minutest atoms, as, for example, in the smooth, glossy surface of certain pitui-

tous tunicles or pellicles; the Daguerreotype, of much more consequence to science than to the art; and lastly and latest, the recent Berlin discoveries about those altogether undreamt-of and mysterious relations said to exist between the surfaces of bodies—all these are wonderful, a whole realm of new marvels. We are now aware, that while supposing ourselves to have been employed in dissecting nature's framework, we have only manipulated its outward covering; we have watched and counted the pulsations and respirations of universal nature, taken admeasurement of its movements, and laid open its secretions. Never has it been, until now, that, as by a magnetic transformation of the senses, we are able to catch a glimpse of the innermost organic springs and wheels of nature's machinery, seeing, as it were, every globule of blood coursing, and every fibre vibrating through the system. We as yet only perceive a confused throng of the minutest effects—a play, with the rapidity of lightning, of acting and counteracting energies, which strikes us with astonishment, confusion and awe. But we feel that in this a fresh problem is offered for solution to the human mind, of a more exalted and comprehensive range—a problem to which all our foregoing researches in the so-called inexorable territory of nature, were only preliminary. We feel a misgiving, or rather entertain an opinion, that with all these great and startling discoveries, we have as yet discovered nothing more than the Antilles, the reefs and the promontories of a new world. It is indeed more than possible, that during the lengthened process of solving a new and infinitely deeper problem, all our ideas of animate as well as of inanimate creation, will entirely change their character and scope; and it is certainly remarkable, that while mankind in general, from the prevalence of new facilities of locomotion, have become familiar with new estimates as to time and space, a revolution is also impending in the minds of the learned, respecting the relative meaning of these terms, in connexion with the universal economy of nature.

The human mind has evidently become excited to extraordinary activity in the pursuit of the natural sciences through these marked changes of modern times; it is in this department where it has achieved its greatest conquests, and gained its noblest and most decisive victories. The deductions at which science reaches from its height of observation in the regions within

the compass of intellect, its queries and its challenges militate, it is true, against many formulæ of religious belief. The old controversy between natural philosophy and theology is by no means ended; it has merely been thrust into the background by schisms in theology itself, by rationalism, neology, and theological criticism. The tendency of this, with us, has been a surrendering up of the Old Testament, long since, to the cross-examinations of science, and so long as such bitter disputations are carried on about the Gospels, orthodoxy finds no leisure to defend the Mosaic bulwarks of the faith. The verdicts of science often give umbrage to not a few; but the fruit so liberally depending from her thousand branches, daily enhancing the comforts and pleasures of life, is nevertheless freely gathered and tasted almost universally. While in the enjoyment of the benefits flowing from her discoveries and productions, scarcely one reflects that this very assiduity and impetus of the human mind, the reaction of which is felt in the growing ease and *bien-séance* of society, has been one of the principal causes of skepticism. No one stops to consider, while on the steam-boat, in the rail-car, in the blaze of brilliant wax-lights, (stearinkerzen,) while examining with admiration the cunning counterfeit of the photograph, scanning the charming landscape through the achromatic tube, or drawing fresh delight from Nature's miniature-wonders through the microscope, that the book of Genesis is dragged into darkness and contempt by the same endless chain of speculation and contrivance, which brings into day many of the comforts and elegancies of life.

Next in order after the natural sciences, in their most extended sense, come those which, with equally comprehensive grasp, take up human destinies and mutations as interlaced with time and space, past, present, and future—we mean History and Ethics. The temperature of the age has urged these branches of knowledge and research also into an unusually rapid growth, and quite singular developments. With equal force and from a similar impulse, they have made bold and successful incursions into that ideal world, that second nature, which the human mind, ever buoyant and ruminating, sees created and again demolished, acknowledging its existence only in memory and moral results, in the enchanted temples of language, of worship, of art, of manners, and of law, which though raised and adorned by every race,

every nation, and every tribe in varying style, yet in the groundwork betray the same outlines of humahity. But these sciences possess their chief glory and strength from receiving and applying those laws which regulate all sublunary matters, as being the immutable laws of unsophisticated nature itself. Philology, History, Antiquities, Arts and Literature, Jurisprudence, Politics, and Political Economy—and "alas! Theology too,"—in all and each of these, every diligent student may mark the point, a few generations back, where the light breaks in with irresistible force upon his path, the ancient landmarks of authority are exploded, the thickets of prejudice cleared away, the bogs of syllogisms and pedantry drained and made arable ground. He beholds, like the planter on the hydrometer of the Nile, the rising flood fertilizing the parched soil, and yet rising. He stands on an eminence, from which, if endowed with merely common capacities, he must look upon the learning of bygone ages, as far beneath him. He fearlessly grasps the most rugged plants, against whose piercing thorns a discreeter generation protected themselves with gloves; he plunges in *medias res* long neglected, the dissection of which was hitherto considered as too difficult or too hazardous; he reads trippingly from the page which was hieroglyphics to his grandfather, and demonstrates on his fingers the truth advanced as a dim hypothesis by some sage, regarded in his day as a visionary, a madman, or a witch. If a conceited fool, he thinks all his boasted wisdom indigenous to himself; if entitled to be classed under a more respectable category, he feels himself in inspired moments, as being the polished apex of an intellectual pyramid ever growing from an immeasurable basis.

This daring, scrutinizing, search into History, this reckless criticizing of the past and the present, is the legitimate characteristic of science in our day. With restless zeal she keenly examines every production in order to detect and rectify traditional errors and false computations, when necessary, she analyzes the materials thoroughly, so as to trace with nicest accuracy from the disclosed elements, the primitive evolutions of human affairs. It is only in an age such as the present, that this ardor could be generally and powerfully awakened; when thought is unshackled, when man is exonerated from hundreds of doubts, considerations, and points of punctilio, which, in a more courtly age, encompassed the conversational as well as

the book-making thinker, and which compelled him to observe numberless ceremonies in treating of things, measures and men, all the way even up to Adam—and as the new life infused into the natural sciences has communicated itself to arts and trades, and endowed them with the elements of an ever-acting progression, so the free and independent review of letters has, in many instances, had a purifying reaction on the State, on the entire relative union between sovereigns and subjects, on legislation in all its ramifications, on the general policy of nations; and the focus to which all these reacting influences tend is, universal commerce. On the one hand, the importing merchant, the manufacturer, the mechanic, on the other the prince, the ministers, dignitaries and office-holders have mutually become equally wary, alert and diligent, more enlightened as to the dangers of giving way to their obstinacy or caprice, in a word, more artificial and scientific. The purchaser as well as the tax-payer have been taught to look narrowly where they bestow their custom and their confidence, and choose to be served effectually and after the latest and most approved fashion in return for their money and their loyalty. Every one, it is true, is not reconciled to the actual course of the world, nor satisfied with the corollaries and deductions of the historical demonstrations of the day; but the intimate connexion between research and practical appliance, the influence of intelligence on the re-modelling of all public relations is, in specific cases, discernible only to the few, and hence it is that the universal seeking after increased knowledge, is so vehemently decried by the many, when directed to a quarter which unquestionably is the worst and weakest point in human nature.

This prying, analyzing criticism has wound the wires of its battery around the time-honored and sacred form of Christianity also. An intellectual under-current wears upon and undermines the historical pillars of faith, and pervades the human family; while many ponder deeply on the nature and tendency of this sign of the times, it calls forth, and with justice, the grief and indignation of multitudes. The mind has its undeniable claims; but they are counterbalanced by the at least equally valid claims and cravings of the spirit. The natural as well as artificial temper of mankind has always been affected in the most contradictory manner, by the historical records of Christianity, as well as by its doctrines. The same propositions,

which now give so much offence, are nearly as old as the church itself; church history winds its way through as many heresies, as the secular historian does over bloody battle-grounds; the rankest heathenism existed among individuals whether laymen or clergy, even in the most pious periods; more than once the most shameless infidelity filled the chair of St. Peter, and Deism, which in the last century made such havoc among the superficial and unwary, by means of its shafts of ridicule, has strutted through the world from the beginning with varying success. When, therefore, this unlicensed prying spirit of research, so long kept busy in every other field, comes to lay hands on Theology; when a number of its votaries cry out, "I cannot do otherwise," and following the prevailing practice around them invade their own territory, it matters, for the moment, but little to him who stands by watching what transpires, who is right, or who is wrong, whether the breaking down and building up, the casting away, or the gathering of stones together, is for good or for evil; he recognises in this, with other novelties in the horizon of science, and with the vicissitudes of theology itself, nothing more than an inevitable advance of things. Most other branches of historical knowledge had to pass through a noviciate of compromising, ambiguous rationalism, before they could launch into the higher regions of independent criticism, and now, when Theology follows in the wake, though it may be a movement fraught with evil, it is yet an unavoidable one, which can be denied only by impassioned bigots. In what respect do the theological strictures of our day differ from the heretical carplings of every age, but in claiming the real or imaginary vantage-ground, afforded by a general increase of knowledge, and in finding unobstructed access to every part of an argument-loving public through the Press? True religious feeling, as well as grovelling egotism, when exasperated at these and kindred offsprings of the times, must, to be consistent, go back to the first printing press, as the prolific germ of all that is grand and glorious not less than of all that is noxious and envenomed in the present nursery of mind. It was a puerile objection to modern transcendentalists in theology, though so strenuously urged, that they did not write in a learned and more occult language, that they did not challenge the learned in their own privileged tongue. As if such a piece of vain latinity, could even for a moment with-

stand the all-diffusing energy of the press! We behold, in the movements of late theological discussion, the prelude of a final and fatal solution of a long-standing problem, which the world is now called upon to decide as best she may. But not through science is the question to be solved, or a reconciliation of the openly conflicting elements to be effected; this can be done by a process of calm ratiocination alone. Even while reason descants on the *primum mobile*, the wonders on the soul, on gnosticism, mysticism, and every other *ism*, she finds no answer to questions of her own invention. Philosophical speculativeness mocks herself and her contemporaries, when by parcelling out the data of Christianity into certain set formulæ of speech, she pretends to comprehend and to prove, what to the spiritual mind ever was, is, and will be, truth; and which to its opposite remains as incomprehensible as ever. But this direction of the inquisitiveness of mankind, leads us immediately to the wounds and woes of the age in which we live, and though thus far we have looked only upon its more hardy and mercurial lineaments, we are now confronted by its deeply-graven traces of dissoluteness, confusion and impotency.

Every age has its strong and its weak points, its virtues and its vices, its boasted paragons and its canker-worm, its paroxysms of arrogance and of remorse, as well as every nation and every individual. And so at the present day, in a development, than which history knows of none more impetuous and profound, all is not pure light, genuine strength, unquestionable progress. Far otherwise; everywhere strength and weakness, soaring aspiration and humbling inadequacy, are next-door neighbors, and raise their voices in deafening discord. Thus it ever has been; it is the hackneyed tale of one human energy in its fitful blossomings impeding the shoots of another, and an infinitude of projections serving only to circumscribe the platform of human happiness. The prominent feature of our age consists in the extraordinary acceleration of its movements, and the particular expression imparted to them through the Press. This movement and ferment have evidently operated very differently on different attributes and powers of the human mind. If, on the one hand, we contemplate the many and stupendous monuments of the highest genius in science, manufactures and statesmanship; and on the other, the vague, flimsy and distracted state of every thing which emanates from

the soul, of religion and art, the conviction becomes irresistible, that through the same sudden and unexampled enlargement of the sphere of action, some capacities of man have become surprisingly elevated and expanded, while others seem to have evaporated, or where they have resisted the unusual tension, to have been thrown into utter confusion and spasmodic disease. It is evident that mankind from recent culture have, in one respect, become much more enlightened, free and powerful in their knowledge of nature and of themselves, yet in other relations more inconsistent, enervated, morose and bewildered than they were in the midst of a civilization not yet modified, or at least not long acted upon by the Press.

There are yet people enough, who muse and talk of a good old time, from the most excellent motives, one of which is self-interest; a time when, in order to be something, or somebody, yea and to pass for something great too, they and their contemporaries had no more ado than to take the trouble of coming into the world; who feel uncomfortable in a society where the distinctions of hereditary rank become more and more obliterated, and scarcely ever the question is asked, "who *is* he?" but "what *has* he?" or at the farthest, what has he, with the help of fortune, made himself? These people desire impossibilities; they wish to enjoy the advantages and commodities of our present state of refinement and culture without the present state of politics; they would have the cause without its effect. They are well pleased with the blessings attending the covenant which the Creator has made with these latter days, and yet they would that it were as before the flood, when there were "giants in the earth, mighty men of old, men of renown." They look upon steamboats and rail-cars with benignity; only the arrangement must be delayed until their high mightinesses are ready to step in. We do not now speak of these; but in fixing our gaze on the cultivated and half-cultivated masses, to whom with the dismemberment of the German Empire nothing has become obsolete, nothing extinct, in noting the significance of their using or not using, with glass or pen in hand, the hunting-songs of the good old times, we shall find, that mankind are quite sensitive to the strong or weak points of our culture, even if they have thought ever so little or read ever so much, practices which so often go together. No man in his senses thinks of talking of the good old times, when the

phlogiston regulated all ideas of chemistry, and not much more was known of the wonderful qualities and vagaries of light, than of the spectrum of colors; when the bones of the rhinoceros were set down as those of giants; all unknown fossil remains as *lusus naturæ* or evidences of the deluge, and the sea allowed to have risen to that height of the mountains where shells, the supposed witnesses of its presence, were found; the time when the idea or name of Indo-Germanism had not yet been conceived; when Shakspeare had never been seen on the continent; when French poets were our pattern, and the gothic style was spoken of with the same contempt with which we now speak of the style of the Jesuits; when his Highness the Duke sold "four thousand of the children of the soil" to the Dutch, and the lady Abbess produced one trooper and a half as the contingent for her district; when universal History was handled on the model of the four monarchies, and the salaried Historian could, with most consummate unconcern and safety, falsify special passages, in courtesy to certain genealogical or territorial pretensions of certain houses. In such a world—a world of diligences and market-sloops, of pages, runners and lackeys, of French philosophers and Italian mistresses, of star-chambers, election-compromisings and the Wolfian system—no well-conditioned citizen wishes himself back. But how different the retrospect when we contemplate those apparitions in the world of mind which are more or less purely intellectual! The entire broad field of understanding, reasoning and knowledge, and of practical appliance, presents renewed life, plan, progress, originality, and a cheerful consciousness of power; in the equally excursive but more ethereal and hidden regions swayed by religious sentiment and enthusiasm of art, we behold inward anarchy and war, doubts and fears, shame and timorousness, an obsequious leaning on departed spirits and a ridiculous re-investment of their productions; *there* are as few *laudatores temporis acti*, as *here* there are many. There, as from a solid pyramid, we look down upon by-gone centuries; here, as from a dismal swamp, we look up to them. How much is there grand and noble, which we are not qualified to re-produce, on the parings of which we feast, with the threadbare fragments of which we endeavor to hide or to adorn our nakedness! How much, that was once the insignia of the highest spiritual functionaries, has become the degrading livery of menials, and is left

on the budget of the age, merely because it once appertained to the royal civil-list of genius!

When discussion turns upon Religion, creative art and poetry, the standards of the good old times afford abundant materials for choice, to suit every taste. Setting aside the servants of the Church and of the State, who find safety only within the bosom and unity of the old ecclesiastical establishment, or in the unrestrained inquiry into every thing this side of a line railing off the three last centuries—how many would wish themselves placed back in the times of the Emperor Joseph and the Wolfenbüttel-fragments! and how many pious minds would not be half so afflicted by the stale scoffings of the expounder as by the frigid demonstrations of the scientific analyzer! If we hearken to the tumult issuing from the Press, one of its loudest and most frequent outcries, is the old Jeremiade over the inanity of the higher arts, and on every side are heard voices of people seeking the lost Church, and with her, the new Arts, among the entangled thickets of modern culture, calling out to each other that they find nothing, and that they despair of ever finding any thing. The educated mind of the present day feels itself as strongly attracted by the productions of the age in which the religious sympathies of the people were stamped in ever-glowing characters on their Architecture, their Paintings, and their Sculpture, as the spirits of the middle ages were by the Holy Sepulchre. But of this we do not at all intend to speak; in the estimation of many hypochondriacal connoisseurs and amateurs, the *Rococo* is yet the good time compared with our productions: be it as bad as it may, yet it was the indigenous growth of the social mould, the portrait of society, the style of the age. And forsooth, Poetry and polite Literature! We have now among us old gentlemen enough, who, twenty, thirty years ago were popular writers, spirited critics, persevering readers, and theatre-goers; these gentlemen do not even extend their longing regrets to the great Weimar-era, much less to the Troubadours; since the conspiracy of young Germany, to create a new literature out of hand, they have forsaken literature, and to them the romances, the tragedies and the souvenirs (*Taschen-bücher*) of former days, is the good old time.

To be continued.

THE REIN-DEER OF THE LAPLANDERS.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

On the Rein-Deer of the Laplanders. By GUSTAV PETER BLOM, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Drontheim, &c.

THE Laplanders are originally a Nomadic race, supported by rein-deer, and their principal branch still follows the same mode of life. Poverty, however, has forced many Laplanders to quit their native haunts in the mountains, and to descend to the Norwegian coasts, or to the plains of Lapland, to seek for the means of living. Thus two kinds have sprung up in Norway: the *Sea-Laps*, who live on the coasts, and are occupied with fishing, and the *Boe-Laps*, who have settled in the valleys, have brought small tracts of land into cultivation, and support themselves by agriculture and the rearing of cattle, combined partly with the rearing of rein-deer. The Laplanders who have withdrawn to Lapland may again be divided into two kinds: the *Forest-Laps*, who keep rein-deer, but take them along with themselves only within a certain region, and who at the same time are hunters; and the *Fisher-Laps*, who have established themselves on the shores of the great rivers and lakes of Lapland, and are engaged in the taking of fish. The best shots are among the Forest-Laplanders, who furnish the yearly markets of Vitangi and Kengis with a large quantity of game, which is carried to Stockholm by way of Torneo.

The rein-deer is the support of the Laplanders, and the object of their pride; in it consist their wealth and their happiness. Whoever is the possessor of many hundred rein-deer, has attained the highest pinnacle of good fortune; but he never on this account alters his mode of living in the slightest degree, or increases his enjoyments, except, perhaps, as regards the quantity of brandy he consumes. Besides the rein-deer, the whole wealth of the Laplander consists of a few articles of clothing, his tents for living in and for keeping his stores, a few wooden stakes with which he forms a kind of fold, into which the rein-deer are driven when they are to be milked, a few bed-covers made of rein-deer skins, a copper vessel in which his food is cooked, a few wooden dishes, and his provisions, consisting of rein-deer-cheese and milk, which latter he preserves for the winter in rein-deer stomachs. When he alters his abode, the whole of this splendor is placed on the pack-rein-deer, and conveyed to the new place of residence.

The rein-deer is the most important possession of the Laplanders, for it supplies them both with nourishment and clothing. The Laplander spends his superfluous money chiefly on the increase of his herd; and it is only when that is sufficiently large, that he begins to think of collecting silver and burying it; but he never dreams of procuring greater personal comforts, for their value is unknown to him.

The Laplander lives in a tent of a circular conical shape, provided with an opening above for the escape of the smoke. The tent is made of coarse woollen cloth, sometimes also of rein-deer skins, and the richer individuals construct their habitations with a double covering. The door consists of a curtain of the same material. The internal arrangement of the tent is just as simple; in the middle there are a few stones which form a sort of fire-place, and at the sides round about, twigs of birch are strewed, and rein-deer skins spread over them, so as to form a sofa during the day, and a bed at night. The dogs also partake of this place of repose. The dishes and kettles lie scattered about in the tent, and above are suspended the rein-deer stomachs filled with milk, which are completely blackened by the smoke. It is to be expected that cleanliness should not exist in such miserable dwellings, but the Laplanders have in fact no idea of it. A few of the race, who pasture their rein-deer on the coasts every summer, have built earthen huts in the form of tents; but these have no advantage over their usual abodes.

It is only in autumn that the Laplander kills his rein-deer, for it is only at that season that they are fat, and their flesh palatable. In spring the rein-deer has much to endure from the so-called rein-deer fly,—an insect which penetrates into the skin of the animal, and deposits its eggs, from which larvæ are produced. The animal is thus so tormented, that it becomes lean in summer, and the skin is of no value so long as the larvæ exist in it. The insects produce larger or smaller tumors on the backs and sides of the rein-deer, and the poor animals fall on their knees, on occasion of the slightest touch, in order to escape the pain. The female produces its young in the month of March, and from that time it is milked, by some of the Laplanders once, and by others twice a day. The milking of the rein-deer is one of the most interesting scenes in the whole economy of the Laplanders.

Towards evening the rein-deer are driven from the mountains to the tents. Their

arrival is first announced by the barking of the dogs, who run round the herd, to keep the animals together. Soon the whole herd is descried, forming a closely packed mass, which moves along like a gray cloud. As the animals approach nearer, the horns become a prominent object, resembling a moving leafless forest, and very various in their form and size. The fawns push through among the full-grown animals, and we at last hear a crackling noise, produced by the movement of their legs, and resembling the sound of some burning fir-trees, or rather that of electric sparks. Here and there is heard a sound somewhat like the grunting of swine. Near the tents there is a circular inclosure, provided with two openings or doors. When the rein-deer approach it, they press closely together in order to enter, and one sees only the moving mass and the projecting horns. Should a deer or a fawn remain behind, or take a wrong path, a dog immediately pursues it, and the deserter is soon seen running back to the herd at full pace, followed by the dog. The animals now stand closely packed together within the fence, and are so tame that a stranger even can touch them without trouble or danger. In the centre of the inclosure there is a small erection to which the animal is strongly bound during the milking, in order that it may not become unruly, and upset both the milk and the milker. The milking is performed by men, women, and children; but the task of bringing the animals to the milking-place belongs exclusively to a particular man, and is accomplished in the following manner:—

This individual is accurately acquainted with every animal, even in a herd of several hundred, and knows if it is a male or female, and if it is milked or not. He goes with a noose in his hand, and throws it so dexterously over the horns of the animal he wishes to secure, that he never fails in his aim, even at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards, and when many other individuals are standing between him and his object. So soon as the noose is fastened around the horns, the animal is dragged to the milking-place, and there securely tied; another animal is afterwards taken in the same way, and so till all have been milked. The skill of the Laplanders in the use of this noose can only be compared to that of the savages of Africa, or the bull-takers in Brazil.

But little attention is paid to cleanliness in the milking, and indeed generally in the economy of the Laplanders. During the

summer, loose hairs fell abundantly into the milk, and these are but partially removed by sieves. The milk not used is poured into rein-deer stomachs and suspended in the tent. The rein-deer understands how to keep back the milk; and, in order to prevent her doing so, the Laplander often strikes her repeatedly with his fist, and thus much additional hair drops into the milk. But little milk is obtained; it is, however, as rich as cream, and the taste is by no means disagreeable, resembling that of the ewe. An exceedingly palatable cheese is prepared from it, which is used medicinally as a certain cure of boils produced by frost.

An important animal in the economy of the Laplanders is the dog, and every Laplander has a number proportionate to that of his rein-deer, amounting to twelve or more. These dogs protect the rein-deer from wild animals, give a signal when these approach, keep the herd together, so that they may not become scattered, and thus lose themselves in the mountains, and go in search of them when the latter occurs. They drive the deer by their barking, but when that is not sufficient, they bite their legs. In order to prevent injury being thus inflicted, the canine teeth are extracted when the dogs are young. It is rather a natural instinct than a regular training which teaches the dogs their duty. They have a natural inclination to the rein-deer, and as soon as the latter are in motion, are ready to follow. The dogs are divided into two sections, of which the one accompanies the herd, and the other remains in the tents. As soon as the rein-deer return from their pasture to the tents, the dogs which have been reposing start up and enter upon their duties, and those which are thus relieved lie down quietly in the tents.

The Lapland dog is not large, has long hair, a sharp snout, a long-haired tail, and erect ears; it has no claims to beauty.

The domestic rein-deer are not always of a gray color, like the wild, but vary in this respect like all domesticated animals. Although the prevailing color is gray, there are rein-deer of a white color with blue spots. For the most part they have white markings on the head and feet, by means of which they are recognised by the Laplanders, and by which the possessor can not only distinguish his own from strangers', but even every single animal in his herd.

Males only are used as beasts of burden, and chiefly those which are castrated, as they are the strongest. The female is too

tender for such work. The rein-deer is most valuable for dragging, for its power of carrying is not great, and while its progress when loaded is slow, the burden must also be small. On the other hand, when the snow is in a good state, it drags large loads with great rapidity. As is well known, travelling in Lapland in winter is only performed by means of rein-deer, and is accomplished at a very quick pace. The horse is useless at this season, because there are no made roads, and no places for repose or feeding. Such accommodations are not required for the rein-deer; for it runs on the untrodden snow, and when unyoked from the sledge, it scratches the snow with its feet and refreshes itself with the moss, which it is always able to discover on the mountains.

The knowledge of locality is just as remarkable among the Laplanders, as their power of recognising their rein-deer, and arises from the same cause, viz., from the development of their senses and perception, which is promoted by the necessity that exists among them, as among all people in their natural state, for relying on themselves for extrication from difficulties. Although the Alps of Lapland, and more especially the plains, offer but few objects which can fix attention, there is no example of a Laplander losing himself on a journey; if he has once travelled over a tract, it becomes known to him for his whole life. Fog alone, or drifting snow, can lead him into error; but he takes good care not to travel in such weather, and his meteorological knowledge enables him to foresee when any thing of the kind is to be dreaded. His acuteness of vision allows him to descry objects at very great distances, and thus to pilot himself. His eyes, however, become weakened at an early period, owing to the smoke in his tent, and partly to the dazzling whiteness of the snow. When a Laplander is caught, during a journey by night or a storm, he throws his *kaftan* over his head, lies down on the snow, and covers himself with it, waiting patiently for a more favorable opportunity of prosecuting his journey.

The mode of living of the Laplanders is simple in the highest degree, especially in summer; for at that season they are supported almost exclusively on rein-deer milk, and a kind of sorrel, which they find in abundance in the mountain valleys, and cook along with milk in an uncoated copper vessel, without, on that account, suffering bad effects in the stomach. Fish are very welcome to the Laplanders, but are a

dainty which they do not often enjoy, as the Alpine Laplander occupies himself but little with fishing. A favorite kind of food is the stalk of the *Angelica archangelica*, here named *slöcke*, which the Laplander eats raw, after removing the outer fibres. This plant is also much eaten by the Northmen, and is considered as a good preservative against scurvy.

Meal is not used in summer; but in winter, the Laplander exchanges his rein-deer flesh for meal in the markets and coast districts; and he then eats the flesh, or the preserved milk, cooked with meal, or a kind of soup made of rein-deer blood and meal. His food in winter is very nourishing, and it is thus that he is able to endure the hardships and severe weather with which he has to contend.

Many travellers, and among them Brooke,* have asserted, that the Laplanders proceed yearly with their rein-deer to the coasts of Norway, and that it is a matter of necessity that the animals should drink sea-water every year; but this is not the case. The wandering of the Laplanders is by no means regular, and many rein-deer—nay, the greater number—have never tasted sea-water. It entirely depends on the locality, whether the Laplander goes to the sea-coast or not, and whether this takes place in summer or winter. In the districts Namdalen and Senjen, whose coasts are surrounded by islands having high cliffs, the Laplander drives his rein-deer to the coasts, and thence takes them to the islands in order to procure food for them. This transport presents an interesting spectacle. The Laplander attaches one or several rein-deer to his little boat by means of a rope, which is secured round the horns. He then rows across the sound, which is often more than an English mile broad; and the rest of the animals having been driven into the sea, swim after their leaders to the opposite coast. In other localities, the Laplander goes to the coast in the winter season, when the snow is too deep on the mountains, and he again quits it in April or May. In a valley, an English mile or two from the town of Tromsøe, a Laplander remains till the beginning of August, with 700 rein-deer. It is evident, from what has now been said, that no particular natural impulse takes the rein-deer at fixed seasons to the sea; on the other hand, it is an undoubted fact, that the rein-deer will not remain longer than about the end of August in the coast regions and in the Nor-

* For a portion of Brooke's Account of the Rein-Deer, see Jameson's Journal, vol. iii. p. 30.

wegian pastures—nay, that if the Laplander does not hasten, before the 20th August, towards the mountains, his herd will desert him, and proceed on their journey to the plains of Lapland.

The wanderings of the Laplanders generally take place in the following order: In winter, they remain partly in the vast moorish tracts, partly in the forests of Lapland; and in spring, the torment caused to the rein-deer by gnats and rein-deer flies, forces them to remove to the Norwegian confines, where these insect-enemies are less troublesome, and where the animals may enjoy the snow. Some Laplanders proceed to the valleys, and to the islands near the coast. In autumn, they return to the Lapland plains. In some districts, they spend the winter in the Norwegian Alpine valleys; but so soon as the snow drives them away, they seek the coasts, until the spring again renders the Alps passable. The Laplander always pitches his tent in the neighborhood of a forest, in order to obtain fuel; while in summer, the presence of a river or a spring is a necessary condition in the choice of a residence—melted snow supplying the necessary water in winter.

The fondness of the Laplanders for silver money is well known, and it is only those who have intercourse with the inhabitants of the coasts, who take paper money. It is asserted, that they are still in the habit of burying their money in the mountains, which is easily understood, when we consider, on the one hand, their timidity and mistrust; and on the other, that it must be extremely difficult for them to carry articles of value about with them, during their constant wanderings. The natural consequence is, that considerable sums are lost among the mountains, as death frequently surprises the Laplander before it is possible for him to reveal to his relations the spot where the treasure is buried; and as it is not possible to indicate it without being actually at the locality—a circumstance which does not often occur.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX'S LIBRARY.—It is announced in the *Times*, that the Duke of Sussex's library is forthwith to be disposed of. It is stipulated in the will that it shall be in the first instance offered to the British Museum; and that, in the event of such national establishment declining to purchase, it shall be sold in such manner as the executors may direct. The library, it appears, consists of upwards of 45,000 volumes, most of them in excellent condition, independently of MSS., consisting of early copies of different portions of the Holy Scriptures.—*Athen'm.*

EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON MOSER'S DISCOVERY,

Proving the effect is neither due to Light nor Heat.

From the *Athenæum*.

It is proposed now to demonstrate, that the radiation discovered by Moser is not invisible light, as he supposes, nor heat, as has since been supposed. For, first, where is the evidence that bodies absorb light? Some few, certainly, have been shown so to do; but surely not the metals, &c. &c., which exhibit the greatest facility in receiving and giving the impressions discovered by Moser. It seems, *a priori*, more probable that the radiation in question should consist of heat (which we know exists in all matter) than of light. Accordingly, Mr. Hunt has written an elaborate paper in favor of the supposition that such radiation consists of heat. In the course of this essay, however, it will appear, that neither of these suppositions is correct.

1. *With regard to the nature of the substances that produce spectra.*—Every substance I have tried has produced its spectrum when left on a polished copper plate. Coins, whether of gold, silver, or copper, platinum, nickel, brass, pieces of glass, wafers (red, blue, and white), peppermint or rose drops, whale-bone, talc, gum, a horse-hair ring, lava from Vesuvius, Indian rubber (but slight), and sealing-wax. This last, left ten days, gave a whitish gray *permanent** spectrum, clearer than any of the others, though the wax and plate were both kept dry as usual. The impression on a small brass seal (a P) was very obvious when the plate was breathed on. The seal had been left ten days.†

2. *Effect of dissimilar metals.*—It has been asserted, that when a gold or silver coin is placed on a copper plate, the effect is greater than when a copper coin, &c. is placed on the same metal. When heat is used, this position is true, as will be shown hereafter; but when the plates and coins are both kept cold, (exposed to external air, for instance, in March,) a farthing, on two different occasions, in an hour, left as good a spectral image as a sovereign,—I thought, a better one.

It was, however, remarkable, when a heat of 160° was applied to this plate, that the spectrum of the copper soon became invisible, while that

* By a *permanent* spectrum is always meant, in this essay, a spectrum that remains when the substances or coins are removed—not a spectrum which cannot be rubbed off by *gentle* friction, for all the above *permanent* spectra are yet soon effaced by friction.

† It left a *permanent* spectrum of its *margin*. Coins left a similar time do the same; the part where they have remained retaining its polish. The *permanent* spectrum then, in such cases, plainly depends on the substances preserving the plate from oxidation by contact or proximity. I add proximity, because a half-crown or penny resting on a fourpenny piece, placed on the plate, likewise leaves its *permanent* spectrum. The free circulation of the air is impeded here in consequence of the extreme proximity, just as it is by actual contact. Hence the oxidation being less in all such cases than in the parts external to the coins, we have of necessity the *permanent* spectra.

of the gold was apparently not at all diminished. This experiment was repeated twice with the same result. I likewise found that, though the spectrum of the copper was to appearance, *at first*, as good as that of gold or silver, yet that it began to disappear much sooner, after a few breathings on the plate, than did the spectrum produced by gold or silver. *On the whole*, therefore, it seems right to admit that the effect is greater when dissimilar metals are used.

3. *Effect of unequal heat on the plate and coins.*—It has also been asserted, that when the copper coin is heated, and the metal plate of copper kept very cool, that the effect is increased. I have, however, not been able to satisfy myself of the truth of this statement. A penny and a farthing, heated to between 130° and 160° , and laid on a cold copper plate half an hour, did not appear to leave even so good a spectrum as two of the same coins left to cool for half an hour outside the window, by the side of the plate itself, before being placed on the plate. All the coins were placed on the plate at the same time, and left the same time. Neither could I perceive any difference when one sovereign was heated and the other not, both being placed on the same copper plate.

4. *Effect of heat generally.*—In order to ascertain whether heat hastens the impression, the following experiments were made:—1. A bright half-sovereign, a bright half-penny, and a dull one, were heated to about 150° on a polished copper plate. The half sovereign left a *permanent* impression; and both the halfpence left spectra visible only by breathing. It was obvious from this experiment and others, that heat increases the effect where *contact is permitted*,* since the impression is permanent. Accordingly it was deemed right to try if heat has this effect when the coin is at a distance from the copper plate.

I put a silver fourpenny piece on the plate, and on the fourpenny piece I put a penny. I found that when these remained only twenty-four hours, that no spectral image of the penny was produced; but on remaining forty-eight hours one was apparent. In this last case, the lettering of the fourpenny piece became almost visible when breathed upon; but not being breathed upon, no mark of it at all was perceptible. The penny piece, however, left its mark without being breathed upon—an annular *bright* mark, which was not rendered more or less distinct by being breathed on. The spectrum of the fourpenny piece was alone brought into view by this.† The place where this had laid was ex-

* Although the mark is permanent in such cases, still it very easily rubs off, even when gold has remained five hours on heated copper plates; and no spectral figure is left when the part is breathed on, after the plate has been well rubbed. As this is the case, such permanent mark is not to be considered as a *different* effect, but only as a *higher degree* of the same effect as that caused by mere imposition without heat. I found all the things mentioned in Section 1. gave a *permanent* spectrum if left eleven days, but only one rendered visible by breathing, being left but a few hours.

† However, after six or eight days, *as this began to tarnish*, the spectrum of the fourpenny piece be-

came visible without breathing on it. In fact, the copper plate seemed preserved from oxidation by the contact and proximity of these coins. Thus, then, it appeared to require forty-eight hours for a spectrum of the penny piece to be produced—the spectrum of a coin *not in contact*. The same experiment being made at a heat of 160° , no spectrum of the penny appeared after one hour, though the fourpenny piece had left a strong impression.

Ditto, continued for five hours, a spectrum of the penny was *just* visible, and only so when the plate was held in a particular position with regard to light.

A half-crown piece being laid on a half-sovereign, and the same heat continued five hours on the same plate, the half-sovereign left a still better impression than the fourpenny piece* above mentioned, and the half-crown had also made a *permanent* spectrum very visible.

A farthing, which had rested the same time on the plate, left no permanent spectrum, but only one slightly visible by breathing. Even when pressed upon by two pence, and left eight hours, it left only a *barely visible* permanent spectrum: so a brass medal. These spectra being rendered far more visible by breathing, could hardly be considered permanent spectra.

These experiments show:—1st. That heat much increases the rapidity of the radiation, *even when the object is not in direct contact*; and 2ndly. That it takes place much more energetically from gold and silver than from copper (a copper plate being used). They also show that a permanent spectrum is to be considered only as a *higher degree* of that produced or rendered apparent by breathing.

A sovereign, two hours on a very thin lamina of talc, at the above heat, gave no spectrum; talc alone gave its spectrum; nor did a half-penny, eight hours on the same at the same heat; nor a shilling (new) on a thin piece of glass, the shilling being under a half-penny. The talc and glass in these cases alone gave a spectrum; the talc a better and more permanent one than the glass.† I should have said the talc was on copper-plate.

The spectrum of the penny, in the experiment lately detailed, is equally visible when the experiment is made on glass; but polished metals seem to show it the best.

When glass is used, there is, after from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, a slight deposition of dust, &c., around the parts which are not covered by the penny, and thus a round mark (permanent spectrum) is visible on removing the penny, even before breathing at all; still on rub-

came visible without breathing on it. Yet nothing had been done, except that the plate had been heated in about 150° once or twice for other experiments.

* When the plate was rubbed pretty strongly with chamois leather only, the spectra of the half sovereign and fourpenny piece were soon effaced; while those of the half-crown and penny (not having been in contact with the plate) remained.

† A sovereign on a silver fourpenny piece two hours, gave only a very feeble permanent spectrum; the silver leaving, of course, a well marked spectrum.

bing it off *till nothing is visible*, and breathing on it again, the spectrum of the penny appears, as well as of the fourpenny piece, proving that dust adheres much more strongly than we should have supposed, or perhaps better—leaves its mark with much greater pertinacity.

That this is the true explanation of the appearance of a spectrum, when the coin is not in direct contact with glass, was to me rendered clear by another experiment, in which a half-crown was left on one sixpence, and a penny on another, on a clean glass plate *covered over with paper, and kept in a closet* for ninety-six hours; yet on examination, neither a permanent spectrum, nor even an evanescent one by breathing, was perceptible either of the half-crown or the penny; the sixpences alone had left spectra, (which, however, were only visible by breathing), that under the half-crown being the clearest. Yet the penny and half-crown were in the best condition for giving spectra, for the surfaces of both were tarnished, and that of the copper purposely so.

This result induced me to try the same with a copper plate, and I found that when a bright half-crown (having been well boiled in water and then polished) was placed on a fourpenny piece, similarly treated, and left forty-eight hours *covered* in the closet, as above, that the half-crown left no spectrum, even evanescent. Neither did a *purposely* tarnished penny placed on another fourpenny piece, and left the same time.

5. *As regards the distance from the plate at which images may be taken.*—A silver fourpenny piece is about the one-twentieth of an inch in thickness, and at this distance we have seen silver, copper, and of course gold, give a spectral image on a copper plate. But on putting a half-crown on two sixpences and a half-franc piece, making the distance from the plate more than the one-tenth of an inch, no spectrum of the half-crown was made, although the experiment was continued for twelve successive days and nights. Neither was any made by removing the half-franc piece (thus making the distance only one-tenth of an inch), and continuing heat of 160° or so for five hours.

A sovereign fixed at three quarters of an inch, and a small brass medal at somewhat less than half an inch, from a polished copper plate, and continued in such position for seventeen days and nights in a little closed deal box, gave not the least vestiges of spectra; neither did a fourpenny piece left at one-fifth of an inch, nor a card plate (engraved) left the one-tenth of an inch, for eleven days. The copper plate had remained *perfectly polished* in both experiments; and this is worthy of remark, as showing that in *confined* air copper does not oxidate perceptibly. Another plate left in the *same* room was completely tarnished in five or six days.

A fourpenny piece, about the one-twentieth of an inch, under a silver plate for eleven days, gave scarcely a perceptible spectrum; though a farthing, on which the plate *had rested*, gave a good spectrum, but not a *permanent* one, (*i. e.* breathing was required to show it).

A fourpenny piece is about the one-twentieth of an inch in thickness, and this seems the greatest distance an image can be taken by the above

plan. But even at this distance I have not succeeded, if the half-crown laid on the fourpenny piece is *perfectly* polished, and *all external dust, &c., carefully excluded* by the box just mentioned—(see Sec. 8, on the comparative polish of metals.)

6. *As regards impressions on glass.*—We have already observed that heat does not seem to increase the effect of *metal* coins on glass. Neither did *long contact*; for a fourpenny piece, left a week on a piece of looking-glass, only left the usual spectrum, no *figure* being visible. The same remark applies to large *printed* letters. At least, some paper with these, after remaining pressed two or three days without giving any impression, was then heated for five hours, so pressed, at about 160° , but no impression was made. On another occasion, print and writing were left a week on a glass mirror without leaving an impression. When, however, thinner paper and larger letters were used, and heat and pressure applied as above for four or five hours, these letters were plainly visible; but, as appeared to me, far more easily erased than were the spectra of *coins* on copper plates.* A slight touch of the finger, for instance, erased the letters in question. They were produced in this case in consequence, no doubt, of the thinner paper being *moister* than that first used.

Heat does not appear to increase the effect on glass. A fourpenny piece under a shilling for three hours, at 160° , left no spectrum.

On putting a penny on a sovereign, and leaving them for three hours and a half at the above heat, I thought the spectrum of the penny slightly visible; but as the image is never so apparent as on polished metal, I shall not venture a decided opinion on this point as regards glass.

A *polished, boiled, and then well dried* half-crown gave as good a spectrum on a glass plate in twenty-four hours, as did a dirty half-crown; but I thought the spectrum of the former disappeared sooner by breathing. On a far thinner glass plate, a bright, boiled fourpenny piece, left the same time, gave no spectrum at all.

7. *Polished surfaces not appearing capable of receiving the impressions.*—These exceptions from the general rule I have found to be tale, and, among the metals tried, steel to a certain extent, platinum, and gold.

Whether heated or not with the coins on it, I have found *no* spectrum produced on tale, except in one instance, where a tarnished half-sovereign had been pressed some days by a half pound; and even here the mere margin of the coin was *barely* perceptible.†

On steel, after remaining twenty-four hours, I

* On a copper plate also this *thin paper* (not being dried well first) gave a permanent and very visible spectrum, the lettering being clearer than on glass: not due to oxidation, for on rubbing it off, the surface of the copper was left polished—*i. e.* oxidation, in the usual sense of the term: for there, no doubt, was some *very slight* chemical action, as large printed letters on perfectly well dried paper were not taken off on a copper plate, the heat at 160° being applied for five hours; or on another occasion, the print remaining a week on the plate, and pressure being used.

† Tale, like platinum, is not easily acted on by acid.

found a *very* slight evanescent spectrum produced by a small piece of brass, and on *one* occasion by a half-sovereign very much tarnished; but as heat did not appear to increase or hasten the effect, we may consider steel as almost unsuspectible. The spectra just named disappeared entirely after breathing *twice*; and no *permanent* spectrum was produced, though the piece of brass above mentioned was placed even on the top bar of a grate, and of course kept very hot for two or three hours.

Under the head "Thinness of the plates," experiments, showing the incapability of platinum to receive images, are mentioned.

The same remark applies also to gold. I kept a shilling and a farthing, on two different occasions, for twenty-four hours or longer on a well polished plate of gold, yet they *barely* left a marginal spectrum; and this spectrum, as in the case of steel, disappeared *entirely* on breathing on it twice. As the gold used was not free from the usual alloy of copper, possibly this was the cause of its receiving even the very slight spectrum it did. However this be, these experiments seem almost sufficient to establish the important general principle—viz., *that the less metals are oxidable by exposure to the air, the less is their susceptibility to receive spectra.*

8. *As regards comparative polish in metals.*—

1. A new sovereign, a new half-crown, and new farthing (all well polished) were kept on a bright copper plate, at 160° or above, on *two* successive occasions, for four or five hours. The gold and silver left only *very* slight permanent traces of their margin, the copper left none at all, but its spectrum, when the plate was breathed on, became, I thought, even rather more evident than the spectra of the gold and silver, these being likewise breathed on. 2. A *tarnished* sovereign and a *tarnished* half-crown being laid on the same copper plate, and kept at the same heat *only three-quarters of an hour*, a permanent, and *far more apparent*, spectrum was produced than in the former case; the *whole era*, where the half-crown had laid, was covered with a whitish cloud, and the impression dimly sketched. 3. By selecting a half-penny *very much* tarnished, and letting it remain five hours on a bright copper plate, heated to 160° or so, and subsequently for thirty-six hours in the cool, a *permanent* spectrum was produced, in which all the *lettering* of the coin was *beautifully* visible; yet here was copper on copper. But as I found this impression to go off completely at a heat far below what the impression did, at exp. 5, below, the general principle, that silver gives a *stronger impression*, remains. 4. A *well polished* new sovereign and a *tarnished* sixpence being laid on a bright silver plate for four hours, and kept at 160° , the sovereign had left no spectrum, but the sixpence had left a *permanent* one, in which almost all the *lettering* appeared, so plainly was it visible. 5. A *perfectly* polished half-crown was laid on a pretty-well polished sixpence, and a *purposely* tarnished one on a purposely tarnished sixpence, and put on the same plate with the half-penny (exp. 3, above), heated five hours and left thirty-six hours afterwards. The *lettering*, &c., of each sixpence was visible, but *far more* of the most tarnished;

and also this was the case with that of the most tarnished half-crown, as regarded its spectrum. That of the polished was scarcely visible. But the *lettering* of neither half-crown was visible, though they had remained so long and been heated. This experiment also shows how much the effect is strengthened by *actual contact*. A similar experiment was made in the closed deal box (mentioned in Section 5). The copper plate was laid upon a *polished* and boiled fourpenny piece, and this on a half-crown similarly prepared; after ninety-six hours, no spectrum whatever of the half-crown was visible, by breathing or otherwise, but the fourpenny piece, in actual contact, had left the usual spectrum. The plate had remained *perfectly* polished. All these experiments show that the dissimilarity of metals is not of such importance as has been conceived: they show the difference wanted to produce the effect, is a difference in brightness or oxidation, i. e., as far as a *permanent* and good impression, *showing the lettering*, &c., is concerned; for I find, when left on the plate half an hour or so, tarnished or polished metals give equally good spectra. But in this case the spectrum is only made apparent by breathing, and of course shows *nothing* of the *lettering*, &c. However, even in this case, the spectrum of the tarnished sovereign disappeared less soon by breathing on it than did that of the polished one; so in reality the spectrum of the former may be said to have been the most perfect.

The same remark applies to a glass plate (see Section 6, as regards glass, &c.).

9. *Which metal receives images fastest, copper or silver?*—My experiments lead me to say copper, whether heat be applied or not. When the same degree of heat was applied, I found a sovereign produced a good *permanent* spectrum (impression) on a bright copper plate, although only an evanescent one (one seen only when the plate is breathed on) was produced on an equally well polished silver plate, placed at the same time at the same heat. When heat was not applied I found the copper received *an evanescent* spectrum first.

10. *As regards the effect of interposed substances.*—As every substance tried left a spectrum, I did not much expect that the influence would permeate any lamina, even of the thinnest description. Accordingly, when a sovereign or shilling was left twenty-four or forty-eight hours on a piece of stiff, though very thin, paper, it gave no spectrum, but the mark of the paper was alone visible. The experiment was repeated, half the coin resting on the copper plate and half on the paper: and although it remained a fortnight in this position, the half only *in contact* with the plate was visible by breathing on the paper, leaving *its own* spectral image just as if no coin had rested on it at all.

The same experiment was repeated with the thinnest possible layers of talc, gum, cork, and whalebone, glass, plane and concave,* with the same result. Each substance left its spectrum,

* With the glass the experiment was only continued forty-eight hours; with the paper, talc, and cork, a fortnight, silver coin being used; with the whalebone and gum, ten days, gold coin being used.

the part where the coin rested on such layer not being at all distinguishable. The spectral image of the square piece of talc was perfect to the minutest outline, and left its straight mark under the sixpence equally well as at other points. These experiments render it clear that the effect is not due to latent light, for otherwise how could it happen that a coin does not leave a spectral image when left on transparent substances, glass or talc, *even a fortnight*? They also show it does not depend on heat (at least alone), for a heat of 160° soon passed through thin glass and talc, and I found it impossible to keep my finger on glass or talc so placed. Yet we have seen above that even gold left two hours on talc so heated left no spectrum, permanent or temporary. So great is the effect of interposed substances, that even a *slight tarnish* on the metal exerts a very obvious effect.* One shilling was left twenty-four hours on a polished part of the plate, and another on a part of the same slightly tarnished (but yet sufficiently bright to see one's self perfectly). A very slight image only was left in the last case, that entirely disappeared when breathed on twice, while that on the polished part of the plate remained, after being breathed on twelve or fourteen times.

A sovereign left twenty-four hours or above, tarnished, gave scarcely a perceptible spectrum, and a sixpence none at all. On such a surface a sovereign was left on two different occasions, under a penny, for three hours, at a heat of 160° , and barely left a permanent spectrum of its *outer margin*; while on a well polished surface, at the same heat, the outline of the impression also would have been left as a permanent spectrum in an hour or two.

11. *Mass.*—Mr. Hunt considers that mass exercises an influence and increases the effect. In my experiments, however, I could not detect this. A farthing on a copper plate gave as good a spectrum as a penny, and when heated to 160° the farthing gave far the best, though the penny had a halfpenny laid on it. A fourpenny piece, too, gave as good a spectrum as a half-crown, pressed by another above it, in the same time, the contact being equally good in each case. *The contact in these cases was made as equal as possible with the copper plate.*

12. *Does the thinness of the plate exert an influence?*—A farthing (in two experiments) pressed by twelve or fourteen pounds weight, on a polished piece of platinum foil, in thirty hours left no spectrum at all; neither did it on a fourpenny-piece, or a sovereign, or half-sovereign, when kept three or four hours at 160° under the same weight. I found a spectrum could be made on nearly equally thin zinc plates (zinc foil), by leaving a sixpence on it an hour or two. Zinc, not being elastic, allows the pressure to be equal. The particular chemical nature of platinum has, however, much to do with this effect; for I found that when a fourpenny-piece, or another small brass metal object was left on

* One spectrum, however, may be made on another; thus, after talc had remained eight hours on heated copper-plate, and left a permanent spectrum, a sovereign put on this an hour left a permanent spectrum.

a highly polished lamina of steel,—heated to 160° or not—a spectrum was scarcely made. That elasticity and consequent *imperfect contact* is not the sole cause of the incapacity of thin lamina of platinum and steel, for receiving spectral images, was to me rendered *probable* by observing that coins, placed on a thick copper plate, seldom were in *perfectly close contact*, yet gave good spectra. In order to come to a more definite conclusion on this point, I got a lamina of bright copper, even thinner, and as elastic as the platinum lamina above mentioned. Gold or silver coins left twenty-four hours on this, gave a spectrum scarcely visible; but on leaving a half-sovereign for two or three hours on it, exposed to a heat of 160° , as above, and pressed down by exactly the same weight, the half-sovereign left a *permanent* spectrum very well marked indeed.

The result of this experiment obviously shows, that although thinness and elasticity may have some little effect, the principal cause for the formation of the spectrum is the *peculiar chemical nature* of the metal, and that a *spectrum cannot be produced on a non-oxidable metal, such as platinum*. Bright silver and copper plates are well known to *tarnish* by exposure to the atmosphere (the former, perhaps, rather by forming a sulphuret than an oxide), but no matter how. I have also found that spectra could be formed on tin and zinc plates, both of which, of course, are oxidable. So on copper coated with mercury, the mercury in such case no doubt readily tarnishing (see section 7, polished surfaces not receiving spectra). Having decided that the effect in question is due neither to light nor heat, to what cause, it may be asked, is it to be ascribed?

Conclusions.—1stly, As *brightness* of the plate is indispensable, and with brightness must exist an *increased tendency* to tarnish, or enter into chemical combination; 2ndly, as the plate must be of an oxidable metal, and judging from the experiments with silver and copper, the more oxidable the better; 3dly, as the more perfectly the coins are cleaned and dried* the less the effect, and as a dry perspiration (so to call it) must exist in a greater or less degree on all coins, since they pass through so many hands, and as perspiration is slightly acid: 4thly, as even with *clean* coins the effect† by *actual contact* must be admitted, but still is greater when there is a difference in the nature‡ of the metal; and 5thly, as when the metals are not in contact (being removed only the one-twentieth of an inch apart), no action or spectrum is evident, if the free circulation of air, and the connection

* Moisture much increases the effect. Thus, when one surface of a shilling was rubbed over with ink, and such surface put on the copper plate and heated to 150° , a mark *much* more difficult to be effaced was left than when this degree of heat was applied without moisture.

† This is equally true, as will be remembered, with regard to glass plates.

‡ The *general* result of all the above experiments shows this; and of course an alteration of affinity from contact, is far more probable when metals are different than when the same; though if one be dirty, this makes it approach the nature of a different metal.

with dust be prevented—taking all these and minor considerations into account, we come to the conclusion that the effect in question is dependent on a *chemico-mechanical* action, or what Berzelius has called, *catalytic* action. No doubt it may be urged against this view, that the action takes place when the coins and plate are both heated, and hence quite dry. But this is no solid objection, for the adage, "*Corpora non agunt nisi sint saluta*," is not true, as hundreds of examples in chemistry show. The very fact of heat itself increasing the effect is all in favor of a chemico-mechanical view; for heat increases the tendency of copper to oxygenation, and tends also to volatilize any feeble acid matter on the coins. But again, if it be said the spectrum rubs off, even *when permanent and clearly defined* (as we have shown), *and leaves polished surfaces under it*,—this we admit; but still this surface has suffered an *almost imperceptible degree* of oxygenation; for so slowly does this effect take place, that it is only visible when much advanced, as will be evident to any person who watches the gradual tarnishing of copper plates. Möser's discovery shows that *very slight* chemical action is often going on, *which has been previously overlooked*.

The chief difficulty that occurs to the above view is, that the effect takes place, to a slight extent, on glass; but in all my numerous experiments I have found that the effect is *much less* on glass than on well polished copper; for in no case has a *permanent* spectrum been made on glass, even by the longest contact.* It will also be remembered, that I found no effect whatever produced on talc. Now the talc scratches easily, glass of course does not; but talc is probably less soluble in acids than glass; at least in my trials it did not seem at all acted on either by nitric, muriatic, or sulphuric. To be sure, you *perceive* no effect of these on glass, but it does not seem impossible but that some *very slight* effect takes place, and that the alkali is *very feebly* acted on, as glass is a *compound* body. *Contact*, at all events, may be presumed to have an influence on the affinities of one of its elements, whether there be even the *slightest* degree of decomposition or not. Now this influence is the catalytic influence; for it has been shown above, that without actual contact, *and when all dust is kept off*, neither silver nor copper, even at the one-twentieth of an inch from the glass plate, produce any effect, though kept there ninety-six hours. (See section 4, of heat generally, end). In consequence of this slight alteration in affinity, the parts of glass which have been in contact some time with coins or other substances, condense the breath differently from those parts which have not: hence the spectrum.

The effect of glass, *supposing it not susceptible of a gradual change by the action of air similar to oxidation*, is rather in favor of the spectrum depending on a mechanical than a chemical action. I have in consequence ascribed the effect to a mechanico-chemical action, or a

catalytic action, meaning thereby an action so slightly chemical as, in the present state of the science, to be scarcely appreciable.* The attraction of glass and oxidable metallic plates for dust, &c., is very great; and is perhaps dependent on the same cause as their attraction for oxygen. Whether or not, I feel pretty well convinced, after a laborious investigation of the discovery in question, that it is not of that wonderful character that Möser and others have supposed; nor calculated to alter our ideas of vision or of the nature of light. On the contrary, I think with Fizeau (a short notice only of whose memoir I have seen) that no effect of *any consequence* is produced *where organic matters are carefully removed by boiling water and polishing*; for such is perhaps the philosopher's opinion just named, and in as far as our opinions agree, he has the priority. Begun by a purely catalytic action, it is only continued and developed in any *marvellous* degree when those circumstances are present that permit it to assume a more strictly chemical character.

PUNCH'S OSSIAN.

DUAN I.

MORNING rose on St. Giles's. The sun, struggling through mist, tinged the summits of the Seven Dials with the yellow hue of autumn.

Sleepless was the wife of M'Finn. Gloom hung on her brow. Gone was M'Finn, of the light heart. To join his countrymen was he gone. Sacred was the day to Patrick.

Why did gloom darken the brow of the wife of his bosom? Supreme in her heart he reigned. Great was her love. Why burst the sigh from her lips?—

Hearken.

By her not unseen was his danger.—Bereft was the wall of his blackthorn. His tongue was swift, careless his heart, and his arm strong. Neither was his soul patient of wrong.

—A vision wraps her. On her spirit gathers darkness. She foresees evil.—Is it M'Finn they bear lifeless to his habitation?—Her breast heaves sighs. Her hair streams loose on the winds. She shrieks! She swoons!

* * * * *

Pledged was M'Finn to Matthias to drink the purling stream.—Loud was the laughter of his friends. Broken was his pledge.—Thrice was the cup filled to the brim. Thrice raised to his lips. Thrice was it returned empty. His spirits rose. Loudly rang his laughter through the Hall.

* In coming to this conclusion I have not forgotten another difficulty, viz., why a well *polished* and boiled copper coin produces a spectrum on copper plate. The effect, even when continued an hour or two at a heat of 160°, is *very slight*, and I found it to disappear entirely by twice breathing on the plate. *Contact*, then, of the same metal *slightly* modifies chemical properties; such on the present view is the inference to be drawn from this fact.

* A permanent spectrum has been proved (see experiments) to be but a higher degree of an evanescent one.

His lips were opened :

"Sons of Erin," listen to the words of M^r. Finn.

His soul is great within him. It swells. Unable is his body to contain it.—Where are his friends?—Hath he not one among all his brothers to repress his swelling spirit? Is he alone, that they heed him not? And despised, that they do not regard him? M^r. Finn throws down his hat on the earth, cold as marble; is there no one to kick it? His coat, and will no one tread on it?—Is glory departed from Erin? Are her sons cowards?—

—Speaking, his rolling orbs flashed fire. Sore was his spirit moved.—

—Arose O'Flaherty of the auburn locks.

"Ye sons of Erin!—Sons of the sea-girt emerald!—Are we cowards?—Shall the cur snarl, and we not spurn it?—The wasp sting, and be not crushed?—Shame to M^r. Finn! and wooden shoes to his children!"—

—He spoke. And the gathering storm broke forth in thunder. Lightning flashed from opposing eyes.—Grasped was the shillelah, and the threatening arm extended.—In equal bands the sons of Erin form around their chiefs. Their souls are kindled.—The hall resounds with fearful crash of arms.—Like the hill-streams, roaring down,—the fierce blows of M^r. Finn descend.—Frequent as hail-stones are the blows he wards.—Stout is his heart; despising danger.—The walls, re-echoing groans, are sprinkled with the blood of the brave.—Hot is the fury of the battle!

Fast fall the mighty. One by one they fall. Overpowered, the friends of M^r. Finn retreat, heedless of the voice of their leader.—Turning to rally them, a treacherous blow brings him to the earth.

* * * * *

Sounds of mirth and misery, wo and gladness, fill the hall; groans and rejoicing.

* * * * *

The wailing is for M^r. Finn.—*Charivari.*

ANNUAL RHENISH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The great annual Rhenish Musical Festival is to be held this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 4th and 5th of next month. Upwards of fifteen hundred performers will be assembled on the occasion. The *programme* will include, *First day*, a Magnificat by Durant; Mozart's symphony in G minor, and Handel's oratorio of "Samson." *Second day*—the "Sinfonia Eroica" of Beethoven; an unpublished psalm, by M. Reisseger (under whose direction the performances will take place); a hymn by Cherubini; another by Volger; and the overture to "Les Francs Juges," by M. Berlioz. This eccentric composer, by the way, is exciting a sensation in the Prussian capital. A second concert at which some of his works have been performed, seeming to have been more successful than his first. Our next news from Berlin will probably tell us of the first performance of the "Medea" of Euripides, with Mendelssohn Bartholdy's choruses.—*Athenæum.*

THE WORDS OF FAITH.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FROM SCHILLER.

"Drei Worte nenn' ich euch inhaltschwer."

Vailed in three words a solemn meaning lies,
And though men's lips those words oft-times impart,
Yet not from outward things do they arise,
And he who knows them learns them from his heart.
Man would of every virtue be bereaved,
If these three words should be no more believed.

Man is created free, and he is free,
Though born in chains where stern oppression rules.
Let not the people's clamors weigh with thee,
Nor the wild outbreaks of misguided fools:
Fear the rude slave who rends his bonds in twain,
But fear not him who never felt the chain.

And virtue lives—it is no empty name;
Still by its light we shape our wanderings,
And though our stumbling footsteps miss its aim,
Yet do we strive for high and holy things
Hid from the wise—its power unseen, unknown—
It dwells in child-like hearts, and in those hearts alone!

There is a God! there lives a holy will,
Although our hearts are wandering and weak—
High over time and space it ruleth still,
And bids us after high and holy things to seek.
Eternal change on all things is imprest,
But o'er eternal change that will exists in rest!

Guard well these words!—in them deep meaning lies;
Let men from lip to lip those words impart;
Yet not from outward things do they arise,
And he who knows them learns them from his heart.
Man of his virtues ne'er can be bereaved,
While those three words are steadfastly believed!
"META."

CARICATURES.—There is a new artist and humorist in the field, or we are mistaken. Here we have an etching, by "Pam," of Sir Robert as an Income Tax collector presenting his demand to the keeper of a china shop, who significantly, but with savage resolution not to be shaken, bids him "Take it out in China." The very crockery seems to threaten, and a brace of brandy-flasks in the form of pistols are ominous of the issue. The state of trade and circumstances are cleverly intimated by the accessories—the spiders have woven their webs in places which good ale should have moistened—the ugly "mugs" grin at the collector—a little Staffordshire poodle has turned his back on a Staffordshire Wellington, and looks unutterable things—even a China jar has a history on the face of it.—*Athenæum.*

JUNE REMINISCENCES.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

"A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

Coleridge.

WHAT a glorious day it is! Talk not to me
of Italian skies—

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till love falls asleep in such sameness of splen-
dor:"

But give me the broken clouds of a June day,
sailing about in the blue depths of the sublime,
yet lovely sky. How deliciously clear and fresh
the air is, as one sits somewhat in the shade,
looking forth upon those tall elms, whose tops
are swayed backward and forward as the sum-
mer breeze rises and falls. What strange, wild,
pleasing fancies come into the mind as one gazes
upon these graceful undulations, not unaccom-
panied with a gentle murmur of the leaves!

But is not this shocking idleness?

"Have you nothing better to do than loiter like
an idiot upon that garden chair in the portico,
looking apparently at nothing, and sometimes
closing your eyes as if you invited sleep? Is
this a way in which a rational being should
spend his time in this enlightened age—an age of
unexampled activity—an age of steam—an age of
railroads—an age to make idleness ashamed
of itself—an age—consider the ant, thou slug-
gard, consider her—"

"My dear aunt, I do consider you very much,
and I do think you have the most comfortable
chairs, and such a charming view from your
portico."

"Come, come, my good friend, no playing
upon words; really it is a shame to see how
some young people do dream their time away;
and yet you are not so young neither. Did you
not tell me you had never had time to read Wil-
berforce's *Call to the Unconverted*? I can tell
you where you will find the book."

"Thank you, my dear aunt; but may I ask,
did you ever read Wordsworth?"

"Wordsworth? No: but I have heard read
something of his; he wrote poetry, did he not?"

"Why, yes, my dear aunt, he certainly did.
There are some 'poets' by name and common
report, of whom I should be cautious of saying
that they had written poetry; but you may draw
upon Wordsworth with certainty. He is as good
as the bank."

"Well, that may be; but what has that to do
with the matter? I was speaking to you of ac-
tivity and Wilberforce's book."

"Now, my good aunt, sit you down beside me
in that tranquil and placid mood which becomes
you so well, though it pleases you to repeat the
praises of activity; sit you there, and inhale the
odors of the honeysuckle, which twines so de-
lightfully about that pillar, while I chant for you
a stave. Yes, that is a very good listening atti-
tude, so now attend.

"Why, William, on that old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

'Where are your books?—that light bequeath'd
To beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

'You look round on your mother earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!

'One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

'The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against, or with our will.

'Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

'Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away.'

"The verse goes very smoothly and musical-
ly," said my aunt; "but I am not sure that I
understand it."

"'Tis as easy as possible," said I; "only you
must consider it for a little. Wordsworth's po-
etry is intended for persons who have some
powers of reflection, and who exercise those
powers; and therefore, my dear aunt, it is espe-
cially fitted for you."

"Well, then, if you will lend me the book—"

"It is here: I have it in my pocket, and you shall
read it at your leisure; but listen now to two or
three stanzas more, which, I am sure, you will
understand readily:"

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet;
How sweet his music! On my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

"And hark! how bright the thrush sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things;
Let nature be your teacher.

"She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom, breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

"Enough of science and of art;
Close up the barren leaves:
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives."

"This, my dear aunt, is excellent: it is not a
mere diversion of the spirits with a picture of
pleasing natural scenes; but it is instruction of
the best kind, save one, that can be given to ra-

tional and reflective beings. For next to the study of divine things, whereby the mind is informed by direct beams of light from the great source of all intelligence and goodness, what so excellent as to be taught, and not only taught, but led on and assisted, as it were, by the pleasing images and soothing cadences of poetry, to gather a theory of moral sentiments from nature herself, and all her forms of loveliness and shows of beauty? I allow that you may gather a very agreeable and not altogether unphilosophical theory of moral sentiments from the book of Adam Smith on that very subject; but I own, that for myself I can read no book of his without some associations of disgust, arising from the use which has been made by the dull, the heartless, and the covetous, of his treatise on the wealth of nations. Moreover, I do believe that, to confess the truth, the man was little less an infidel than his friend Hume, and therefore shut out from such knowledge and such sympathy as most assuredly are necessary fully to develop the theory of moral sentiments. But to return from this digression, and to apply our minds more directly to the instruction which the verses I have repeated are so well calculated to convey, only imagine, my dear aunt, how very many impressions of beauty and of truth (or both in one, for truth is beautiful, and beauty rejoices in the open sunshine and undisguisedness of truth)—only imagine how abundantly such impressions might be conveyed to the soul, if we only went forth properly prepared: that is to say, with awakened hearts, or, as in the words of the poet, with a heart that watches and receives. True it is that the great mass of mankind—and womankind, my dear aunt, must, I fear, be included—true it is, that they pass through the world, and all the things of utility, and beauty, and instructiveness which nature provides, as if they were deaf and blind. They may see and hear with their corporeal senses; but with respect to natural truth, as well as to divine, it may be affirmed of them, that seeing, they see not, and hearing, they do not understand. They pass on without taking notice. Their eyes may be very good, but they are afflicted (though they do not know it) with blindness of the heart. They have not “a heart that watches and receives;” and without that, they walk in vain through the sunshine and the shade: the dews of the morning bring no refreshment to their souls, and the solemnities of night bring no elevation to their thoughts. This is the truth with regard to them; but as I have said, they know it not, neither do they conceive for a moment the depth of their loss. This is the common condition of ignorance; for, as Plato says—(you have heard of Plato, my dear aunt, though you cannot imagine how beautifully he wrote, unless you learn Greek, which you may do, for Cato learned Greek after he was sixty, and Mrs. Carter, though an Englishwoman, was a very good Grecian)—for, as Plato says, “Nor do the ignorant philosophize, for they desire not to become wise; for this is the evil of ignorance, that he who has neither intelligence nor virtue, nor delicacy of sentiment, imagines that he possesses all those things sufficiently.” Here I looked up to my respectable relative for some applause—applause which I trust I should not

have thought of seeking for myself; but when Plato was in the case, it was, as you will admit, a very different matter. The good lady, however, applauded not, for by this time she was in a profound and tranquil slumber.

* * * * *

I had almost forgotten my motto from Coleridge, which would have been unpardonable. Did ever four short lines bring the loveliness—the tranquil, balmy, soothing loveliness of a summer's night—a night far away from the noise and artificial glare of the town—more distinctly before the mind? How beautiful is night! But hear Southey upon this point. The *man* is gone down into the grave, but the voice of the *poet* still rings through the earth with its rich and stately tone.

“How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray,
The desert-circle spreads
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky!
How beautiful is night!”

This is a majestic picture—“Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free!” How oft has one witnessed such upon the nights in June, vainly endeavoring however to give form of expression to the impressions of pure and lofty beauty which crowded upon one's heart, till even tears essayed to express what one's powers of language could not. This is the fate of those who, having at least some glimpses of “the vision and the faculty divine,” are yet wanting in “the accomplishment of verse.” But it was not of this I meant to speak; it was of Coleridge's exquisite allusion to the June night amid the silence of the woods and the murmurings of the brook. You have read the “Ancient Mariner,” I suppose, from which the lines are taken. If you have not, read it by all means at the first leisure opportunity. I do not mean any half-leisure snatch of time in the midst of disturbing avocations. You are not to read the Ancient Mariner as you would a smart article in a newspaper. You are not to put it in your bag with the hope of reading it at the Four Courts, between the cause of A. *versus* B., and that of E. *versus* F., neither C. nor D. being your client. No; this is truly a wild and wondrous tale, enough to set your brains on end, if not your hair, for a good hour or so at the least, and the more you are alone in reading it the better. It is a thing to think upon I promise you. All the men of the ship die around the ancient mariner, but for his sin and his suffering he lives on. At last the dead that lie around begin to work the ship like living men, though animated by other souls than had before belonged to those bodies:—

“The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools,
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee;
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner,
Be calm thou wedding guest,
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest.

"For when it dawn'd, they dropp'd their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on,
A pleasant noise till noon;
A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night,
Singeth a quiet tune."

The sleeping woods! I never heard them snore, but I'll be sworn I have seen them in their dusky slumbers, and felt as it were the heavy breathings of their sleep. And who that has ever lived beyond the region of gas lamps and granite pavements, but must have paused now and then on a June night, in pensive admiration, to listen to the voice of the brook, down hidden among over-hanging trees, murmuring away for ever and ever its quiet tune as summer's quiet influence prevails? Maiden of the downcast eyes (for which thou art forgiven in consideration of the rich fringes of thy silken eye-lashes thus more fully revealed), blush not that I call to thy remembrance such a scene, or that thy heart was softened by it to the confession of a trembling emotion, that no pleading would have wrung from thee in the broad light of day. And dost thou remember how the low rich trembling tones of thy voice harmonized with the scene, the hour, the distant murmur of the brook, even more than that of the nightingale itself, whose notes at intervals rang through the woods with flute-like sound?

But who is that that calls, and our names too? Listen! Thomas, to tell us that the strawberries and cream are mixed, and that we are waited for. Delightful repast—yet have a care, O man, that eatest! Think you that you have possessed yourself of the stomachs of one calf and of five thousand snails? for how else do you expect to digest a quart of cream, and the first fruits of a whole wilderness of strawberries? Milk undoubtedly does agree, for the most part, with calves, even though taken in large quantities, and I have never heard of an army of snails having to send for the surgeon of the forces on account of a surfeit of strawberries. But nor calves nor snails could take the mixture you are now taking without great danger, nor can you. In vain will you seek to make all sure with a

glass of the undiluted "native" in these parts. There is nothing stronger than sherry or ten year old ale in the house, if you were to die for it. But stay, there is I know a large bottle of castor-oil kept for the occasional physicing of the village. It shall be ordered up to your bed-room, and you may take a hearty pull if you find things going wrong. You may smile, but there is a grim look at the end of your smile, which satisfies me that you are aware of the wisdom of my precaution. As for me, I take the fruit after the manner of an epicure—just a slight sprinkle of powdered sugar to bring out the flavour, and then a glass of fair water. In this way you imbibe the true fragrant flavor of the strawberry, but then you must proceed leisurely, and ponder upon the taste. If you gobble up your strawberries, craunching them as a hungry donkey does thistle-tops, or as if you feared some one else might get a second helping before you, you never can have any correct notion either of the profound strength, or of the delicacy of sentiment, which are bound up with the true and properly-tasted flavor of the strawberry.

* * * * *

Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni. One's feelings are not what they were; but still June is as beautiful as ever, though we may regard it differently. Our admiration is not less, but it has different associations, and for so far its character has changed. We observe more carefully than in the days of old, because in all things we are more calm.

———"And so I dare to hope,
Though changed no doubt from what I was when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams, Wherever nature led: more like a man Flying from something that he dreads, than one Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then (The coarser pleasure of my boyish days And their glad animal movements all gone by) To me was all in all. I cannot paint What I then was. The sounding cataract Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock, The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Their colors and their forms were then to me An appetite; a feeling and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm, By thought supplied, or any interest Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past, And all its aching joys are now no more, And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts Have followed, for such loss, I would believe. *Abundant recompense.* For I have learned To look on nature, not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes The still sad music of humanity, Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man; A motion and a spirit that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things. Therefore I am still A lover of the meadows and the woods

And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth."

This is the whole matter, as beautifully told as it is possible to imagine. The vivid, passionate sense of beauty which hurries us along in an indistinct rapture—that it is which passes away, but other gifts follow which are abundant recompense, and fitter for minds which experience begins to render "deep contemplative." We do not see, and feel, and pass away; but we pause, and ponder, and connect thought with thought, and thus make the beauties of nature more thoroughly our own than in the days of our aching joys and dizzy raptures.

It is long ago now—perhaps the year 1828—that one fine day in June, Scarlett had been opening brief after brief, in case after case, taking the whole affair as easy as if he had been plucking cowslips in a meadow. Tindall was musing over piles of papers, and Taunton writing opinions on the ends of briefs, while Brougham twitched his nose, and made mistakes in law which were good-humoredly corrected by Mr. Justice Bayley. Why should I remain who had no certain business but to look on, and who had a gig and horse standing at Charing Cross, and an invitation in my pocket to spend the next two days near Croydon in Surrey? A certain Mr. Marryatt, and a sudden burst of sunshine, two things as unlike as possible, settled the matter. Marryatt got up to move for a new trial, and I to move off; and soon the Thames was between me and Westminster, and I was in full trot for the rising grounds of Surrey.

Brixton hill is not an ugly place, though people who do not know it associate it with the ideas of snug citizen's boxes along a dusty road, and with a treadmill which is kept in the vicinity for the benefit of the London vagabonds, who "snap up unconsidered trifles" on the south of the Thames. Then you come to Streatham, along a fine road, commanding a magnificent view to the right of "woods, and lawns, and palaces," stretching away to Kew, and Wimbledon, and Richmond. Streatham itself is a nice clean country-looking place, and was more rural-looking then than now, for the graceful wooden spire that rose so picturesquely against its back-ground of trees has been burned down by lightning, and they have built a more sternal-looking stone one in its place. A beautiful country lies to the left, as one dashes down the slope from Streatham towards Croydon, and now we are upon the broad Brighton road, as smooth as a bowling-green, and dry as a carpet, then perpetually travelled over by Brighton coaches; but now a comparative solitude, for the multitude prefer the railroad, with all its noise, its steam, and its close carriages. This is all very well in a day of pelting rain or snow, or any day when a saving of two hours in a journey of fifty odd miles is a matter of importance; but give me the open road and the fresh air from the fields in fine weather, without accompaniment of smoke, or steam, or noise. I can remember that day even now, how sweetly blew the western breeze over bean-fields and clover, and how delicious were the odors wafted from the meadows where hay-making was already in progress, and from the hedges, still white with

hawthorn blossoms, which in these parts goes universally by the name of "May." How great was the contrast between the fresh air thus perfumed, and the warm, stagnant, breath-polluted atmosphere of the King's Bench! Greater still the contrast between the choky, husky voice of that laborious gentleman, Mr. Marryatt, quoting case after case to prove that his own, or his client's view of some wretched squabble involving a matter of thirty-five pounds three and sixpence, was that which should be taken by the Judges—greater still the contrast between his huskiness and the singing of innumerable birds—

"Sometimes arising to the sky,
I heard the sky-larks sing;
Sometimes, all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the earth and air
With their sweet jargoning."

These sights, sounds, and smells of the country, which I ever loved in fine weather, soon put all thoughts of neglected attendance upon the wisdom of the law out of my head, and I arrived in great spirits at my friend's house. It was a sort of place that one sees only in England. It was not extensive, not magnificent—not so picturesque, perhaps, as one often falls in with in Ireland or Scotland—no dashing, sparkling stream, no view of mountains in the distance. But all that art and elegant taste could do within a limited space to make house and grounds delightful was here done. All that expense, combined with nice judiciousness, and scrupulous neatness could effect, was here effected. The lawn as smooth as a table covered with green velvet—the shrubs grouped with careful attention both to combination and contrast; the flower-beds trimmed of every leaf and stalk that was past its prime, and exhibiting only what was in perfect flower, or about to become so. The walks of shining gravel, without an intruding weed or even a particle of unseemly dust. The windows of the sitting-rooms, opening upon the garden, led by a few steps to beds of mignonette and heliotrope, which cast up their fragrance into the apartments, where were gathered all the luxuries of furniture and table ornaments—books, pictures, vases, and ornaments in china and alabaster, carved wood, and buhl.

I found in the drawing-room the prettiest young lady in the world, who was quite a stranger to me. She was good enough, however, to say that she had expected me, and had staid at home to write letters and receive me, while our friends, the owners of the house, were gone out a visiting. To say the truth, I did not care how long they staid, having left so agreeable a person to do the honors. Bright, blue, and beautiful were her eyes, and fair and silken were her tresses, and never were red and white more charmingly commingled than in her brilliant complexion. She had a mouth shaped like Cupid's bow, and teeth of ivory. But what was more fascinating than all these—for to be alone with a dull beauty is a dull business—she talked well, and with the utmost vivacity about every thing in the world that one ventures to talk about with women. We discussed, in the most admirable manner, every thing about the weath-

er, and gardening, and rural affairs in general—about Waverly, and Woodstock, and Walter Scott, then writing away, with undaunted vigor, at his life of Napoleon—about the pictures at the Royal Academy Exhibition, and fifteen other exhibitions—about the opera, and Sontag, and Donzelli, and Curioni, and the rest of them who then were in vogue; and my young lady seemed as much pleased with my criticisms as I was with hers, and without any familiarity that was unbecoming, treated me as if I were an old acquaintance. She was easily prevailed upon to put on her bonnet, in which, of course, she looked even prettier than without it, and walk through the grounds with me. Never was a June day so delightful: the flowers bloomed more charmingly, and smelled more deliciously than usual, and the birds sang with unwonted sweetness.

As dinner hour approached, my friends came home, and then more company, and we dined. I had not the felicity of leading my new acquaintance out to dinner, but I sat opposite, which was agreeable. We had excellent cheer, elegantly served, and we took our cool claret in moderation, according to the English fashion. I liked all the dining folk very well save one, a young man, tall and bottle-shaped, that is, of long neck, with narrow shoulders, and a frame which widened as it descended. He talked much, and, as it seemed to me, with an authoritative air, as if he had been accustomed to regard himself as a Sir Oracle, and he exhibited surprising powers of appetite. After we got back to the drawing-room, my young lady talked as well as ever, and sang most delightfully to her own harp accompaniment. I thought I could have looked and listened forever. We petitioned against candles being brought in, on account of the heat; but partly the twilight, and partly the lovely light of a summer moon, shining from a cloudless sky, poured its soft radiance into the room, and this, with the smell of flowers, the charming sounds of song and stringed music, and the beauty and gracefulness of the performer, made up a whole of extreme deliciousness. At last, the company went away and my young lady retired, and I was left alone with mine host and hostess. It was time to go to bed, if that time can be said ever to come on a lovely night in June; but of course I could not refuse myself the delight of talking about the young lady who had just vanished. I mentioned how much I was indebted for her reception of me.

"I had forgotten," said Mrs. ——. "I thought you knew my cousin. Surely you have met her before with us."

"No," said I, with earnestness; "she is not one of those that one may see, and then forget that one has seen—how very charming she is!"

"She is, indeed, a very charming girl," said Mr. —, "and a very good girl too, which is better; but I give you warning, my young gentleman, that you must not fall in love with her, for she is engaged to be married."

I felt as if my friend had given me a blow on the left side of the chest; however I soon recovered, and began to indulge myself in very fierce

hatred of the unknown person to whom this beautiful young lady was to be married.

"He must be a happy man," I said, "who has won so fair a lady-love."

"One would think so," replied my friend, "but you saw no particular signs of happiness about him, he dined with us to-day."

What was my surprise and disgust to find that the bottle-shaped, much-talking young man, was the affianced *futur* of this charming creature. What could she see in him? How could she have any affection for a man who ate so much? Soup, salmon, mutton, fowl, tongue, besides an infinity of potatoes, cauliflowers, asparagus, and early peas! How could any but a monster do such havoc upon gross victuals in the very presence of the creature he loved, and such a creature! He did not love it was clear. He was incapable of any tenderness or delicacy of sentiment.

Very likely he was, but he was the second son of an exceedingly rich London merchant. He had been to Cambridge University. He had taken his degree with some honor, and his friends said he would have been among the wranglers, had not the answering of his year been unusually good. His father and all his uncles and aunts looked upon him as the eighth wonder of the world, and thought that, barring the highest order of nobility, any woman in England would scarcely be good enough for him. His father had just bought an estate to which a valuable living was attached, and the gentleman was forthwith to be ordained, presented to this living, and married to the charming young lady I had seen, whose beauty and cleverness of conversation had attracted his attention when visiting at my friend's house. It was much doubted, I believe, whether the lady cared two straws for the gentleman, but she could learn to care for him, and it was not in the nature of things to be indifferent to the prospect of eight thousand a year eventually, and two thousand a year to begin with. And there was nothing against the young man. On the contrary, he had always been very steady, and had a mind to comprehend mathematics. The whole matter, therefore, was soon arranged. All this I gathered in about ten minutes talk with my friends while the bed-room candles were bringing in.

I would willingly have ordered my gig, even at that late hour, and have driven back to town, but it would have seemed ridiculous. I told some story, however, of business to be attended to in Westminster next morning, and arranged to leave before breakfast. I believe the morning was as fine a one as ever came, but I do not think I took much notice of its beauties as I drove rapidly back along the road which I had so much enjoyed the day before. When eleven o'clock came, I found myself again amid the hum, and squeezing, and professional jokes of the third row in the Court of King's Bench. To this day, I sometimes heave a half sigh as I pass through the country to the west of Croydon. The fair *fiancée* of by-gone days is now a fine woman, inclined to be fat, and the mother of seven promising children.

KEEPING SECRETS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

—Break, my heart, for I must *hold my tongue*.
SHAKESPEARE.

CHARLES GLIB has one peculiarity that distinguishes him from every other bustling chattering inhabitant of this blabbing world. In the course of a pretty long life he has never been known to reveal a single secret—for nobody ever trusted him with one.

He is the very opposite of that celebrated lover of taciturnity, who having walked twenty miles with an equally silent companion, not a syllable having escaped the lips of either, exclaimed, in acknowledgment of his friend's observation, on arriving at a cross-road, that the left would be the best path to take,

"What a talkative fellow you are!"

Glib is, to an equal degree, a lover of loquacity. The sound of his own voice is to him the music of the spheres. Other people have their fits of sullenness and reserve—he never has. Other people pause to take breath, which he never does. Other people like to chatter away only on their favorite themes—their own rheumatics, or their neighbor's extravagance—but no topic ever came amiss to Charley Glib. He never sinks into taciturnity, merely because he happens to have exhausted all the scandal of the neighborhood, and trumpeted his own perfections of mind and body in fifty different keys. Such silence is simply the natural consequence of over-talking to which ordinary folks are liable; but, as for Glib, he still goes on, still finds something to say, even when he has torn his grandmother's reputation to tatters, and related the history, with all the minutest particulars, of his last cold in the head. While there are words to be uttered, a subject is never wanting. The words bring the thoughts, or he talks without them. He is nothing if not loquacious—he associates death with silence. To talk is to enjoy;—the original bird of paradise was, in his judgment, the Talking bird, and should be so described by every ornithologist.

As there is good in every thing, there is convenience in this clack, for it puts us on our guard, and warns us to keep our secrets to ourselves. One would as soon think of pouring wine into a sieve, as of intrusting precious tidings to his keeping. Whatever is published at Charing-cross, or advertised in the morning papers, there can be no harm in communicating to Glib; but for any thing of a more confidential character,

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it would be just as wise to whisper it to the four winds of heaven.

A secret indeed is a pearl which it were egregious folly to cast before such an animal. Secrets are utterly wasted upon your great, loud, constant, unthinking talkers. They are delicacies never truly relished by people of large appetites for speech, who can utter any thing, and who fare sumptuously on immense heaps of stale news of the coarsest nature. Their palates are vitiated by vast indulgence, and their ravenous hunger after the joys of holding forth, forbids the possibility of a keen fine taste, the nice and exquisite relish of an original secret. If they can but relate to you something particularly well known about Martin Luther or Queen Elizabeth, provided there is enough of it to ensure them a full meal, they are as contented and as happy as though they had a hundred dainty little secrets to disclose, every one of them profound, startling, and hitherto close kept. Yorick gave the ass a macaroon, but we do not find that the experiment succeeded much—the beast would no doubt have preferred thistles.

No, no; a secret is delicious food for the man of a sly, quiet, seemingly reserved turn of mind, who does not talk much, but speaks to the purpose; who has no overweening fondness for the sound of his own voice, but who fervently loves a breach of confidence; who feels that pleasures are a thousand times sweeter for being stolen; and who, while quietly disclosing some important and interesting fact of which, with many injunctions to keep it ever under lock and key, he had been the depository, is not only sensible of a relief in freeing the mind from its secret burden, but conscious of a superadded charm, the pleasure of betraying a verbal trust.

Just such a man is he who now passes my window, Peter Still. He is well-known to half the town, although his voice was never heard by any two people in it at the same time. He has whispered in the ears of a vast mob, taking each individual separately; and he has made a large portion of London his especial confidant, by catching the people who compose it, each by his button, at some season or other, and committing a precious secret exclusively to his care.

Every one of that great talking multitude looks upon himself as the sole-selected sharer of the secrets which Peter Still once held solitary in his own bosom; and each is furthermore convinced, that for caution, closeness, trustworthiness—the power of

keeping a thing entirely to himself until the proper moment arrives for discreetly whispering it to a valued friend—Peter Still has not his fellow either in the parish of St. Giles or of St. James—nor in any parish between the celebrated two which mark the wide extremes of the metropolis.

And to look at Peter, to observe his manner, to hear him talk, you would decide that all the town was individually right—however the mob of confidants, on comparing their means of judging one with the other, might collectively pronounce a different verdict. His appearance begets an impression that the rack would have no power to unseal his lips, and wring from him the important secret you had confided to him some time before—how Miss Jane in her vexation had written a smart copy of verses on Mr. Wimple's nuptials—or how your wife had promised to favor you with a ninth heir to your books and teaspoons. No, these deep and awful secrets, once whispered in that close man's ear, must, you would swear, lie buried there for ever. Though faithful to the Catholic church, he would die unshriven rather than confess them to his priest—so say appearances. And yet, really and truly, when you have published the two events alluded to in the close ear of Peter Still, you may as well, as far as publicity is concerned, send the verses on Mr. W.'s nuptials to be printed, addressed to the Editor of the *New Monthly*; and—having the pen still at your finger's end—draw up the form of an advertisement, in readiness, to appear hereafter properly filled up among the births in the morning paper—

"On the —th instant, in ——— street, the lady of ———, of a ———."

Peter Still's various powers commence with the faculty of attracting people to confide in him. You look in his face, and unbosom. His seems no sieve-like nature, and to it you intrust your most delicate secrets, convinced that they will never run through. He never asks for your confidence—he never seeks to worm himself into your faith and esteem—but he quietly wins you to speak out, and communicate to him what was only known to yourself.

If you hesitate, and say, "Perhaps, after all, the matter had better never be mentioned—no, not even to you!" he calmly agrees, and advises you to confine the secret to your own breast, where it is sure to be safe; well knowing that a man who meditates the disclosure of a secret can have no spur like a dissuader, and that he will immediately after tell you every word.

Nobody would suppose that beneath his most placid, passionless demeanor, an agony of curiosity was raging—that amidst so much dignified composure, he was actually dying to hear your story; as little could it be imagined when he presses your hand at parting, with your solemn secret locked up in his soul, never to be revealed even in a whisper to himself, that he is dying to disclose it to the first babler he may meet.

But although like Hamlet's, his heart would break if he were condemned to hold his tongue—although he *must* unfold the delicious but intolerable mystery, the faithful keeping of which would drive him mad—yet he never falls to a rash promiscuous chattering upon the subject—he is not open-mouthed when he meets you—he never volunteers the prohibited statement without a why or wherefore. The breach is never effected in this way—

"Well, I declare, this meeting is fortunate. You must know I called at the Cottage yesterday, and there I heard—no, I never was so astonished! Our friend, the farmer, told me of it in the strictest confidence—the very strictest—such a secret!"

"Did he? What is it?"

"Why then you must know—"

And out comes all the story—not with many additions, perhaps, on this occasion, as it is only one day old.

This is the common style of the common world; where the "*What is it?*" as naturally follows the mention of a secret told in the strictest confidence, as extensive publicity follows the first dishonorable disclosure. But this is not the style of Peter Still. He never loses sight of form and ceremony—never enlightens an inquirer on such easy terms. Though more anxious to tell you than you can be to hear, he dandles and procrastinates. Though burning to accomplish the revelation, he seems ice. He compresses his lips, and drops his eyelids—shakes his head very slowly, and is tremendously emphatic with his forefinger, which always seems to point a moral when he is most violating morality.

At last, when the mixture of mysterious signs, unintelligible sounds, and stray syllables, are duly mingled, the charm begins to work, and the secret bubbles up. Depend upon it, he makes much of it. His secrets are secrets. Impressed and edified you cannot fail to be, whatever may be the disclosure. Perhaps it may be a thing of very trifling import—that Q. is going to give up his town-house—that X., unknown to X.'s wife, has a nice little flaxen-haired boy at school near Turnham Green—that

Z., or some other letter of the social alphabet, intends to pay his debts;—no matter for the intelligence, it oozes from Peter Still as though it were

— dear as the ruddy drops
That visit his sad heart.

Every word is a nail driven into your memory to fasten the fact there; and although he had only told you in his impressive way, and with a painful sense of moral responsibility, that *two* sheriffs will certainly be chosen in Guildhall next year, yet you are satisfied for a time that he has surrendered a secret worth knowing.

But whatever he may choose to reveal, he is sure to leave you with the impression—this is invariable—that he has concealed more than he has discovered. Having told all, and a little besides, he stops short—and desires you to excuse him. When perchance he has related in all its particulars the very secret that you could have told him, and when he has found this out, he makes a sudden pause, puts on a much-meaning look, and regrets that the *rest* is incommunicable—a something which he dares not disclose.

And above all, does Peter Still preserve the spirit of secrecy, in constantly enjoining, with a solemnity befitting his character, every erring mortal, in whose ear he whispers a bit of forbidden news, never for his life to divulge it. What he has acquired gravely and anxiously, he never parts with lightly. He may tell the secret to fifty persons in a day—but then he tells it only to the discreet—and each one registers the vow of secrecy before he is intrusted with the treasure; so that when Peter has informed five hundred, he feels that he has informed but one.

No man was ever more sincere than Peter Still is, in delivering these injunctions and admonitions. When he beseeches you not to tell again—when he implores you to keep a Chubb's patent on your lips—be sure that he is in earnest;—for a secret diffused all over the town is a secret gone, and when every body can reveal it to every body else, why it follows that there is nobody left for him to betray it to exclusively.

He accepts a secret as he accepts a bill of exchange, deeming it of greatest use when put into circulation; but he does not wish it to go quite out of date, before he says, "Don't let it go any further." He is like those poets who print their verses to circulate amongst friends—who publish privately; so Peter publishes his secrets.

Who could possibly suppose that such an impersonation of the prudential and the discreet as Peter seems—a creature so calm, close, cautious—so thoroughly safe, so every-way to be relied on—was as hollow as a fife, which cannot be intrusted with a little of one's breath without speaking. The secret which we cannot confide to the talkative, we often repose with greater peril in the reserved.

Charley Glib walks and chatters about town, labelled "Dangerous," to warn off every unwary whisperer of tidings not intended for the public ear; but Peter Still appears, of all vehicles for the carrying of secrets, the "patent safety," and we intrust life and limb to him. With Loquacity we run no risk—with Reserve we are ruined. Confiding in Glib, we know that we cast our secret upon the stream, and it is borne away upon the first flowing tide of words into the wide ocean of babble, where it is lost in an overwhelming din which nobody listens to; confiding in Peter Still, we equally cast our secret upon the stream, whence it is conveyed through innumerable water-pipes, intersecting every quarter of the town, and is laid on at every house.

The most sly and circumspect betrayer of confidence is liable to make mistakes. The liar needs a good memory, so does the secret-monger who tells truth when he should not. One of the greatest calamities to which he is liable, is a confusion of persons, arising out of a multiplicity of confidences, which is very apt to bring him round with his profound secret, after he has travelled over the whole town to tell it, to the source whence he originally derived it—and to lead him into the fatal blunder of retailing it confidentially to the very man who had first in confidence retailed it to him.

It was by such a blunder of memory that I first found out Peter Still—first discovered that although he seemed "close as oak," he was in reality porous all over;—incapable of retaining a private fact, even though it should happen to be that he himself was Mrs. Brownrigg's grandson.

"It must go no further," said I to him innocently one day; "but since you are speaking with such interest of our friend the Rev. Mr. Hectic, I must tell you—and to you only shall I mention it, in strict confidence—that he is now very decidedly imbued with Puseyite opinions."

"By the way," he remarked to me three weeks afterwards, "as we are talking of friend Hectic, I may whisper to you confidentially" (and here his voice took an in-

ward and most significant tone), "that the clergyman in question discovers of late a decided leaning to the principles of Puseyism."

Peter Still, the sly dog, conceives himself to be far from destitute of a defence, should these charges of betrayal of trust be ever cast in his teeth. His answer to the accusation of publishing secrets will doubtless be, that he never promised concealment; and it is very true—he never did.

No; when you desire him to understand that you speak with him in confidence, he makes no comment; he utters no assurance of secrecy; but he just throws out his hand loosely, and with the back of it taps your elbow, or, perhaps, with a superior smile, gives you one or two light pats between the shoulders. The effect is electrical; the action has the air of an oath registered in heaven, and you feel what a comforting thing it is to deal with a man who never speaks but when words are wanted.

There is an old saying, undeniably true, that if three people are to keep a secret, two of them should never know it. One of these two should be Peter Still, that respectable moralist, who holds curiosity in contempt and keeps such a guard upon his tongue. The other must belong to the class represented by our loquacious acquaintance—a class that might take warning by the hero of Wordsworth's ballad, "Harry Blake," whose teeth are chattering to this hour—

Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

But the danger of being betrayed—betrayed perhaps in some tender point of confidence, and that without the smallest atom of malignity, or even unkindness—does not exist only in these two directions. There are myriads of good, trustworthy people, who never in all their lives revealed in so many words a secret confided to them—nor indeed ever employed words at all in telling it—and yet it is as good as told. This is the middle compound class of betrayers, the great bulk of society; who, although they would all die rather than openly disclose what they have faithfully promised to conceal, will nevertheless frankly tell you that there *is* a secret, and that they happen to know it.

Then perhaps, on another occasion, when a little off their guard, they will hazard an allusion to a place, or a person, or a date—or to some circumstance on which the speculative listener is able to establish a tolerably fair guess at the concealed fact, or at the very least to build up a theory

which, in its character of suspicion, is as mischievous as certainty.

Or, if hints of this nature be conscientiously withheld, there are nods and shrugs, expressive looks, and explanatory gestures; and when the true guess is at last made, there comes, to crown every other consistency, a positive refusal to afford the least further clew!—a virtuous and fixed determination *not* to say whether the guess be right or wrong!—which is all that the successful discoverer requires.

It is amongst this class, the largest and most frequently encountered, that dangers are most thickly sown. Promises of secrecy, though well-intentioned and firm, here travel over pitfalls, and the most faithful are swallowed up when entirely confident in their own integrity. People who are selfish in every thing besides, are unselfish in secrets, and cannot bear to keep them to themselves. They are seized with a desire to please persons whom they do not like and have no faith in, and to commit a grievous offence against others whom they do like and who have faith in them.

If they do not at once yield up the whole treasure they were to guard, they divest themselves piecemeal of the care of it. To keep it sacredly and entire, is to sink under an overwhelming sensation, a crushing consciousness. No matter how trivial the thing is, it becomes weighty if committed exclusively to their keeping; and the very same fact which mentioned openly and carelessly would be utterly insignificant in their estimation, swells in its character of a secret, into "a burden more than they can bear."

Every little secret is thus of some consequence; while the really important one acquires, under this state of feeling, such an insupportable weight and magnitude as not to admit of being safely kept by less than twenty persons at the least.

Where so very few can keep a secret quite close, however honorably engaged to do so, and where the tendency to whisper in half words, even when the interests of confiding friends are concerned, so fatally prevails, it is strange that the trumpeters of their own merits never hit upon the expediency of conveying their self-praises in the wide and sure vehicle of a secret.

Trust a bit of scandal to a whisper, and how fast and far it flies—*because* it is whispered. Might not the good deeds, for which so very few can obtain the desired credit, become equally celebrated—might not the fame of them be so wide-spread, if instead of making *no* secret of them, we in-

trusted them to the ever-circulating medium of secrecy!

People fall into the capital mistake of publishing to all the world their private virtues, their benevolence, disinterestedness, and temperance; but what if they were to keep the reputation of these noble qualities in the background, and just permit a friend to whisper the existence of them as a great secret, respecting which every lip was to be henceforth sealed! Universal circulation must ensue.

Let it be once stated, in strict confidence, that you stripped off your great-coat on a winter night, and wrapped it round a shivering, homeless wanderer, and the town will soon ring with your deeds of philanthropy—but the little incident must always be related as a profound secret, or its progress towards the popular ear will be slow. Such is the natural tendency of a secret to get into general circulation, and to secure the privilege of continual disclosure, that it will even carry the heavy virtues with it, and obtain popularity for desert. The gallery of the moral graces is a whispering gallery.

The title of the old comedy written by a woman makes it a wonder that a woman should keep a secret; the real wonder is, that man should ever have had the desperate assurance to assume a superiority, to claim a more consistent fidelity, in such engagements. The sexes are doubtless well-matched, and the ready tongue finds a ready ear.

How many of those who stand, and will ever stand most firmly and strongly by our side in the hard battle of life, are weak in this delicate respect! How much of the divine love that redeems our clay from utter grossness, the hallowed affection that knits together the threads of two lives in one, is sullied and debased by this mortal frailty—the propensity to whisper when the heart prompts silence—to breathe, by the mere force of habit, into an indifferent or a curious ear, some inklings of the secret which the hushed soul should have held sacred and incommunicable for ever.

Let us, however, do justice to the just, and wish they were not the minority in the matter of keeping secrets. Let us even spare the weakness that errs through accidental temptation, so long as it does not degenerate into the vice that wilfully betrays. Let us remember how the crime of treachery carries with it its own punishment; and how the abject thing that deliberately reveals what was confided to it in reliance upon its honor, makes in

the very act a verbal confession of its own unutterable falsehood. The secret so betrayed should be published as a lie.

Let it moreover be some consolation to think that there are more people incapable of a breach of confidence, than those who, like the prince of praters, Charles Glib, never had a secret intrusted to them in their lives. One of them I met this morning—it was a friend to whom, of all others, every man would feel safe in confiding his private griefs, the dearest secrets of his soul.

"After the stab I have just received," cried I, encountering my friend, "in a base betrayal of confidence, how pleasant to fix my trusting eyes once more upon such a face as yours—the face which is the mirror of your mind, but without revealing any one thing that requires to be concealed in its close and friendly recesses. It is now fifteen years since I intrusted to your sympathizing bosom that dreadful and most secret story of my quarrel in Malta, and of my sudden flight—of the monstrous but reiterated charge of murder that dogged my steps, through so many cities of Europe, and cast upon my onward path a shadow—"

"Eh! what!"

"Yes," said I, in continuation, with a fervent, a most exalted sense of the steady affection which had kept my youthful secret unwhispered, undreamed of by the most curious, the most insidious scrutineer—with an idolatrous admiration of the constancy and the delicacy of the fine mind and the warm heart on which I had so wisely relied—"yes," I exclaimed, "fifteen or sixteen years have elapsed since I committed to your holy keeping the ghastly secret, and not even in your sleep have you allowed a single syllable of the awful narrative to escape you! Who, after this, shall so far belie his fellow, as to say that a secret is never so safe as in one's own bosom."

"What you say, my dear fellow," returned this faithful possessor of my confidence, "is quite right: but I don't exactly know what you are talking about; for upon my soul, to tell you the truth, I had entirely *forgotten* the whole affair, having never bestowed a thought upon it from that day to this!"

ORDER OF THE BATH—Her Majesty has appointed his Royal Highness Prince Albert to be the First and Principal Knight Grand Cross, and also Acting Great Master of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, in the room of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.—*Britannia*.

THE LATE DISCOVERY.

From the Athenæum.

SHE stood where hills were high and green,
Where flowers were sweet and wild,
Where ne'er before her steps had been,
The city's toiling child;
But even the glorious spring that shed
Its sunshine o'er her now,
Could ne'er restore the spring time fled
From that young heart and brow.

She saw the happy hamlet homes,
In valleys fair and free;
And heard, among the meadow blooms,
The voice of childhood's glee;
But from those early shaded eyes
The tears were falling fast,
As thus, amid her dying days,
The blighted spoke at last:

"Ah! had the earth such glorious things
Beneath so blue a sky,
While all my cheerless, hopeless springs
In darkness glided by?
Did all these lovely scenes expand,
These happy hearts exist,
And yet, amid the pleasant land,
How was my portion mist!

For I have seen the palace hall
In distant splendor gleam,
And heard the midnight festival
Awake my weary dream;
And all that wealth from farthest shore
Or distant wave could bring,
Mine eyes have seen, but ne'er before
Beheld the blessed spring.

Though oft such visions long ago
My lonely dreams have cross'd,
Yet never knew my soul, till now,
The all that it had lost.
Oh, lovely vales! oh, glorious skies!
Oh, flowers of balmy breath!
How will ye gladden other eyes
When mine are sealed in death.

Alas! for human sacrifice,
The stain of every clime;
For all whose youth unpitied dies,
The lost, the doomed of time.
Ah! well, well, may that promised shore
Be bright with tearless bliss,
If it to withered hearts restore
Their summers lost on this."

April 4, 1843.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE CHINESE PRESENTS.—During the past week, these curious gifts from his Imperial Majesty have been unpacked at Buckingham Palace. The tent is of very large dimensions; the color, borders and ornaments beautiful. The bed is an extraordinary specimen of elaborate workmanship. The four posts are of gold, the entire surface being embellished with a continuous pattern, of remarkable richness. The hangings and furniture are of a bright green color, variously adorned at the corners and borders. A large carpet, the design of which corresponds with the draperies of the State bed, is also among the number of presents. *Court Jour.*

MISCELLANY.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—Lord Brougham, in the British House of Lords, on Tuesday April 11th, rose pursuant to notice given on the previous day, to lay on the table a bill for the better prevention of the slave trade. He had enjoyed the aid, in framing the measure, of various noble and learned persons, and they had found, as, indeed, they had expected, the difficulties to be encountered very great. He had had the assistance of his noble friend the President of the Board of Trade, now, unfortunately, not in his place from ill-health, together with that of his learned friend Dr. Lushington, and that of his gallant friend Captain Denman, and also the invaluable assistance of Mr. Bell, the barrister, who had studied the slave trade law more, he believed, than any man who had not, like Dr. Lushington and himself, been occupied in framing it. He should shortly state an outline of his measure. There were three main objects in his view. The first was the prevention of that slave trade which had hitherto prevailed to a considerable extent, but about which there were legal doubts, and the highest authorities were divided. The question was whether a British subject residing abroad, not within the bounds of a British settlement, buying slaves in a foreign island or place, and carrying them in a boat to his plantation, was guilty of felony or not. The question was not settled in Westminster Hall, he must say somewhat to his surprise, and, therefore, some enactment was wanted to put an end to all doubt upon the point.—It was necessary that the doubt should be set at rest by a declaratory act. It was quite clear that Parliament meant to prohibit this, that a man should be able to go to Cuba to buy slaves, and carry back the slaves to his plantation; that should be prohibited, and, as the present law was not held sufficient to accomplish that end, it was necessary to declare what the law was to be in future. The first object of the act was to declare that this system should not be tolerated, and to abolish it altogether. The next object was to legislate respecting persons holding foreign slave plantations; for as foreign slave plantations could not be cultivated without slaves, and as such an estate might come to him by inheritance, devise, marriage settlement, or gift, and unless he did some act he ought not to be considered as an owner of slaves, as it was intended to excuse all those who, without any act of their own had come into the possession of slaves. The next object of the bill was to prevent joint-stock companies established for carrying on projects abroad from buying and selling slaves. Many of the partners in those companies in this country, not knowing about the matter, knowing only that they were buying a certain quantity of scrip, had, in fact, been employing slaves. Another object was, if possible to strike at the traffic on the coast of Africa, and this was to be done in two ways: the first was by establishing a better mode of trial, and an easier trial, of slave trading practices by British subjects. The next object which he wished to effect by this measure was to increase the facilities for obtaining evidence, to be used in this country, or in any places abroad where legal proceedings with reference to the slave trade might be adopted. He proposed to adopt the practice which was introduced by the East India Judicature Act, which enabled a party prosecuting to obtain a *mandamus* from the Court of Queen's Bench, and so to put in motion the judicatures of the colonies, and to procure through them, under certain regulations, evidence which might be received by the legal tribunals in this country, and in other places. Another, and indeed the great object of this bill, was to endeavor to prevent practices in this country, which, if not amounting to actual

trading in slaves, at least tended to the encouragement and promotion of the traffic on the coast of Africa. In order to do this, he proposed to vest in her Majesty in Council the power of making certain orders for the purpose of placing persons engaged in the African trade under similar obligations, superintendence, and restrictions, to those which he had proposed to apply to joint stock companies engaged in mining, and to other slave trading companies. The bill contained other provisions, into which it was unnecessary for him to enter at present; for his only object now was to give a general outline of the measure, in order to facilitate its consideration by their lordships during the recess.—He would move the first reading of the bill to-night, and the second reading would not, of course, take place until after the recess. He begged to move, "that this bill be now read a first time."—*United Service Gazette*.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH.—The General Assembly and the Free Assembly have both adjourned: the former until May, 1844; the latter until October next. After the passing of the resolutions on either side for legally completing the separation of the seceding body, the Assemblies were principally occupied with routine business. The total number of seceders is 430, of whom 393 have signed the protest. This is something less than a third of the entire Presbyterian ministry. The Marquis of Breadalbane has joined the Free Assembly, and it is rumored intends to contribute £10,000 to their funds.

On adjourning the General Assembly, on Monday last, the Moderator, in his short address, said:—

"I congratulate you upon the measures which you have taken to sustain the admirable schemes of your church, and to provide for the efficient supply of those charges which have been vacated by your seceding brethren; and I shall humbly pray with you that the spirit of your Great Master, the God of peace and love, may guide and strengthen you."

Dr. Chalmers, the Moderator of the seceding body, in closing the Assembly, spoke at great length. He adverted, among other things, to the position which they were to hold with reference to the Establishment, and spoke of its downfall as a probable result of their labors. That must not deter them from going forward. If their principles were worth sacrificing their place in the Establishment for, they were worth the Establishment itself. They had no ill-will towards those who remained, and would have no pleasure in seeing them lose their stipends; but, if the assertion of their principles caused them to leave their own livings, surely they would not now give up those principles, simply because it risked the loss of the livings of others. That would be to love their neighbors not as, but a great deal better than, themselves—(Great laughter). The Rev. Doctor concluded his address with many exhortations to zeal, and a fervent recommendation to them to abound in prayer. He then dissolved the Assembly in the name of Christ, and the proceedings were closed with prayer and praise about one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday last.

The consequences of this remarkable movement yet remain to be developed. If, as is most improbable, both bodies should continue to exist, they can only do so in opposition to each other, and by a division in nearly every parish in Scotland. Dr. Chalmers, it will be seen, expects the dissolution of the Establishment, including much the larger portion of the Scottish clergy. The Establishment, on the contrary, looks for the gradual dispersion of the seceders, as the zeal and excitement created by their separation dies away. If numbers are to prevail, it would seem from the subjoined paragraph given by the *Glasgow Herald*, that the seceders will be the strongest party:—

Much interest was yesterday (Sunday) excited throughout the city in consequence of the announcement that those ministers of the city churches who have adhered to the new secession would no longer preach in their own pulpits, and had provided themselves with separate places of worship. It was originally understood that they were to continue their ministrations till the first Sunday in June, when they would finally and formally demit their charges; but the steps taken by the General Assembly for declaring the churches vacant, and providing for their supply, rendered this course no longer practicable. Accordingly seven of the city churches were yesterday vacated by their former ministers, and others provided in their stead. St. George was occupied by Professor Grav; the Tron by Professor Hill; St. Enoch's by Dr. Graham, of Killearn; St. Paul's by the Rev. Mr. Beveridge of Inveresk; St. David's by Dr. Macnaughten of Arran; St. John's by the Rev. Mr. Fisher of Rosebank; and St. Andrew's by the Rev. Mr. Smith of Cathcart. The attendance in each of these churches was much thinner than usual; and we are not aware that any public intimation was made in any of them in reference to the disruption that had taken place. The seceding clergymen were variously distributed throughout the city. Dr. Brown (St. John's) preached in the City-hall in the forenoon, and Dr. Buchanan (Tron) in the afternoon and evening. Dr. Henderson (St. Enoch's) officiated, forenoon and afternoon, in the New Corn-exchange, Hope-street. Dr. Paterson (St. Andrew's) occupied the Black Bull Hall; Dr. Forbes (St. Paul's) the Methodist Chapel, Cannon-street; Dr. Smyth (St. George's) occupied Willis's Church, Renfield-street; and Mr. Lorimer (St. David's) preached in the Assembly-rooms. Such of these temporary places of worship as required alteration were comfortably fitted up for the occasion with pulpits and forms, and all of them crowded to overflowing with respectable audiences. In the City-hall especially the crowd was immense. Upwards of 4000 persons must have been present at each diet of worship, and hundreds withdrew unable to obtain admittance.—*Britannia*.

THE CITY OF HAMBURG has resolved to present to the Sovereigns, who assisted the inhabitants after the conflagration of last year, letters of thanks, to be painted upon tablets of oak saved from the ancient city hall, and framed in bronze of the bells of the churches that were destroyed. Each individual who contributed to the relief is to be presented with a medal of the same material, and those foreigners who on the spot assisted in checking the progress of the calamity are to be honored with the freedom of the city.—*Athenæum*.

M. GAULTIER D'ARC.—On looking over the obituaries of the past week, our eye has been caught in the *Paris Journal*, by a name, having some pretension to a record as of an oriental scholar, but principally remarkable as a great historic designation, which dies with the subject of this notice. M. Gaultier d'Arc was the last descendant from Pierre d'Arc, the brother of the great French heroine—had long been secretary, in Paris, to the School of Living Oriental Languages, and was recently Consul-General in Egypt.—*Ibid*.

STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC.—The Statue of Joan of Arc, the fine work of the late Princess Marie of France, presented by her royal father to the Department of the Vosges, was inaugurated, on the 9th of the present month, in its new abode in the house at Domremy, where the heroine was born, amid an immense concourse of spectators collected from all points of the department.—*Ibid*.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SILVER PLATING.—Plating on copper was first introduced in the year 1742, by Mr. T. Balsover, a member of the Corporation of Cutlers at Sheffield. It was not, however, until about forty years afterwards that the ornamented parts of plated articles, called mountings, were constructed of silver. This great improvement caused the manufacture of plated wares to become one of the staple trades of Sheffield. The process of manufacturing plated articles may be described as follows:—an ingot of copper being cast, and the surfaces carefully prepared by filing so as to remove all blemishes, and a piece of silver, also having one surface perfectly cleaned, are tied together by means of iron wire. A mixture of borax in water is then passed round the edge with a quill; the mass is then placed in a common air-furnace heated to a proper temperature, with a small aperture in the door for an inspection of this part of the process. As soon as the union of the two bodies is effected, which is known by the loosing of the metal when the fusion of the two metals has taken place, the bar is removed from the furnace. The quality of the silver used in this process is what is termed standard, containing about 18 dwts. of copper to the lb. troy. The ingot being thus prepared, the next operation is to form it into sheets, by passing the bar several times through large cylindrical rollers, generally moved by steam-power; the lamination which the silver undergoes during the operation of rolling shows the perfect unity of the two bodies. From the sheet of metal the article required is manufactured by hammering chiefly, but also by stamping when the shape is very irregular; the article, if hollow, being filled with pitch, the receding parts are forced inwards, so that the projections remain of the thickness of the sheet before being wrought, while the indentations are somewhat reduced in thickness. The dies consist of blocks of steel, on the face of which the pattern of the ornament is accurately drawn: the dies are moderately heated in an open fire, and then placed upon a leathern sandbag. The die-sinker then proceeds to cut out the ornaments with hammer and chisel; when sunk to the proper depth, the surface of the sinking is dressed off, and prepared for the ornaments to be stamped in. The stamp consists of a vertical frame of iron, the uprights of which are formed with grooves, in which the hammer or drop slides. The foundation of this machine consists of a square stone, and on its upper surface is fixed an iron anvil, to which the uprights are firmly attached; the hammer is raised by a rope passing over a pulley fixed in the head-piece of the frame; the die is placed on the anvil immediately under the hammer, and is kept in its proper position by screws. A luting of oil and clay is placed round the edge of the sink of the die, and melted lead is then poured into the cavity; when cool, the hammer is allowed to fall upon the lead, to which it firmly adheres by means of a plate of iron roughed as a rasp, and which is called the lick-up. The silver used for the purpose of the mountings is also of the standard quality, and is rolled to the required thickness: several pieces of the requisite size are then placed between pieces of copper of the same substance, and put upon the face of the die; the hammer is then raised, and allowed to fall gently upon them. This operation is continued for some time, gradually increasing the fall of the hammer, and diminishing the number of pieces struck, until they are forced to the bottom of the die; it is necessary occasionally to anneal the mountings. The mounts, being struck as described, are now filled with solder consisting of tin and lead; and afterwards secured by wires to the article to be ornamented, the body being covered with a mixture of glue and whiting to prevent the

solder from straining the surface; they are then soldered on by means of a hydro-oxygen blow-pipe. The article is next boiled in a solution of pearlsh or soda, and scoured with fine Calais sand; the mounts are polished by a lathe, as silver articles, with rotten-stone and oil; then cleaned with whiting, and finished with rouge. A scratch-brush of brass wire is used for deadening the parts required; and the plain surfaces are burnished with tools of blood-stone or steel—soap and water being used in this operation, which is performed by women.—*Lit. Gazette.*

THE QUANTITY OF CARBONIC ACID GAS EXHALED IN RESPIRATION.—Messrs. Andral and Gavarret draw the following conclusions from a series of experiments instituted by them, to discover the quantity of carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs in man:—1st. The quantity of carbonic acid gas, exhaled in a given time, varies according to the age, sex, and constitution. 2d. In man, as well as in woman, the quantity is modified according to the age, independently of the weight of the individuals experimented on. 3d. At all the periods of life, between the age of eight years and extreme old age, men and women are distinguished by the difference in the quantity of carbonic acid gas exhaled by their lungs in a given time. All things being otherwise equal, man always gives forth a much more considerable quantity than woman. This difference is especially marked between the ages of sixteen and forty, at which periods man furnishes nearly twice the quantity of carbonic acid gas from the lungs that a woman does. 4th. In man, the quantity of carbonic acid gas is constantly increasing from the eighth year to the thirtieth, the increase becoming suddenly very great at the period of puberty; from the thirtieth year the exhalation of carbonic acid gas begins to decrease, the diminution becoming more marked as age advances, so that at the extreme point of life the exhalation of this gas may not be greater than it was at the tenth year. 5th. In woman, the exhalation of this gas increases according to the same laws as in man during infancy; but at the period of puberty, at the same time that menstruation appears, this exhalation, contrary to that which happens in man, is suddenly arrested in its increase, and remains stationary (nearly as the amount which it exhaled was in infancy) as long as the menstrual function is duly performed; when it ceases, the exhalation of the gas from the lungs is increased in a remarkable manner, after which it decreases, as in man, in proportion as the woman advances towards extreme old age. 6th. During pregnancy, the exhalation of the gas for the time equals the quantity given forth by woman in which menstruation has ceased. And, 7th. In both sexes, and at all ages, the quantity of the gas exhaled is greater when the constitution is strong, and the muscular system well developed.—*Medical Times.*

ACCIDENTS ON RAILWAYS.—"On accidents and traffic upon the railways in Great Britain, in 1842," by Mr. C. R. Weld. This paper consisted of an analysis of the various returns made to the railway-department, at the Board of Trade. The most agreeable feature is the remarkable diminution in the number of accidents of a public nature as compared with the returns of 1841. During 1841 the accidents of this description amounted to 29, with 24 deaths, and 71 cases of injury; but during 1842 the number of accidents of this description has been only 10, and the number of deaths of passengers while travelling by a train, and observing a proper degree of caution, was only 5, the number of cases of injury being only 14. These do not include the accidents that have happened to the servants of the company. A new clause in the act of parliament compels the railway-companies to give returns of all

accidents of a public nature unattended with personal injury, and it appears that there were 21 accidents of this nature during the past year. The aggregate length of railway-lines has been increased by 179 miles, 9 lines having been extended, and thus the total length of railways is now 1829 miles. The number of passengers carried upon 50 railways during the twelve months from 1st July 1841, to 1st July, 1842, amounted to 18,453,504; of whom 2,926,980 were first-class passengers, 7,611,966 second class, 5,322,501 third class, and 2,582,057 passengers whose class is not distinguished. The gross receipts of the railways from passengers amounted to 2,731,687*l.*, and from goods to 1,088,835*l.* The number of trains amounted to 298,974, which gives 61 persons to each train. The average speed exclusive of stoppages, on all the lines is 21½ miles per hour, the greatest speed being 36 miles per hour.—*Ibid.*

CHEMICAL ACTION OF A SINGLE VOLTAIC PAIR.—*Paris, April 22, 1843*—M. de la Rive read a memoir on the chemical action of a single voltaic pair, and on the means of increasing its power. The object of M. de la Rive's investigation was, whether instead of using a second pair to augment the current of the first, he could not employ the first so as to increase its own intensity. And this he effects by a very simple apparatus, which he calls *condensateur electro-chimique*. Its principle is the production of an inductive current, which causes the same effect in a single pair as the addition of another pair would. The apparatus consists of a piece of soft iron, surrounded by thick metallic wire, covered with silk. The current of the pair is made to traverse the wire and magnetise the iron; immediately a copper shank, armed with iron, is attracted by the magnetised iron, and raised so as to break the circuit. There is then developed in the wire a current of induction, which traverses the voltaic pair, and which, joined to the current of the pair itself thus reinforced, passes through the voltameter and decomposes water. But the soft iron not being magnetised, the copper shank falls back, the metallic circuit is again closed, the iron is again magnetised, and the same phenomenon again presents itself. By means of this arrangement, a pair of Groves' which only slightly decomposes water, or a pair of Daniells' which does not sensibly decompose it, becomes capable of doing so with great energy. By employing it, the gases are not at all mixed, and they may be collected separately with great facility. M. de la Rive, in concluding, summed up the results of his researches; he believed that he has established that a single pair may produce even powerful chemical effects: he has proved it—1st, by showing that, *in vacuo*, where the adherence of the gases to the surfaces of the electrodes is less, the current is much better transmitted; 2d, by showing that the current of a pair rendered alternate by the employment of a *condensateur*, traverses easily a platinum-plate voltameter charged with acidulated water; 3d, that it is the same as a direct current of a pair, when it is made to traverse a voltameter through which a current of induction passes at the same time, although in a contrary way to that of the pair; 4th, in constructing a pair in which the platinum is replaced by an oxide, and especially by the peroxide of lead, which renders this pair, even when only charged with a single liquid (acidulated water, 1-9 sulphuric acid), capable of decomposing water with great energy, giving off the gases well separated; 5th, in employing the current of the pair itself to produce a current of induction, which, by traversing the pair in a given way, increases its

electro-chemical power so much, that this power, almost nil or very weak, becomes equal to that of a pile of several pairs.—*Ibid.*

THE SPEAKING MACHINE.—I have as yet seen no notice in your valuable periodical of an invention, which is, at present, attracting great attention here, and which certainly merits every praise that can be bestowed upon unwearied perseverance and successful ingenuity. It is the *Sprachmaschine* or the Speaking Machine, not quite appropriately called Euphonia, of Mr. Faber, the result of a beautiful adaptation of mechanics to the laws of acoustics. You are aware that the attempts of Cagniard in la Tour, Biot, Müller, Steinle, to produce articulate sounds, or even to imitate the human voice, have not been very successful; in fact, our knowledge of the physiology of the larynx and its appendices has been so limited, that we have not even an explanation of the mode in which the falsetto is produced. Mr. Faber's instrument solves the difficulties. I can only give you a very imperfect idea of the instrument. To understand the mechanism perfectly, it would be necessary to take it to pieces, and the dissection naturally is not shown the visitor—less from a wish to conceal any thing, than from the time and labor necessary for such a purpose. The machine consists of a pair of bellows at present only worked by a pedal similar to that of an organ, of a caoutchouc imitation of the larynx, tongue, nostrils, and of a set of keys by which the springs are brought into action. [The further description would be unintelligible without diagrams.] The rapidity of utterance depends of course upon the rapidity with which the keys are played, and though my own attempts to make the instrument speak sounded rather ludicrous, Mr. Faber was most successful. There is no doubt that the machine may be much improved, and more especially that the *timbre* of the voice may be agreeably modified. The weather naturally affects the tension of the India rubber, and although Mr. Faber can raise the voice or depress it, and can lay a stress upon a particular syllable or a word, still one cannot avoid feeling that there is room for improvement. This is even more evident when the instrument is made to sing, but when we remember what difficulty many people have to regulate their own chordæ vocales, it is not surprising that Mr. Faber has not yet succeeded in giving us an instrumental Catalani or Lablache. Faber is a native of Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden—he was formerly attached to the Observatory at Vienna, but owing to an affection of the eyes, was obliged to retire upon a small pension; he then devoted himself to the study of anatomy, and now offers the results of his investigations and their application to mechanics, to the world of science.

Hamburg, March 31. I am, &c. S.
—*Ib.*

MARINE GLUE.—Mr. Whishaw read a paper before the Royal Institution, London, April 7, on Mr. Jeffrey's Marine Glue, the peculiar properties of which are, its being *insoluble* in and *impervious* to water, *elastic*, so as to expand or contract, according to the strain on the timber or the changes of temperature, sufficiently solid to fill up the joints and add *strength* to the timber construction, and *adhesive*, so as to connect the timbers firmly together. Several practical experiments have been made in Woolwich and Chatham Dockyards; among these may be mentioned the following:—Two pieces of African oak, 18 inches long by 9 inches wide, and 4½ inches thick, were joined together longitudinally by the marine glue, with a bolt of 1½ inch in diameter, passed through each of them from end to end. The day after the marine glue had been applied, the

blocks were tested by means of a hydraulic machine. A strain was applied to the extent of 19 tons, at which point one of the bolts broke, but the junction of the wood by the glue remained perfect. Two bolts of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter were inserted on the following day, and the strain was again applied until it reached 21 tons, when one of the bolts was broken, the junction of the wood still remaining perfect, and apparently not affected. Another experiment was tried with two blocks of African oak of similar dimensions, but bolted in a different manner, so as to apply the strain at right angles to the junction made with the glue at the centre. The wood split at a strain of 5 tons, but the joint remained perfect. The glue in one case was applied to elm; it resisted a strain equal to 368 lb. on the square inch. This trial was made while the block was in a wet state, which state is considered most favorable for the effect of the glue. Several large pieces of timber were glued together and suspended to the top of the sheers at the dockyard at Woolwich, at a height of about 70 feet above the ground. From that elevation they were precipitated on to the granite pavement, in order to test the effect of concussion; this wood was shattered and split, but the glue yielded only in one instance, in which the joint was badly made, and after the third fall. An experiment was made with reference to the composition being used as a substitute for copper sheathing. This composition was applied without poison to four sides of wooden blocks, and on the two other sides it was applied in combination with poison equally destructive to animal and vegetable life.—After the lapse of twenty three months, these blocks were taken up, and were found to be covered with small shell-fish on the four unpoisoned sides, while the two sides charged with the poison were clean. The whole of the composition was slightly changed in color, but was not deteriorated or affected in respect to its useful qualities. Another use consists in its application to the construction of masts. Its powers of adhesion and elasticity fit it for the purpose of joining the spars of which masts are composed. A great reduction of expense is likely to follow its adoption for this purpose, as shorter and smaller timbers may be rendered available, and most, if not all, the internal fastenings may be dispensed with. The mainmast of the *Eagle*, a 50 gun ship, and the *Trafalgar*, 120 gun ship, have been put together with this glue, and the mainmast of the *Curacoa*, now reducing from a 32 to a 24-gun ship, are in progress of being joined. This invention may also be applied in the construction of dock-gates, sluices, piers, wooden bridges, &c.—*Athenæum*.

COMETS.—M. Arago made a communication of the discovery of a telescopic comet, by M. Mauvais, on the 2d instant, (*ante*. p. 470). M. Arago joined to this communication some remarks on the most celebrated of all comets, that of Halley, which made its last appearance in 1835. Our readers are aware that several astronomers have examined the Chinese records, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any observation had been made on the appearance of Halley's comet. The researches of M. Biot have shown that Halley's comet was observed in China on the 26th of Sept. 1378; and M. Arago has compared the observations made in Europe on Halley's comet, and finds them coincide so perfectly with the observations made in China on the comet of 1378, that he entertains no doubt that the comet was that called Halley's comet.—*Ib*.

LARGE METEOR.—The *Journal de la Meurthe* gives the following account of a meteorological phenomenon, which on the 4th of the present month, affrighted the town and neighborhood of

Nancy. "A globe of fire," says that paper, "three or four mètres in length, traversed the heavens from west to east, about two in the morning. This immense meteor was of a brightness so intense, that the inhabitants of the country, who witnessed this extraordinary spectacle, were terrified into the belief that they were instantly to be destroyed by it. The meteor appeared not more than thirty mètres above the earth, travelled at the slow rate of about one kilomètre per minute, and was preceded by an electric detonation. The horses of the diligence from Metz to Nancy took fright at its aspect, and overturned the carriage.—*Ib*.

PELLETAN LIGHT.—This light, like the "Boccus," and others, takes its name from the inventor, a professor of chemistry, we believe, in France, now residing in Fitzroy-square, where some weeks ago we witnessed the brilliant effects of several burners. The light was beautifully white and pure, emitting no smoke, nor showing color, even when raised to a considerable height, and was free from smell. At that time the patent was incomplete, and of course, the material and apparatus employed were kept secret; we therefore refrained from noticing it. Now, however, it appears that the vapor of naphtha is the only combustible ingredient: and that the invention consists in the construction and arrangement of a machine by means of which this vapor can be delivered to the lamps.—*Ibid*.

TENDENCY OF PLANTS TOWARDS LIGHT.—"Inquiries into the tendency of stalks and stems towards the light." It had long been known that plants placed in the dark incline towards any opening which admits the light, but it was not known which of the solar rays caused this tendency. M. Payer has resolved the point. He examined the solar action first by movable colored glasses used as screens, and, secondly by a fixed spectrum. The four glasses which he used allowed only certain rays to pass, viz.:—No. 1, red; No. 2, red, orange, yellow, and green; No. 3, red, light orange, yellow, green, and blue; No. 4, red and violet. The two first caused no inclination; but the other two rapidly produced that effect.—*Ib*.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Mr. G. Newport, president, in the chair. Amongst the donations were a series of volumes presented by the Royal Society, and a large and singular ant's nest, found between the floor and ceiling of a cottage near Cobham Park, presented by Miss Combe. Mrs. Saunders exhibited a box of insects from New Holland—some of great rarity, including a fine and large new species of *Rhipicera*. Mr. Bond exhibited specimens of some of Mr. Cuming's *Manilla Curculionida*, from which he had entirely removed the grease and restored the brilliancy of the metallic scales, by plunging them into pure naphtha, and then covering them with powdered chalk. Mr. Waterhouse read descriptions of some new exotic *Curculionida*; and Mr. Westwood the continuation of a memoir "On the *Geotrupida* and *Trogida*."—*Lit. Gaz*.

HANDCOCK'S IMPROVED AXLE.—Capt. Hancock produced a brass and cone of his improved axle, which had been used under an engine on the Southampton Railway, and had run upwards of 21,000 miles; the brass scarcely exhibited any signs of wear, while a brass of an axle of the old form, which had only run 8,000 miles, was nearly one inch shorter than when it was first put on, besides having worn considerably into the journal and the box.—*Ib*.

OBITUARY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL. D. *March 21.*—At Keswick, aged 68, Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D.

Dr. Southey was born at Bristol on the 12th of August, 1774. His father was a linen-draper in Wine-street. He was sent to school when six years of age to Mr. Foote, a Baptist minister; was subsequently taught by a Mr. Flower, at Corston, near Newton St. Loe, and by Mr. William Williams, a Welshman, from whom little scholarship was to be got; was subsequently placed at Westminster, in 1788, by his maternal uncle, Mr. Hill; and finally at Balliol College, in 1792, with the design of his entering the Church. But Southey's Oxford career closed in 1794; for his tendency towards Socinian opinions made the plan of life chalked out for him altogether distasteful. In the same year he published his first poems, in conjunction with Mr. Lovell, the friends assuming the names of Moschus and Bion. About that time, too, he took part in the famous Pantisocracy scheme, to which all the eager contributors brought golden theories, but of more tangible coin so little, that the Utopian project was necessarily relinquished. In the November of the following year, 1795, he married Miss Fricker, of Bristol, the sister of Mrs. Coleridge. In the winter of the same year, while the author was on his way to Lisbon, "*Joan of Arc*" was published. He returned to Bristol in the following summer; in the subsequent year removed to London, and entered Gray's-Inn. He passed part of the years 1800—1 in Portugal, and was for a short time resident in Ireland, (as secretary, we believe, to Mr. Corry or to Mr. Foster.) His final establishment at Keswick, in the lake-country, took place early in the present century. On the decease of Mr. Pye, in the year 1813, Southey was appointed laureate; he received his Doctor's degree from the university of Oxford in the year 1821; and June 4, 1839, contracted a second marriage with Caroline-Anne, daughter of the late Charles Bowles, Esq. of Buckland, North Lymington, one of the most pathetic and natural among contemporary authoresses. That he was at different times offered a baronetcy and a seat in parliament are facts well known to his friends; the rest of his career is to be traced in the works which he poured forth, with a versatility, a care, and a felicity unrivalled in these hasty and superficial days.

To give a complete list of his labors would be difficult. The principal poems are *Wat Tyler*, *Joan of Arc*, *Thalaba*, *Metrical Tales*, *Madoc*, *The Curse of Kehama*, *Carmen Triumphale*, *Roderick*, *The Vision of Judgment*,—to say nothing of fugitive pieces. His prose works comprise translations of the poems of the *Cid*, of *Amadis*, and *Palmerin of England*:—*Essays*, allowing the *Letters of Espriella*, *Sir Thomas More's Colloquies*, and the slighter *Omnia* to bear his name:—*Histories*, among which are *The Book of the Church*, *the History of the Peninsular War*, *the History of the Brazils*:—*Criticism*, including his voluminous and important contributions to the *Quarterly Review*,—and *Biography*. Foremost in this last department were—the *Life of Nelson*, one of the most popular and perfect specimens of its class which our language possesses, noble in feeling, and faultless in style,—the *Life of Chatterton*, the *Life of Kirke White*, the *Life of Wesley*, and the *Life of Cowper*, all of which are in different degrees valuable contributions to our literature.

For the last three years Mr. Southey had been in a state of mental darkness, and a twelvemonth ago he was not able to recognise those who had been his companions from his youth. Scarcely could his wife console herself with the poor hope

that he recognised even her. Excess of mental labor in every department of literature—poetry, history, biography, criticism, and philosophy, continued from year to year, without cessation, bowed his strong spirit at last, and obscured the genius which had so long cast a glory upon the literature of the age. As a poet, with an exuberance of imagination seldom equalled, and a mastery of versification never surpassed; and as a prose writer, at once elegant and forcible, his name will endure as long as the language in which he wrote. In all the relations of life Mr. Southey was universally allowed, by those who knew him best, to be truly exemplary. His house at the Lakes was open to all who presented themselves with suitable introduction, and there are few persons of any distinction who have passed through that picturesque region who have not partaken of his hospitality. He enjoyed a pension of 300*l.* a year from the government, granted in 1835 by Sir R. Peel, and has left personal property amounting to about 12,000*l.* By his will, dated the 26th of August, 1839, he has bequeathed to his wife all the personal property possessed by her previously to their marriage, together with the interest of the sum of 2000*l.* during her life. The residue of his property, including the above 2000*l.* he has bequeathed to his four children, Charles Cuthbert Southey, Edith Mary Warter, Bertha Hill, and Katharine Southey, equally, and, in case of the death of any of them before the testator, their share is to be divided amongst their children (if any.) The executors named are his brother Henry Herbert Southey, M. D., of Harley-street, and Mr. Henry Taylor, of the Colonial Office, who possesses a voluminous and valuable collection of his letters, which we presume will be published.

The library is consigned to the charge of Mr. Leigh Sotheby for public sale, and will speedily be brought to London. The collection, inasmuch as very many of the books bear internal evidence of their constant use by the late Poet Laureate, will no doubt create considerable interest. Dr. Southey was ardently fond of Spanish literature, in which his library is particularly rich.

The remains of Dr. Southey were interred in the burial ground attached to the parish church at Crosthwaite, where repose the ashes of different members of his family, and were followed to their final resting place by all the wealth and respectability of the neighborhood.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, Esq. *April 23.*—At his residence, Willersley, Derbyshire, after an illness of only four days, Richard Arkwright, Esq.

Mr. Arkwright was born Dec. 19, 1755. He was consequently in his 88th year, and, notwithstanding he had attained this very advanced age, yet the vigor of his mind remained unimpaired until he was attacked with the paralytic affection which terminated his valuable life.

This highly respected and deeply lamented gentleman was the only son of the celebrated Sir Robert Arkwright, of whose invention of the spinning frame, and great improvements in the cotton manufacture, &c. it would be superfluous here to speak. On the decease of his father in 1792, Mr. Arkwright took possession of the beautiful mansion at Willersley (built by Sir Richard Arkwright, but we believe never inhabited by him), where he continued to reside until his death, he had for some years previously been living at Bakewell, and his great fortune had its commencement from the cotton-mill at that place, which his father had given up to him. Inheriting the wealth of his father, and the still more valuable endowments of his sagacious and comprehensive mind, Mr. Arkwright com-

menced life with prospects vouchsafed to few. Accustomed early to habits of business, to strict method and punctuality in the arrangement of his time, and not being led aside by the allurements of wealth, he carried on the extensive concerns established by Sir Richard Arkwright with so much success that he was probably at the time of his death the richest commoner in England. To attempt to detail the various incidents of Mr. Arkwright's long, happy, and most useful life, or of the unexampled prosperity which marked the whole course of it, would far exceed the limits allotted to a notice of this kind. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a brief sketch of his character, the varied excellencies of which we shall have difficulty to compress within narrow limits. The basis of all excellence, strong, natural good sense, Mr. Arkwright possessed in an eminent degree. His knowledge was various and extensive, accurate and ready for use, his judgment sound and clear. His whole life was one of observation and of practical usefulness, and his opinions of men and things so accurate as to give his conversation an aphoristic style, although chastened and subdued by his innate diffidence and modesty.

The native vigor of his mind enabled him to unravel the most difficult and complicated questions and subjects. With the science and doctrines of political economy, of finance, the monetary system, &c., Mr. Arkwright was quite familiar, and had formed clear and definite opinions on these controverted subjects, which have perplexed, and still continue to perplex the most intellectual and thoughtful men.

It is much to be regretted that his views on these important inquiries have not been given to the world. Indeed, had Mr. Arkwright been able to overcome his reluctance to appear in public life, his talents would have been of the greatest service to the country, and he would have adorned any station. In his political views he was decidedly Conservative. But he was guarded in his opinions, and, adopting none without deep thought and reflection, he was not the indiscriminating advocate of any ultra or party question. On the subjects of trade, commerce, &c. he was inclined to the doctrines of the late Mr. Huskisson; indeed, many of his opinions assimilated with those of that distinguished statesman. Mr. Arkwright was well versed in the science of mechanics and in most of the useful arts of life. He thoroughly understood the principles of warming and ventilating houses and manufactories, and the great salubrity of his mills and the more than average health of his work-people demonstrated the success with which he applied his knowledge.

The beautiful and picturesque grounds and productive gardens of Willersley (which through his kindness were shown to the public) are at once a proof of his taste and the correctness of his information in landscape gardening and horticulture. The medal of the Horticultural Society was awarded to him for his successful and improved method of cultivating grapes, an account of which he published in their Transactions.

The qualities of Mr. Arkwright's heart were equal to those of his head. He was generous without ostentation, and charitable without parade. In his grants to public charities and institutions he was liberal and judicious, but his true benevolence was most shown in his extensive private charities. In seeking out the objects of his bounty he was careful to avoid publicity, and the seasonable and frequent relief he gave to numberless indigent families he wished to be known only to themselves. In his charitable donations as well as in his other good offices, he strictly followed the scriptural injunction "not to let thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

In every sense of the word Mr. Arkwright was a perfect gentleman. He was accessible to all, and most kind, obliging, and courteous in his manners. No one ever left his presence with his feelings wounded by an unkind or supercilious remark, or humbled and degraded in his own estimation. His high and delicate sense of honor, his inherent love of justice, and his inflexible rectitude and integrity, led him however to despise and to avoid the society of those in whom he found these qualities deficient. He was exemplary in all the relative duties of life, a kind and indulgent parent, a good and beloved master, an excellent landlord, and a zealous and sincere friend.

Mr. Arkwright married, in 1780, Mary, daughter of Adam Simpson, Esq. of Bonsall. By this truly estimable lady, who died in 1827, he had issue six sons and five daughters. The former were—

1st. Richard, who was in Parliament many years, and died after a short illness, without any surviving issue, at his residence, Normanton, Leicestershire. He married Martha Maria, the daughter of the Rev. W. Beresford of Ashbourn, who died in 1820.

2. Robert, of Sutton, near Chesterfield, a magistrate, and deputy lieutenant of the county. He married Frances Crawford, the daughter of Stephen George Kemble, Esq. and has issue four sons and one daughter. His eldest son George is M. P. for Leominster.

The handsome mansion of Sutton, with the large surrounding estate, was purchased by the late Mr. Arkwright of the Marquess of Ormonde in 1824.

3. Peter, of Roche House, near Matlock, a magistrate of the county. He married Mary Ann, the daughter of Charles Hurt, Esq. of Worksworth, and has a numerous family, two of whom are married, viz. the Rev. Henry Arkwright, Vicar of Bodenhams, Herefordshire, to Henrietta, the daughter of the late Rev. Charles Thornycroft, of Thornycroft, near Macclesfield; and Susan, to the Rev. Joseph Wigram, Rector of East Tisted, Hants. Mr. Peter Arkwright, who emulates the good qualities of his father, and treads in all his footsteps, is, we understand, going to reside at Willersley.

4. John, of Hampton Court, Herefordshire, a magistrate and high sheriff of the county of Hereford in 1831. He married Sarah, the eldest surviving daughter of Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, Bart. of Harewood, and has a large family. The Hampton Court estate was bought by the late Mr. Arkwright of the Earl of Essex, in 1839.

5. Charles, of Dunstall, Staffordshire, a magistrate for that county and Derbyshire. He married Mary, the daughter of the late E. Sacheverel W. Sitwell, Esq., of Stainsby, near Derby, and has no family.

6. Joseph, in holy orders, of Mark Hall, Essex. He married Anne, the daughter of the late Sir Robert Wigram, Bart. of Walthamstow, and has a large family, of whom Mary is married to the Rev. Edward Bruxner of Aston.

The daughters were—1. Elizabeth, married to Francis Hurt, Esq., of Alderwasley Park, late M. P. for the southern division of Derbyshire. This amiable and excellent lady died in 1838, leaving issue one son and six daughters, of whom the two eldest are married; Francis to Cecilia, the daughter of Richard Norman, Esq., and niece of the Duke of Rutland, and Mary to the Hon. and Rev. Robert Eden, brother of the Earl of Auckland, and vicar of Battersea.

2. Anne, married Vice-Chancellor Sir James Wigram, and has a large family.

3. Frances.

4 and 5. Mary and Harriet, who both died in their minority.

The will of this wealthy commoner has been proved in Doctors' Commons, by the oaths of Robert Arkwright, Peter Arkwright, and Charles Ark-

wright, three of the sons and executors named in the will, which is dated 16th December, 1841. Mr. Arkwright gives to his son Robert, £100,000; to his son Peter, £40,000; to his son John, £50,000; to his son Joseph, £80,000; to his grandson Francis Hart, £35,000; to six of his granddaughters, £14,000 each; and to all of his other grandchildren, £5,000 each; to his daughter Ann, wife of Vice-Chancellor Wigram, £25,000 absolutely, and a life interest in £50,000 with power of disposal at her death; to the Derbyshire General Infirmary, £200; to the General Hospital near Nottingham, £200; to the Lunatic Hospital and Asylum near Manchester, £200; to his butler, £100; and to his housekeeper, £100. The residue of his property is given to his five sons, who are named executors. The property has been sworn to exceed in value £1,000,000, but this may be only a nominal sum, as the scale of stamp duties goes no higher. The probate bears a stamp of £15,750, and the legacy duty will amount to a much larger sum.—*Ibid.*

M. JOVET, OF AUTUN.—Formerly a pupil of David, he was one of those appointed by the great painter to the management of his *atelier*, when exiled into Belgium. Subsequently he returned to his native town of Autun—of which he was appointed librarian, in 1825; and there his career has been, as it were, a provincial copy of that of M. Dusommerard in the capital. His museum includes a superb collection of engravings of all masters, with remarkable MSS. of Holbein, Lucas Van Leyden, John of Bruges, Hemlinck, Salvator Rosa, Poussin, and Benvenuto Cellini. All that the revolution, and the pillage of tourists had left to Autun of her ancient splendor, he had collected together. But one of the most important of his discoveries was that of the grand mosaic on which he constructed his dwelling. To the preservation of this relic, one of the most curious that the soil of Gaul has given up, he sacrificed his fortune; it became the basis of his collections; and eight years of his life were devoted to its patient restoration. M. Jovet has desired to be buried in the midst of his collection—thus making the pleasant labor of his life his monument in death.—*Ibid.*

JOHN VARLEY.—This eminent painter in water colors, and eccentric man, died suddenly, at the age of 64. Mr. Varley has long been among the artists most distinguished in a branch of art peculiarly English; and in very many of his productions displayed both feeling and grandeur equal to the highest efforts of this school. Mr. Varley was quite as famous for his astrological propensities. *Ib.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

The Life of Joseph Addison. By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

MISS AIKIN states in her preface that "she has undertaken, in these memoirs, to supply a real deficiency in our literature." Why is there no life of Addison, while there are lives of Pope, and Swift, and Dryden? It is not easy to say why, unless that there was less to tell of so correct and fortunate a person as Addison that the world cared for hearing, or beyond what had already been made known in the lives of his contemporaries, and in Johnson's preface to Addison's works. Yet the life of so distinguished an English classic surely deserved to be written with all the care and amplitude which literary research and talent could supply. Among the myriad books published on all manner of subjects, that one could not be considered super-

fluous, which had for its subject the most conspicuous writer in the *Spectator*, the life of the reformer and refiner of English manners and English style; the moralist of the social circle and the fireside. Qualified for this task by her previous habits of historical and biographical research, Miss Aikin possesses, in addition, that unbounded, and almost enthusiastic, admiration for Addison, which is no mean element in writing the annals of a man of calm passions; never, though in all apparent modesty, wanting to his own interests, who glided smoothly and *cannily* through life. If she has not been able to give her hero a strong interest in the affections of her readers, the fault is certainly not with her. She has thrown startling doubts on many of the most disparaging anecdotes that have been currently received as to the habits of Addison, and of his conduct in particular instances; and some of the worst of these she has clearly disproved. This quiet, unpretending, but sagacious and worldly fortunate man was, not improbably, the object of some small envy among his early friends and literary contemporaries.—*The Irish Sketch-Book.*

The Life and Times of John Reuchlin or Capnion, by FRANCIS BARHAM, Esq., &c. fcp. 8vo. London: Whittaker & Co.

A companion volume this to the "Memoirs of Savonarola," of which we gave a notice in a late Number, and one still more interesting; for in point of mind and character the German was much superior to the Italian religious reformer; if, indeed, the latter term is properly applicable to the eloquent and zealous monk of Florence. For notwithstanding his merits, which were of a very high, and his sufferings, which were of a very painful, description, we have always had our doubts as to whether Savonarola was any thing more than a Roman Catholic, incited by local circumstances to a career of tragic agitation. Reuchlin, on the other hand, was a man whose influence in the reformation was powerful and direct. In his mind its principles were clearly impressed, and they prompted him to organic changes. On this account, agreeable as Mr. Barham's volume is, we could have wished for more details, for more of the man, his thoughts, and writings. There is nothing in biography like making the subject of it, tell his own story. Michelet in his *Life of Luther*, and D'Aubigné in his *History of the Reformation*, have given excellent examples of this admirable mode of daguerreotyping a life, whom every author who henceforward undertakes to delineate the career of a great man, will do well to imitate closely. At the same time we are bound to add that we have derived great pleasure from the work. It is well written, displays an extensive range of reading, and is particularly commendable for the liberal spirit it breathes in many places. We highly commend the perceptions and feeling of the writer, who refers with satisfaction to Justin Martyr and the ancient fathers, who, like him, recognize Plato and Socrates as eminent Christians, who treat their philosophy as a civil handmaiden of Christian theology, and would devoutly use it as a subordinate revelation of God's eternal truth to the Greek nations.

A few Observations on the Increase of Commerce by means of the River Indus. By T. POSTANS, Bombay Army. London. P. Richardson.

The events in Scinde, whatever be the ultimate destination of that country, must have the effect of making "the navigation of the Indus free to all nations." This great marine highway will open a direct commercial intercourse not only with

Scinde itself, and the territories on the banks of the great river, but with the Punjab and all parts of Central Asia, where our cotton manufactures and metals are in great demand. These countries, Lieut. Postans tells us, promise, even in their present neglected state, a certain trade; "but are capable, in process of time, were the demands only made, of producing to an unlimited extent many of those staple commodities which form the great return trade in our Indian commerce."

The local knowledge and observations of this active and intelligent officer are valuable upon this subject, and he expresses his "firm conviction, as the result of experience, and having given the matter due attention, that our mercantile relations with the countries bordering the Indus are capable of extensive increase; that the command of that important river is not to be considered lightly, but as worthy of our most strenuous exertions, being a field amply calculated to repay our commercial enterprise; and that, in the navigation of the Indus by steam, on an extensive scale, will be found the only means to remove those impediments hitherto existing to trade with the countries on and beyond it."

Portraits of the Reverend John Williams and the Reverend Robert Moffat. Designed and printed in Oil-colors by the Patentee, George Baxter.

Two striking oil-colored portraits of eminent missionaries, and apparently characteristic likenesses of remarkable men. Mr. WILLIAMS's published works, and his sad fate—slain by the natives of Erromanga—have extended his celebrity beyond the circle of Missionary Societies. Mr. MOFFAT, less known to the public at large, has a countenance so animated and expressive, that his portrait, with its background of Hottentots assembled in Parliament, denoting the scene of his missionary labors, is the more attractive of the two.

These prints, if we may call them so—for they have the appearance of highly-finished water-color-drawings, though they are produced by the operation of printing in oil-colors—are very extraordinary and successful specimens of Mr. BAXTER's patent process; and so completely do they resemble original productions of the pencil, that it requires a close scrutiny to detect the evidences of their being engravings printed with oil-color. The flesh-tints of both are stippled; but the other portions appear to be done in one case in mezzotint and the other in aquatint: the dress and background of Mr. MOFFAT's portrait are in aquatint, and the effect is more clear and lively than that of Mr. WILLIAMS's, which is comparatively dull and heavy.—*Spectator*.

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